



# 오크지만 찬양해

이정민  
판타지 장편소설

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몬스터

# **Praise the Orc!**

– 오크지만 찬양해! –

**- Volume 9 -**

**-Author-  
Lee Jungmin**

**[ Rainbow Turtle (Wuxiaworld) ]**

# Chapter 201

## Opening of the War (1)

The military expedition also received a cold shoulder in Quantas. Crockta was a hero who saved the city from the cursed item called the 'Demon's Mouth', but Aklan didn't care, as he had now stopped worrying about Crockta.

No matter what Crockta did, he was an enemy. A saint could kill a saint, and a wicked man could kill a wicked man. He erased all previous doubts.

"Something's wrong."

Peros was a noble who knew Anail's back alley very well. His plan to put pressure on Thompson failed.

"The head of the underworld has changed, and the new leader is Crockta's friend. Rather, the messenger was beaten to death..."

"Friend..." Aklan laughed. "It is funny."

"T-That's right."

"Thompson said the same thing."

"Really? He has really wide feet. Hahahat..."

"....."

"Haha..."

Peros laughed awkwardly. The aura coming from Aklan was sharper and darker than ever.

"It doesn't matter. This is a little inconvenient, but having extra help is unnecessary. We have a sufficient number of troops and plenty of funds."

They had difficulties in some of the major cities, but there were enough volunteers. The scale of the military expedition was unthinkable, and was perhaps the largest number of people in history gathered under a single flag. The orcs would be trampled on by this army and forgotten.

"The gods are helping us."

"Yes..."

"The gods are still whispering. In the end, we will win."

The expedition didn't need anything else. Aklan was convinced. No matter how strong the orcs were, they wouldn't be able to resist the wrath of the gods.

"Victory is only a matter of time. Please relax your mind."

An unknown power emerged from Aklan as he said this. He gripped his fists tightly. His body shuddered as his whole body filled with an unknown strength.

"The war god has spoken."

"Ah, I understand."

Peros stepped back, confused by Aklan's changed appearance. The smell of fanaticism was coming from Aklan. Adandator watched Aklan and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I am as okay as ever."

"You know..." Adandator studied Aklan and sighed. He could see that Aklan was in an unknown state. "Any more divine power will break your body."

The power of a god dwelt in Aklan. It was an arrangement for the future war. Adandator didn't know what the war god was planning, but a tremendous amount of divine power was entering Aklan.

Aklan smiled and said, "It's okay. It is different from what you are concerned about. I am more powerful than ever."

"...Yes. You would know best."

Adandator shrugged. In fact, he didn't care about Aklan's condition.

"We are finally at Orcrox."

"Yes. I can see the end."

Aklan smiled. At last, this expedition was heading towards the climax. The expedition passed through Quantas and arrived in Anail. They also didn't receive hospitality in Anail. The king of the underworld, Jeremy, and Thompson were close to Crockta.

Everywhere they went, they saw people who saw Crockta as their savior.

He was the one who made the volunteer group, the hero who saved a village, the honorary citizen who exposed the ugly side of the mayor, the warrior who stopped the demon in a city, and the savior of many influential people.

But he had brought the wrath of the gods on him. No matter what Crockta had done, he was defined by the last line. Anyway, everything was decided by the gods. Human work was useless against divine matters.

The lead riders waved their flags. They reported something to Aklan and Adandator. Indeed, as they said, something could be seen in the distance. All the leaders were agitated. Aklan smiled.

They were orcs. They had come out, rather than hiding in Orcrox.

A battlefield suitable for the climax. It was the opening of the great war.



Ian looked at Yiyu with a mouth full of Burger King's extra large burger.

"Why do you look like that?" she asked.

"You're acting like a beggar."

"....."

Yiyu snorted before eating her hamburger again and drinking some soda with her straw. Ian picked up some fries and placed them in his mouth.

“Eat slowly.”

He had accessed Elder Lord for so long that he hadn't seen her in a while, so they went out together.

"You know what? There will be another great war in Elder Lord. Will Oppa be taking part? You have been living in the game lately."

The fight between the expedition and the orcs was a hot topic in reality. This time, users weren't involved since it was a dispute between NPCs. Thus, it was difficult to predict who would win. On the gambling sites, the dividends for who would win were quiet even, while users who wanted to fight were waiting impatiently.

As well as the expedition, the orcs of Orcrox were fighting together, causing a lot of confusion.

"Let's see..."

Ian's voice trailed off. In fact, he couldn't not go. He was one of the parties involved in the war, but Ian couldn't tell her that. He started stretching inside the fast food restaurant.

"Isn't Oppa a ranker now? You aren't still a beginner, are you? A few of my friends are playing it full-time. Tsk tsk. They don't study and play games instead."

"What have you been doing in the meantime?"

Yiyu laughed with the straw in her mouth. "I will receive a scholarship this semester."

"I'm not expecting anything, so you don't have to."

“Really.”

"Just work hard."

"Wow, you don't believe your little sister."

“It will be bad if you overdo it.”

The expression of her goal was good, but if she couldn't keep her word after declaring

it so badly, she would be the most embarrassed.

"Hrmm..." Ian looked at Yiyu and smiled as he said, "Jung Yiyu."

"Huh?"

"Can you do it?"

"Haven't I always done well?"

"Then I'm glad."

Ian nodded. As he told Yoo Jaehan, he refrained from playing Elder Lord often and was going to stay away from dangerous events. But it didn't help the situation. His assimilation rate was still at 100%.

The grey god no longer spoke to him, but her words about dying in Elder Lord were still valid. He wasn't a game player anymore. His status window had also disappeared. There was no such thing as skill level or item rating. The moment he accessed Elder Lord, he became the orc warrior Crockta.

"Then once things finish, I should go..."

"What? Where? Why?" Anxiety filled Yiyu's eyes.

Ian shrugged and replied, "I was thinking about going on a trip..."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"I will go too!"

"You will?"

Ian laughed as he saw Yiyu's excitement. There was a battle ahead of him. He couldn't step back here. Elder Lord might be a game in the past, but he couldn't escape now that he knew they were alive.

He was Crockta. Due to that, all the orcs were being threatened. He vowed to avoid



dangerous situations but he couldn't do so. The moment he joined Elder Lord, he became Crockta and thought like an orc warrior. He wanted to consider Yiyu but the moment he became Crockta, living as a warrior became more important than anything else.

"I know all about your trip," Yiyu said.

Ian was confused.

"Huh?"

"You aren't going on a trip alone."

"Uhh..."

"Aren't I quick to notice?"

Ian rolled his eyes.

Yiyu grinned. "Don't you have a girlfriend?"

"...Eh?"

"Oppa finally got a girlfriend and you're thinking about marriage. So you say that you're going alone. It is great, so I respect Oppa's thoughts. Of course, you should introduce me to your girlfriend."

"No..."

"Is she perhaps younger than me?"

"That..."

"I'll still understand. Don't worry about me. I originally do well alone. I don't want you to sacrifice yourself because of me."

"Right now, I am sacrificing the value of those hamburgers..."

"Quiet!" Ian smiled as Yiyu pointed her finger at him and placed the last piece of hamburger in her mouth. "Anyway, Oppa should do whatever you want. Have I ever



been in an accident when Oppa wasn't with me? No?"

When Ian was a soldier, she had stayed with some relatives. They weren't relatives with a strong affection for their kin. Rather, they were more interested in Ian's money. It wasn't a comfortable place, but Yiyu never complained or caused problems. She behaved too well.

Ian smiled bitterly. He knew. Yiyu had endured some difficult times. People would experienced hardships would become tougher. Yiyu was probably stronger than he knew.

"I'm pretty and have a good head, so I live in a comfortable world. Oppa doesn't have to worry about me."

"Good head?"

"Oh, my grades are like this because I don't study! My mind is good."

"I see."

Ian laughed. His will had been written since he was a soldier. Between then and now, nothing had changed in the contents of the will. Furthermore, he could trust his teacher Baek Hanho. Yiyu hadn't known it, but Baek Hanho had kept watch to see if her relatives would harass her. He would protect Yiyu if something happened to Ian.

"Let's really go on a trip later. Where do you want to go?"

"The Maldives!"

"Okay. Let's go."

"Kyah, really?"

This was the most important thing. He couldn't die.

"When have I ever lied?"

"Indeed. I acknowledge that."

Ian had always survived. This time would be the same as well. He would become

Crockta and defend Orcrox. When Crockta held God Slayer, he was confident that he couldn't lose to anyone.

Once this fight ended, he had the feeling that the grey god would appear. Then he would ask her the question he really wanted to ask.



*-Hello. Thank you to the viewers who have always loved the Undergames Channel.*

*-Today is the day when the battle between the orcs and the expedition will occur. Everyone has been looking forward to it. Yes, that is today! Do you see the huge number of people? That is the expedition.*

*-Incredible.*

*-It can be compared to the battle with the imperial army. No, a lot more. Many times larger.*

*-It is true that many of the expedition members aren't trained, but that doesn't matter if so many people are gathered. Look. There are knights, soldiers, and many volunteers. Who can deal with all this?*

*-Still, won't the orcs show something?*

*-That's right! We are looking forward to it! The orc who always show us something! The Northern Conqueror and Emperor's Deficit! The idol of He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy, Crockta! A warrior who always achieves the impossible, so we can't predict the outcome. In addition, many of the legendary NPCs apart from Crockta are participating. The result still remains to be seen.*

*-Legendary NPCs?*

*-Yes. NPCs like Zankus and Kumarak... I will explain it in parts.*

*-Haha. You are very prepared today.*

*-As a commentator, I always have to study. That is my obligation. Huhuhut.*

*-How wonderful. Ah, right now!*

The screen showed something. In the orc camp, a bunch of people moved to the front.

*-What is that?*

*-Ah, that...!*



‘Northern Conqueror’ Crockta.

‘Sun Killer’ Zankus.

‘Mountain Smasher’ Kumarak.

The three of them appeared first. However, that wasn’t the end.

The worst fighter who led a group of berserkers to massacre the human earl for Lenox’s revenge. ‘Mad Slaughterer’ Anya.

A magician who was like a madman but traveled to the ends of the world. ‘Abyss Seeker’ Wallachwi.

“Great...”

They appeared.

“Hehe, this battlefield suits me *dot!*”

“This fight...”

The ‘Magic Bullets Berserker’ Tiyo who used an artifact to launch a bombardment. The ‘Ruler of the Dead’ Anor, who raised the dead using necromancy. The orcs who recently started to make a name for themselves appeared in turn. ‘Bandit Slaughterer’ Keruta, ‘Purgatory Incarnation’ Malaka, ‘Drunk Fighter’ Asulchwi, etc.

“This is due to a divine message?”

"If you want to destroy the orcs, the whole world should come."

“Kulkulkul, there is nothing better than fighting when drunk.”

The thrilling sight of those who were called one-man armies standing side by side. An army of one-man armies. The expedition members were scared. The strongest people with high fame or infamy were gathered in one place.

"Huh... they are really gathered together."

"All the monsters..."

"Can we win...?"

The morale of the expedition began to fall. They had regarded this war as easy to win due to their overwhelming numbers. It was a thought that only a large army could have. The orcs looked shabby compared to the expedition.

But now...

They felt fear as they saw the orcs standing at the forefront. They had worried about Crockta, but the fearsome existences, whose names had been known longer, also appeared.

"Don't be scared! Stay calm!"

Aklan frantically shouted. However, their shaking wasn't easily calmed. The entire expedition stalled. Aklan urged the riders.

"The flags..."

At that moment, the orcs looked at each other and discussed something. Then the orcs laughed and pushed one forward. He came out of the camp.

It was Crockta. Crockta, with the huge greatsword on his shoulder and the silver helmet, walked in front of the expedition with a dignified appearance, just like when he fought the empire. He was calm in front of so many soldiers.

Crockta reached a location where his voice would reach the expedition members, and opened his mouth as the representative of the orc army.

"I don't think there is anything to say, so let's start quickly."

His voice rang out through the plains. At the same time, killing intent rose from the

orcs.

"All at once..." Crockta smiled as a huge aura was emitted from him. "Come."

# Chapter 202

## Opening of the War (2)

*-It has come again! Crockta's patented words! Come!*

*-It is like how he provoked the empire in the past! Truly Crockta! The atmosphere is hot!*

*-Telling them to come! A small minority! The overwhelming expedition! I can't stop looking! Ah! The expedition is moving! They're going! Colliding!*

*-It is war!*

People went wild at Crockta's declaration. The inside of the bars displayed the video on a large screen. It attracted guests who watched the real-time Elder Lord relay.

"I'm a star too."

Jung Yunji drank beer and laughed. In Elder Lord, her name was Stella, an elite player who became an executive of the Blacksmith Company at a young age. She watched the struggle between the orcs and the expedition with Yiyu, Yoon Bora, Ban Taehoon and Park Jungtae.

"Are you fighting?"

"Don't forget the bet. The loser will pay. My stomach will burst tonight."

"Don't run away either."

They were talking together in giddy voices.

*Chwaaaaak!*

There was the sound of liquid splattering. It came from somewhere else. From the big screen! The expedition collided with Crockta and a fountain of blood rose. Then Crockta's roar rang out through the bar, bursting out from the speakers.

“Truly Crockta!”

“Crockta is the best!”

Those who supported Crockta started cheering. He was the head of a tsunami that aimed at the expedition.

"Hey, is this fun as well?"

Yoon Bora suddenly pointed to her tablet screen and asked. The sound wasn't heard due to the crowded bar, but she was watching a BJ who participated in the battle directly and was relaying the war situation.

He joined on the side of the expedition. He faced the orcs.

"It is overwhelming with realism."

The BJ gasped and told the viewers.

*-Heok, heok, Brother! Look at this! The orcs have such fearsome faces! It seems that BJ Jungmin will die today! Viewers, please shoot me some donations! I will die. I'm too scared to move my feet, but I will do it for you!*

Yoon Bora started typing.

[Bora Doridori: Approach Crockta! Here is a donation! Show me Crockta!]

[Bora Doridori has shot 10 moon balloons] *(TL: Forgot to mention this earlier. BJ= Broadcasting Jockey. They can get donations by viewers sending them balloons, which is equal to money).*

*-Heeok! Viewer! Thank you! Reaction! Hah!*

BJ Jungmin tried to enter the war. The viewers watched BJ Jungmin as he was pushed over by the expedition troops running from behind. As the screen twisted, they were greeted by the sight of troops crossing above BJ Jungmin.

*-Keheok! It hurts... but I still love the viewers! Bora Doridori, what should I do?*

Yoon Bora cried out.



[Bora Doridori: Keep going towards Crockta!]

*-I understand, Viewer Bora! Please keep watching! BJ Jungmin is going!*

He rose again and started to move towards Crockta with his weapon. His weapon was a rapier.

*-I can see Crockta! Look at that!*

In the middle of the battlefield, there was a place where the heads of people kept exploding. The appearance of modern firearms in the world of Elder Lord! Every time an explosive sound was heard, flesh would fly into the sky. The terrified expeditionary forces didn't dare go near.

"Don't be afraid, fight!"

Aklan shouted from behind as he tried to raise morale.

*-Oh, there are so many people! I can't just watch from behind! No! Viewers! BJ Jungmin will go forward, so receive me! I am prepared to die! I am a dead man living! So the balloons...!*

[Bora Doridori: Stop chattering and go! I have sent balloons!]

*-Yes! I'm going!*

BJ Jungmin moved through the expedition troops and headed to the front of the battlefield, to the 'Crockta Zone.' Nobody approached Crockta so the space around him was empty. At that moment, Crockta's terrifying face as he killed people with the greatsword was revealed.

*-Heeoook!*

BJ Jungmin breathed in. It was the same for everyone looking at his video. Yoon Bora's friends gathered around her.

Killing intent. It felt like the sword was being pushed into their necks. Crockta's eyes were bloodshot. A light shone from beneath the helmet. His whole body was soaked with blood and the greatsword waved at the enemies. A messenger who dealt death without any hesitation.

Thus, no one was able to approach him. Just one step. Death was confirmed if they took one more step. Everyone could feel it.

"He is alone..."

Yoon Bora muttered.

Everyone agreed with her words. Crockta was a surreal warrior who overcame many battlefields alone. It was a power that went against the knights and army of the empire. It was hard to feel when he was inactive.

Now, they could see the slaughterer of the empire as he faced the large expedition. This was Crockta: the overwhelming force that crushed the enemies, the realistic horror that caused the enemies' legs to weaken, the face of a demon.

"Scary..."

It was natural to be scared of Crockta because of his fearsome orc appearance. People were enthusiastic about him because the righteous behavior didn't match his appearance. But that wasn't the 'scary' they were talking about now.

They truly felt it. Everyone wanted to turn their heads away. The madness of a killer made them turn their eyes away. This was Crockta.

*-Viewers... I will sense... Jungmin will jump forward now.*

At that moment, the screen twisted. At the same time, a tremendous roar was heard in the bar and from the tablet.

*-I am Kumarakkkkkkkk—————!*

It was a catastrophe that happened elsewhere. The impact shook the earth and prompted an earthquake, causing everyone on the screen to lose their balance and fall. BJ Jungmin also groaned as he flopped to the ground.

*-Viewers, I will die... eh?*

At the last moment, BJ Jungmin realized it. The same was true for the viewers. The moment he sat down from the aftermath of the earthquake. BJ Jungmin entered Crockta's zone.

*Chwaack.*

At that moment, the screen turned red. Everyone was at a loss. Those looking at the screen all knew what it meant. Soon, the blood couldn't overcome gravity and dripped down as the decapitated head of BJ Jungmin was shown on the screen. Before long, the screen cut off.

[BJ Jungmin's broadcasting has ended.]

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Crockta raised his greatsword and moved forward. There was an empty spot around him. When he walked, the enemies retreated. But this was a battlefield. The enemies were blocked by those behind them, leaving them no more room to retreat.

The soldiers started frantically thinking.

"Only this much?" Crockta asked.

Heat spread from the tattoos on his body.

"You want to get rid of us with just this much————!"

Crockta roared and struck with God Slayer. He twisted his body to make the most of his strength. His muscles prepared for a single explosion. The enemies in front of him already foretold their deaths, praying to their gods instead of fighting back. Crockta gave them one last mercy and delayed his attack for a moment.

One.

Two.

The prayers were finished. He swung God Slayer. A gold energy spread out in a fan shape.

*Seokeok.*

The troops were split apart.

*Seokeok.*

The ones behind them were broken.

*Seokeok. Seokeok. Seokeok.*

*Chwaaaak!*

The army broke down and a fountain of blood appeared. Crockta stared through the drops of liquid. In a still world, Crockta walked alone on the battlefield. He looked at the frightened faces praying.

It was the world of the Pinnacle. Crockta stood there and saw the enemies. It was time alone. But at that moment.

The world shook.

".....!"

He looked back. Their eyes met. Kumarak. He laughed and raised his axe. In the world that stopped and converged infinitely, Crockta wasn't alone. It wasn't just Kumarak.

*Kkiiik.*

There was a pulling noise. It was Zankus. Then strange laughter was heard. Wallachwi.

Crockta's mouth rose, "I see."

The enemies were endless and kept coming. They had the power of the gods to back them up. Nevertheless, Crockta wasn't afraid. Now he wasn't alone. It was a strange feeling.

"Hey!"

Suddenly, a brilliant light passed in front of him.

"Stop zoning out during battle, Crockta *dot!*"

Tiyo was smiling while wielding General. Crockta burst out laughing.

"My mistake."

He raised his greatsword. Now was the time to fight.

*Kkiiik.*

The wheel of time started to turn again. The greatsword moved. At the same time, blood splattered all over the battlefield.



"Crazy." Adandator said. He was smiling. "Orcs are really crazy guys."

Why did he think they could win easily? The scenes in front of him were causing doubt. Every time Kumarak wielded his axe, the earth shook. Giant arrows flew from somewhere and pierced several soldiers.

"These guys..."

They were monsters who didn't care about miracles. In addition, unknown orc warriors were also exercising fearsome power.

"Only this much!"

A blade stabbed the abdomen of an orc. However, the orc warrior smiled and his axe struck the enemy's neck.

*Puok.*

This time, a spear was stabbed. The orc smiled and his axe descended. The master of the spear was split apart.

"Only this much!"

The orc burst out laughing and randomly wielded his axe.

"Only this much, humans!"

Blood flowed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, but his frenzy didn't stop. The soldiers caught by him continued to die. Every time he acted, his body became covered in wounds. The orc slowly came to a stop when he became a hedgehog from all the spears and swords. The orc breathed deeply before raising his axe again.

“Bul’tarrrr!”

The surrounding troops retreated with astonishment. However, the orc couldn’t swing his axe and stood still with a smiling face. He fought like a warrior and died like a warrior. Human limbs and guts were scattered all around him.

This...

It was an orc warrior whose name wasn’t even known. An army of these orcs was fighting. The orcs’ battle cry irritated his ears.

“Aklan. At this rate...” Adandator looked at him. “...Aklan?”

Adandator paled. A faint light was pouring from Aklan’s body.

Aklan declared, "The real fight begins now."

It was a calm voice.

Adandator realized. They were the army of the gods. This war wasn’t just a fight between the expedition and the orcs.

“The gods are helping us.”

It was a fight between the gods and the orcs. Aklan spread open his arms. At the moment, the sky opened and a brilliant light shone towards the ground. The gods touched the expedition. In an instant, their wounds healed and their strength recovered. A pious light that was close to madness flashed in their eyes.

It was a situation where the situation with the expedition was reversed. Now the expedition attacked the orcs. They attacked their enemies with a madness that was equal to the orc warriors.

It was pandemonium. A terrible sight of death and killing.

"Please keep this place."

“Aklan?”

Aklan got down from his horse. The priests and paladins of each temple followed him.

"We will be victorious."

The power of the gods filled their bodies. Aklan raised his sword. A light flashed.

"In the name of the gods."

The flags were raised. At this moment, the gods borrowed their bodies and participated.

It was the serious opening of the war.



# Chapter 203

## War of the Gods (1)

Kumarak's weapon was called Destroyer, an axe that was much bigger and longer than normal. He held it as he looked at the battlefield in front of him. Numerous troops flocked, but just as sheep were unable to deal with wolves, the expedition forces struck the orcs and broke apart. No matter how many enemies were present, there was nothing to fear.

"Did you smash a mountain?" Someone suddenly said.

Kumarak looked at his opponent. A man dressed like a knight and exerted a different force from the other soldiers. A moderately strong person, he possessed the power of a knight. He stared at Kumarak with challenging eyes and pointed his sword.

"You are acquainted with my reputation." Kumarak responded with a grin. He would listen to what the knight had to say.

"I volunteered for this expedition to prove my strength. You are the warrior who made a mountain flat."

"....."

"It is a great honor to meet you. I will beat you and let the continent know the name of the Arteros family. The world will know that Arteros' sword is the best."

Kumarak's mouth dropped open. This knight expressed the intention to increase his reputation by using Kumarak as a sacrifice. In other words, he was already thinking about after the fight. For him, Kumarak was just a means to an end.

It didn't make sense.

"I am the last descendant of the Arteros family, my name is Bede..."

However, Kumarak didn't listen any longer. He looked down at Destroyer. It drank the blood of his enemies. A demon who covered away blood with blood, leaving stains on

it. There were great warriors and knights he couldn't help admiring. Hunters, magicians, giant monsters, all of them were terrifying opponents that Kumarak killed.

Kumarak always risked his life. Kill or die. That was his principle. Things were never easy. At the end of a battle, Kumarak was tearful because he was still alive. Then he expressed condolences to the dead enemy.

Kumarak stood here instead of the strong opponents. Their lives were left there.

Then.

"This battlefield that the gods are watching is the best stage. Come, Mountain Smasher. Attack..."

What was this knight talking about? Increasing fame and spreading the name of his family? He was worried about compensation in a moment when he should be gathering his courage and swallowing back tears?

He seemed so trivial to Kumarak.

"Haaaat!"

The man moved his sword.

Fast.

Kumarak didn't move.

".....!"

The man's sword stopped in front of Kumarak's chest.

"What is it?" The knight cocked his head and stared. "Aren't you going to fight, Mountain Smasher?"

Kumarak smiled. It was a terrible smile that distorted his face. The knight didn't stab him. Did he imagine a wonderful stage? Or did he think a quick fight was too boring to raise his reputation? Either way, he abandoned the chance to take Kumarak's life. He had no idea about the opponent in front of him.

"Yes..."

Kumarak's chest swelled. He condensed his rage. His breath was sealed and the pressure in his abdomen rose. Then he roared.

"I am Kumarakkkkkkkk————!"

The earth shook. The ground shook like an earthquake was occurring. For a moment, all the troops on the battlefield stumbled.

"My name is Kumarakkkkkkkk————!"

Kumarak roared and swung Destroyer. The knight talking about his family was split apart. The sword was broken, the right arm severed and the axe pierced the middle of the abdomen. Blood poured from his mouth.

"You are a fool. Grrung."

The knight's eyes stared at Kumarak. Kumarak pushed the body with his feet. The knight's body broke down. It was the end. People would forever never know the name of that family.

"It is starting now."

Kumarak raised Destroyer. Far away, he saw Crockta descending on the great army. Their eyes met. Kumarak laughed. Then he attacked the surrounding soldiers. Once Kumarak started to advance, no one could stop him.

At that moment. The soldiers stood up. A light shone down from the sky, healing the wounds of the expedition army and filling their bodies with unknown strength. Despite the dominance of the orcs, the expedition troops started to push forward using the momentum of the gods.

"Annoying."

Of course, it was only a little annoying for Kumarak. Kumarak wielded Destroyer and his enemies flew through the air every time.

"Kumarak."

Once again, someone called his name.

“Who is it this time?”

"I have been watching you for a long time." He was a dwarf paladin with the mark of a god on his armor. His eyes glowed blue. "Do you remember Almutad?"

Kumarak jumped. It was a name from his past.

"I grieved day and night when that child died by your hands."

Kumarak realized who was in front of him.

"I will return that pain to you."

Almutad. The great worm that swallowed his friends. Kumarak pursued it, turning the mountain flat and slashing at the worm that emerged with Destroyer. He pulled the remains of his companions out of the great worm's stomach and buried them.

He received the title 'Mountain Smasher' due to this fight. If that name was mentioned, the person in front of him must be,

"Tartatod."

The god of all underground creatures. The father of the creatures who squatted beneath the ground, a transcendental presence who favored dwarves and loved worms. The paladin, no the incarnation of Tartatod laughed.

"That's right."

The gods were intervening.

Kumarak laughed. "You are a nasty pervert who pampers those stinking worms. Grrung!"

The dwarf's face stiffened. At the same time, a reddish brown aura covered the dwarf. The power of a god. Kumarak was able to feel the intangible energy.

Kumarak gave strength to his stomach and built up his willpower. He wasn't fighting just the expedition members who followed the divine message. The gods had come

out directly.

“Stupid orc.”

Tartatod wielded his hammer. Kumarak blocked with Destroyer.

*Kaaaang!*

Kumarak was thrown back. The expedition members and orcs fighting were scattered. Kumarak rolled across the ground several times before recovering. He slowly got up. Those who were caught in the conflict groaned on the ground.

His whole body creaked. Kumarak had never been pushed back by a blow before. It was the first time. Kumarak was thrilled by the overwhelming power difference.

"Don't resist, mortal." Tartatod said calmly. "Not just me, but the other gods will borrow their bodies. You can't beat us."

"Don't be ridiculous. Grrung!"

“Resistance is useless.”

"Kulkul, everyone says that before they are beaten up!"

Kumarak grabbed Destroyer and leapt towards Tartatod. However, Tartatod's body blurred and disappeared. Kumarak stopped.

".....!"

Tartatod appeared in front of Kumarak. Kumarak hurriedly wielded his axe. Tartatod blocked with his hammer. There was tremendous pressure. Kumarak couldn't compete when it came to strength.

“Uhhhh...” Kumarak pushed his forehead forward and shouted. His forehead hit the dwarf's face.

“Kuheok!”

Tartatod moved back from the sudden hit. Despite the power of a god, it was natural to receive damage after being hit in the face. Kumarak touched his forehead and raised

his head. Blood poured from Tartatod's nose. Kumarak laughed. Tartatod's face was red.

"You!"

The power of a god exploded and hit Kumarak.

"Keooooook!"

Blood dripped from his mouth as he rolled across the ground. He barely managed to hold onto Destroyer.

"I tried to kill you nicely..."

"There is no such thing as a nice death. Stupid god." Kumarak raised his body and laughed. Tartatod's face distorted. "Tartatod, you really don't know anything."

"Shut up. Dirty orc. Vicious bastards."

"Kulkulkul."

Kumarak raised his body. It wasn't just Tartatod. The battlefield was now entering a new phase. There were those who showed the power of a god and every time they attacked, the orcs were greatly pushed back.

"I wonder why there is a god who takes care of those who crawl under the ground." Flames burned in Kumarak's eyes. "If a god dies, will a new one appear?"

Kumarak was the one who smashed a mountain in order to kill a great worm. A slaughtering machine who moved with a commitment to tearing apart the enemies. If the enemy was a mountain, eliminate the enemy. If the enemy was a god, eliminate the god. Kumarak didn't choose the enemies.

"Now it is interesting."

He hadn't experienced anything worthy since smashing the mountain. He hadn't met a good enemy since the time he dug at the mountain for several months. But the enemy was a god. He would kill a god and change his title of 'Mountain Smasher' to something else.

Kumarak held Destroyer's handle.

"Tartatod. You will die to me today."



Zankus quickly sprang up and fired his arrow. He only aimed at places where the enemies were concentrated.

The arrows of an unexpected size pierced through the enemies. His arrows were never satisfied with one life. If one was killed, it would penetrate through the body and kill at least three more. He killed three or four each turn. The arrows became like a skewer.

"Aaaack!"

"Avoid it!"

"Sun Killer!"

He crushed the enemies. A single arrow penetrated through and crushed many enemies in a show of pure force. Every time he shot an arrow, it felt like the battlefield had been hit with a hammer.

"You're lucky we're fighting on the plains," muttered Zankus.

The open plains with no obstacles blocking the field of view was a disadvantage for a hunter. If this were a mountain or a forest, they would've died without knowing where the arrows were coming from.

Zankus scanned in front of him with a hunter's eyes. The expedition had overwhelming numbers, but the strength of the orcs dominated. In particular, the strategy of putting strong leaders at the forefront was effective. The enemy's power was crushed by the vanguard, while the scattered remnants were swallowed by the other orcs. In addition, Crockta was wielding his greatsword at the very front.

Zankus grinned. When he returned to Orcrox for Lenox's funeral, he learned there was an orc who survived alone. He didn't look reliable. The orc spoke about getting revenge for Lenox; however, however, Zankus doubted him and warned,

'I will hunt you down if you play stupid games. I can't trust a person who ran away



alone.'

That orc was Crockta, who had made those words a shameful memory by now.

"We can't lose."

Zankus fired several arrows at the same time. Then he pulled his bowstring all the way back using his muscles. When the string was released... It was like the dew rolling off the leaves. Like feathers falling from wings or stamens dangling to the ground. Lightly.

*Chwaaaaaaaaack!*

It tore through the battlefield. Everywhere the arrow passed, a large wound was dealt to the ranks of the expedition. There were only dead bodies and the wailing of those who lost their limbs.

"It is boring like this."

At that moment, something happened. A light shone down, healing the soldiers and pouring the power of the gods into the paladins. It was the participation of the gods.

Zankus' hands shook.

"It can't be helped."

He scouted the battlefield for his next prey. At that moment.

*Chwaaaaaaaaack!*

An arrow flew. Zankus' body twisted. A beam of light passed by Zankus' neck. Blood flowed down.

"....." Zankus grinned. "How interesting."

Somewhere among the expedition members. There was a hunter like him. He could feel the strength of a god coming from the wound on his neck.

Zankus' mouth twisted as he muttered, "If I kill the god of hunting..."

Zankus' body slowly blurred.

"I will be the god of hunting."

# Chapter 204

## War of the Gods (2)

The orcs and the expedition troops mixed together. Among them was Anya, who was randomly wielding her axe and screaming, "Die! Die! Die!"

They were two small throwing axes. It was the best tool for slaughtering in her hands. All the enemies around her were killed by the axes. She noticed the faces of those in the distance.

"Don't run away and come here! I will play with you!"

She licked the blood on her cheek and giggled. Her shoulders trembled before she suddenly threw her axe. The backs of those running away were split.

"If you don't come then I will kill you!"

She kept on throwing her axes. They accurately hit the heads of the expedition soldiers. She laughed loudly, "Hahahahat!"

It was a frenzy suitable for the title of 'Mad Slaughterer.' Her berserkers followed her.

"Come on!"

"If you don't want to die then kill us!"

"Kakakakat!"

It didn't matter about the power of the gods or their morale. The berserkers stabbed, cut and slashed. Blood sprang from the wounds and they died. It was sufficient.

"Let's go, Kids. Follow me!"

"Yes!"

"Understood!"

She took out a new axe from her waist. She turned it round and round, wondering who to kill next. At that moment, the ground shook.

“Oh my?”

It was coming from Kumarak’s direction. She looked around. The earthquake wasn’t the work of Kumarak. It was caused by the dwarf paladin that he was going against.

"Hrm..."

Anya examined them. Kumarak was bloody and barely standing. On the other hand, the dwarf fighting him was unfamiliar. He wielded the hammer towards Kumarak.

“What, that person is a god?”

The light around the dwarf was proof of a god’s power.

"I told you..."

She had never fought a god before. They were also hiding behind the temples, speaking a few condescending words and giving off a good impression. Those beings were coming down directly to get rid of the orcs.

"How interesting."

The dwarf wielded the hammer. Kumarak blocked with Destroyer but was thrown back from the shock. Anya felt somewhat uncomfortable as she looked at Kumarak on the ground.

“Stupid guy.”

Kumarak was a powerful warrior. However, that strength he was so proud of was losing. The dwarf kicked the fallen orc. Anya spoke to her subordinates.

“You fight here. I will be going somewhere for a while.”

“Yes!”

She jumped forward. She trampled and killed the soldiers in her way. Her goal was Kumarak.

“Kumarak!”

However, her voice didn't reach. Kumarak ran towards the dwarf again. He looked terrible but he didn't lose his fighting spirit. Rather, he wielded Destroyer with crazy eyes. The hammer and axe collided. Kumarak and the dwarf glared at each other.

Kumarak suddenly swung his fist. It hit the dwarf's face. The dwarf's face distorted and he swung his fist as well. Kumarak's teeth were broken.

“Grrung!”

Kumarak swung his fists again. Thus, they continued punching each other. It was a struggle against a god. They dropped their weapons and tangled together. Kumarak's fighting spirit was contagious as the god cried out in a loud voice.

“Kumarakkk! I will kill you!”

"Come on, Tartatod! God of the worms!"

Tartatod.

Anya understood the whole situation. Kumarak had smashed a mountain and killed the great worm, gaining the title of 'Mountain Smasher.' So this god must be Tartatod, the one who loved those who dug under the ground. He appeared in front of Kumarak to get revenge for Almutad.

“The gods are the same as us.”

Anya's mouth twitched.

She didn't believe in those who called themselves gods. Look, they were no different from the creatures on the ground. How could she join her hands together and say a prayer when the god was shrieking and swinging his fists.

They were just beings with mighty powers. Just that.

“Are you going there to intervene?” Someone asked her.

Anya recoiled. A woman approached her. It was one of the rare elves who joined the expedition, wearing the clothing of a priest.

"You must face me first."

It was a woman she had never seen before. Anya instantly knew who she was. She burst out laughing.

"Ahaha. You?"

"....."

"It is an honor for a celebrity to look for me. Do you know how to fight?"

The opponent smiled. A god who always showed mercy. The god everyone praise, who gave the powerful of healing and passed on teachings to help the poor. The goddess of mercy.

"You are the most notable."

"It is an honor."

"There is the blood of many on your hands." The goddess of mercy said. Mad Slaughterer Anya. She was in direct opposition to the goddess of mercy. "Now it is time to stop the tragedies you created."

"Stop the tragedies." Anya laughed.

She pointed to the battlefield. Orcs and expedition members were killing each other and dying. Both sides were engulfed in their own madness and didn't hesitate to attack. They wielded their weapons until they stopped breathing.

It was pandemonium.

Anya continued, "You also created this battlefield so you are just a hypocrite. If you combine all the things I've done in my life, it will look like a comedy compared to the tragedy that you committed today."

"....."

The god's face shook before calming.

Anya smiled. "It can't be helped. Let's start quickly."

Kumarak's roar was heard from behind her.

"God, is it up to hereeeeeeeeeeee———!"

Then something exploded. It didn't stop there. The earth broke and collapsed. She didn't know where and how it happened, but there were screams from those caught up in the aftermath. Anya laughed as she twirled the two small axes in both hands.

"Don't you have to help your friend soon?"



Zankus limped. The hunter, hidden somewhere on the battlefield, continued to fire. Zankus also responded, but the opponent's shooting was faster and more accurate.

It wasn't a large difference. However, it was the divide that separated life and death. Zankus gritted his teeth and bandaged the wound on his thigh. Even now, the enemy was still aiming at him. Zankus could feel the killing intent.

Truly a god. Zankus didn't know what to do.

"Dammit."

Thus, he decided to borrow someone else's opinion. He closed his eyes. In the middle of the battlefield, an invisible hunter was aiming for his life. He stared at the darkness behind his eyelids. A man was standing there.

Shakan. The best hunter he knew, Shakan. In this moment of urgency, he only had the chance for one question.

Zankus threw a question towards the man, 'How can I hunt this enemy?'

Shakan replied.

Zankus' eyes opened. A light was heading towards him. It was quite close. Just before it hit his head...

Zankus twisted as an arrow grazed his cheek. Zankus muttered as he stared at where the light had come from, "I understand, Shakan."

Then he loaded an arrow. The iron was distorted. In the gap between the expedition troops, there was a shadow standing alone between flapping flags.

That guy.

Zankus fired an arrow. The shadow that fought with him disappeared, but the bodies of the expedition members nearby exploded. Zankus wasn't satisfied and quickly pursued the enemy with his next arrow.

The arrow's tip aimed at the enemy's figure. He pulled back the bowstring as he recalled Shakan's answer.

'You can't hunt him.'

He borrowed the image of Shakan and asked for an answer. Zankus couldn't hunt down the enemy, as the other person was a better hunter than him. So he decided to give up hunting.

"Today, I'm not a hunter..."

Zankus' arrow went straight through some passing soldiers. The soldiers were killed. The knights who faced the orcs were caught in the aftermath. The knights were killed. The shield of a noble was pierced. The noble also died.

"Today... I must be a killer."

Soon after, his 'death shot' hit the enemy. He avoided a fatal wound, but it was unavoidable to receive a shallow hit. The enemy sat down and shook with hostility. However, he didn't die.

"You will die soon enough." Zankus laughed and aimed his arrow again.

His title was 'Sun Killer.' It wasn't about hunting. 'Killer' was another name for Zankus. This wasn't an ordinary arrow, but one that contained the archer's will. It was placed in the arrow. How far was his limit? Zankus had endlessly practiced with the bow, to the point where he was able to place 'death' in the arrow.

"Die."

Now he was in the area of 'killing', rather than 'hunting.' Zankus's arrow aimed at the



black shadow again. Zankus was unable to move properly in the aftermath of 'death.' Zankus was convinced that the enemy would die by this arrow.

But at that moment.

A brilliant light erased his arrow.

".....!"

Everyone on the battlefield looked up at the sky as they saw a flash of brilliant light. It came from an old man with wings of light. The staff in his hand shook. Then rays of light surrounded the expedition members. Light shone from their weapons and the wounds were restored again. The heat from deep inside their body erased their fatigue.

It wasn't just the expedition members affected, but the other gods fighting the orcs. The god of hunting, who had been on the verge of dying from Zankus' arrow, ended up vanishing. His body recovered and he avoided 'Death.'

*Sasasasak!*

Once again, the beam of light flew towards Zankus. Zankus barely avoided it as he muttered.

"That is cheating."

He didn't know the identity of the old man in the sky, but it was a different influence from the other gods. The power of the old man dominated the battlefield. The light kept encouraging the expedition members, interrupting the orcs.

Zankus looked around. The situation was starting to tilt. The orcs were dying. Kumarak, Anya, Wallachwi etc, were also pushed back. The gods gained strength from the light in the sky. Defeat was obvious. And defeat meant genocide. Zankus' face distorted for a moment.

Then someone spoke.

‘.....’

Zankus was stunned. The voice spoke again.

‘...!’

Zankus’ eyes widened.

"Kulkulkul..."

Zankus started laughing. He lifted his bow and loaded an iron arrow on it. Then he pulled back the bowstring and aimed for the sky. From far away, a beam of light aimed at Zankus’ neck. It was a stronger power than before.

But Zankus didn’t care.

“I understand.

The light. It disappeared before reaching Zankus. The rays of light from the old man in the sky also flew towards Zankus. However, they disappeared in front of him, as if they had hit a wall. Zankus didn’t care about all that. He concentrated all the strength of his body to one point. It was the best ‘Death’ arrow he could do.

"Kuooooook..."

His muscles screamed. The overloaded muscle fibers started to break down one by one.

“Kuaaaaaaah...!” Zankus shouted.

He squeezed out all the power in his body. It didn’t matter if his muscles were breaking. His arms burned. His bowstring was pulled back to the maximum extent possible. Just before Zankus and his bow broke...

Zankus had a feeling that it was time.

"Go."

When the string was released... It was like the dew rolling off the leaves. Like feathers falling from wings or stamens dangling to the ground. The death arrow was launched towards the sky.

“Goooooooooooo—————!”

It flew upwards. The old man tried to stop the arrow but it flew on, ignoring everything. The arrow. It passed by the old man. It rose to the end of the sky. The target at the end. The sun that illuminated the world.

‘Sun Killer’ Zankus. His arrow went beyond time and space to penetrate the sun and kill it. A black stain appeared in the center of the sun. It spread gradually and the entire sun became black. Darkness fell over the world. A world where the sun disappeared. It was complete darkness.

Even ‘Sun Killer’ Zankus couldn’t stop the sun forever. The world would only sink into darkness for a few minutes. But that was enough.

In the darkness where no one could see, the flapping of wings was heard. A man’s voice resonated on the battlefield, “I am the hawk of the north.”

Zankus fell to the ground, no longer having the strength to even lift a finger.

“The blue guardian of the sunrise. The pale blue standard bearer who guides the shamans.”

Now it was his turn. The orc shaman mentor, the strongest shaman of this age.

“Tashaquil.”

A bizarre whisper was heard from underneath the ground. With the death of the sun, the hungry demons of hell were being summoned in the darkness.

# Chapter 205

## War of the Gods (3)

It took only a few minutes for the sun to turn dark. During that time, everyone on the battlefield was terrified. In the darkness where nothing could be seen, something was walking around.

“Kuaaaaah!”

“Heooooook!”

Terrible screams rang out. Everyone turned to look in all directions. In the aftermath, some people stabbed randomly with their swords. The magicians of the expedition tried to create light, but it fell absurdly short of lighting up the world without the sun. Rather, the dim lighting caused fear to fill the hearts of the people.

Fearful faces appeared every time the light shone. The light illuminated bloody and tearful faces.

“Aaaaaaack!” The screams continued.

Crockta could hear them whisper, ‘Hungry, hungry, hungry...’

His eyes pierced through the darkness and saw strange beings climbing from the ground onto the battlefield. They had a terrible amorphous appearance which suited hell. However, they all had the same terribly big and ugly mouth.

‘Hungryyyyyyy...’

A demon of hell passed by Crockta, and it smelled bad. Suddenly, Crockta met its eyes. Then it licked its lips. However, instead of aiming at Crockta, it turned and bit the body of an expedition member.

Those who couldn’t see in the darkness were bitten without knowing what direction the demons came from. The only things left behind were the blood stains and parts of the limbs which couldn’t be swallowed.

These guys were filling up the battlefield.

‘Eat, chew, swallow...’

‘Hungry...’

Tashaquil was a shaman who always smiled and blessed the orc warriors. However, he was furious. So, his blessings had now become the evil souls which embodied hell.

“This is war.”

Crockta looked up at the sky. This was a world where the sun had disappeared. The ‘Sun Killer’ Zankus, he really was a hunter who penetrated the sun. Now that the sun was sleeping, all types of demons attacked the expedition members in the darkness.

The fearful soldiers waved their weapons randomly, killing their companions and stabbing themselves.

“Uwaaaaah!”

Suddenly, a blade flew through the darkness towards Crockta. Crockta blocked with his greatsword. It was a terrified expedition member. He was swinging his sword in every direction.

“Uwaaaaack!”

“Tsk.” Crockta reached out and grabbed the neck of the expedition member.

The demons were certainly frightening. In particular, for the expedition members, this was a situation where their vision was blocked, and they didn’t know where the horrible beings would appear, so it was natural to go mad.

However, this one had found the wrong opponent. Slowly, the light returned. The ‘death’ which swallowed the sun disappeared, allowing the sun to regain its strength. Dim sunlight shone on Crockta’s face.

“Ahh...” The expedition soldier’s eyes widened. He had fled from the jaws of death. However, he was now met with Crockta’s terrifying face.

“Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!” He screamed.

“Noisy,” Crockta remarked and gave strength to his hands. He broke the soldier’s neck instantly. The soldier’s body dropped down to the ground. However, Crockta thought the soldier was lucky to die now. This was because...

“It is better not to see this.”

The sun had returned halfway. That alone was enough to reveal the scenery on the ground.

It was hell.

Not everyone had been fully eaten by the demons. The demons had bitten the expedition members on a whim. People were groaning on the ground with their bodies half torn apart. There were corpses with the contents of their heads missing. There was one human corpse with all the skin chewed off. There were also soldiers with torn stomachs and their contents flowing out.

These scenes filled the battlefield. And...

‘I hate light, I hate light, I hate light... Hungry, hungry, hungry...’

The eyes, nose, mouth, and limbs of the demons were revealed. The expedition members screamed.

“What is thisssss!”

“Monsters!”

“Spare meeeee!”

The demons carried out their feeding until just before the sun fully returned. They didn’t stop, even when the sun burned their bodies. They bit, chewed, and swallowed. The demons acted like vultures and drove the formation of the expedition into complete chaos.

“How horrible,” Crockta commented from where he stood at the front lines, where orcs and humans were mixed together. Behind him, there weren’t many demons. However, beyond him, the camp of the expedition was filled with demons eating indiscriminately.

Every time a demon's teeth moved, an enemy's body was torn. The demons shook, and the expedition members' limbs flew into the sky. Even to the orcs, this was a frantic scene of madness. It was a necessary but cruel scene which Tashaquil had produced.

"The sun is back."

The sun had returned wholly. The demons melted down completely. They had swallowed the expedition members, but after melting, there were no traces left of them except for a handful of ashes. If someone looked at this place, they wouldn't know what had just happened.

However, their bodies trembled at the fearful memories. Zankus had only turned off the sun for a few minutes...

And in those few minutes, many of the expedition members had been slaughtered. The gods turned their eyes to the disastrous landscape.

"Tashaquilllllllll!" The elderly man in the sky screamed Tashaquil's name. His wings were like an angel's, but his distorted face was like that of a devil.

"You shouldn't have summoned the demonssss! I won't let it goooo!" His voice rang through the battlefield. Then light exploded from his body, shining down on the entire expedition. The fear caused by the demons disappeared, and the expedition returned to being the faithful army of the gods.

However, the blessing wasn't given to those who had already lost their limbs and couldn't participate in the battle. They were dying as they watched their peers march with the light of the gods.

"The gods are the same as us." Crockta's lips twisted as he laughed. "There is no difference between them and the emperor."

The expedition army marched forward with no emotions on their faces as they followed the gods' will. They ignored the fallen allies whom they stepped on. Just like that, the wounded were trampled on by the expedition army and died.

The expedition army had become puppets of the gods. This was a war between the gods and the orcs. At that moment, Tashaquil's voice whispered in their ears, 'Everyone, be prepared.'

All orcs on the battlefield heard the voice.

‘The next attack is dangerous.’

As soon as he spoke, the expedition army stopped moving. Then they raised their shields and set up a firm formation. It was like a barricade.

“This...”

Then at that moment...

Crockta saw it. In the rear of the expedition army, magic power was boiling up towards the sky.

Tashaquil warned again, ‘The goddess of magic has come out.’

Crockta was a warrior, but in the past, he’d met the northern magician, Jamero, and he’d obtained ‘Introduction to Magic.’ Along with the instincts as a warrior, Crockta was able to clearly observe the flow of magic power.

Thus, he could see it. The magic power boiling at the rear of the expedition rose to the sky and penetrated the atmosphere. Then that magic power took shape. It looked like a net.

“It can’t be...”

It went beyond the sky, beyond the atmosphere of the planet, and headed towards a distant space. Then it grabbed the asteroids floating in space. The net of magic dragged the asteroids down one by one.

The universe...

The vast space...

The rocks drifting through it...

The goddess of magic gathered such things together and pulled them down to the ground. They slowly accelerated and burned white as they moved through the atmosphere.



“Scatterrrrrrrr——!”

‘Great magic.

‘Meteor Shower.’

The asteroids burned as they passed through the atmosphere but survived persistently. Then they became weapons of slaughter. The fragments of white meteors hit the orcs.

“Kuaaaaaaah!”

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hurtsss!”

The flames and impact destroyed the orcs’ formation. Soon, there were craters here and there, as well as burning orcs. The meteor shower continued.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

*Uwaaaaaah!*

Screams were mingled with the sounds of the bombardment.

“Oh my god...”

The magic only told of in legends was actually produced by the goddess of magic. Crockta avoided the meteors which fell, but the aftermath caused the earth to shake and flames to burn his body. Crockta roared and shook off the flames.

*“Pant... pant...”*

His face filled with anger as he held God Slayer and glared at the enemies. The formation of the expedition was still intact. They maintained their formation while watching the pandemonium with cold eyes.

“Son of a bitch...”

There had been the demons, and now there was a meteor shower. They weren’t

delighted at all. Crockta laughed and stepped forward.

“Crockta, are you okay?” A familiar voice suddenly spoke.

“Kulkul, don’t be concerned.”

It was Hoyt. He was in charge of commanding the orcs from behind. However, in the end, he hadn’t been able to bear it and had moved to the front.

“Is it okay to come out here?”

“Kulkul, I couldn’t stand watching you alone.”

Meteors poured down from the sky the ground was filled with flames as the two warriors stood at the forefront of the army. Hoyt shouted, “Everyone wake upppppppp—————!”

It was the same as when he shouted at the training grounds.

“Is it painfulllllll—————?!” Hoyt’s roar overwhelmed the battlefield.

Then orcs started to walk out of the flames. No one was okay. They all had terrible injuries or were burned. Even so, they raised their weapons.

“Not at all.”

“It just tingles, Hoyt!”

“The body is fine! Kuhulhulhul!”

“Now, it is nice and warm!”

The number of orc warriors gradually increased.

Hoyt grinned, “Then...”

He exchanged a glance with Crockta. God Slayer and Mountain Slasher... A greatsword and a hammer were raised towards the sky.

“Come—————!”

Two warriors charged towards the expedition army.

“Uwaaaaaah!”

“Bul’tarrrrrrrrrrr————!”

“Heooooook!”

“Killlllllllll!”

The orc warriors ran along behind them. The battlefield where demons appeared and flames fell from the sky... From there, the orcs charged forward as always.



The elf user, Yurika, was taking a rest after hunting monsters. It was noisy due to the war between the gods and the orcs, but she was more interested in exploring the world of Elder Lord alone.

“I leveled up today,” she confirmed after checking her status window.

However, her status window suddenly became dark. “.....?”

She realized that a large shadow was being cast on her. Then she looked up and jumped back with a startled expression, “...Eh?”

Yurika had thought it was a big monster due to the size of the shadow. However, it wasn’t like that. It was an orc.

“Uhh...”

The orc was a monster and NPC. They were in the middle. Orcs clearly had a civilization, but they were ambiguous beings who were sometimes killed for quests. Her perception had changed a lot since Crockta appeared, but she was still unfamiliar with orcs.

“Excuse me... What...?”

Additionally, the atmosphere around this orc was different. She could feel a tremendous power coming from him. He was certainly stronger than her. So, she

prepared to escape.

“.....” The orc looked at her quietly and then opened his mouth, “I want to ask for directions.”

It was a low but loud voice. Faced with his sunken eyes and the pressure coming from him, she thought it was fortunate that no fight would take place.

“Yes, a-ask. I’ll tell you if I know.”

“Perhaps...” He thought for a moment before asking, “Orc... Do you know which way Orcrox is?”

“Orcrox?”

Orcrox was in the middle of a war right now.

Maybe this orc was going to help them. She felt sorry for him. This respectful orc seemed strong, but she didn’t think the orcs could win. The expedition was large, and the gods were with them.

She explained in a soft voice, “If you keep going that way, a road will appear. Continue along the road and you will reach Orcrox. There are signs... There will also be people heading there. If you get confused, ask them.”

“Thank you.” The orc swept his gaze over her with sharp eyes. Then he thanked Yurika once again, “Really, thank you. Then I’m going now.”

He walked in the direction that she had told him. As Yurika looked at his back, she prayed for the orc.

Then...

“...Eh?”

*Kung. Kung. Kung. Kung. Kung.*

Shadows emerged from the bushes and followed the orc. Their figures were soon revealed. They were orcs who were following the first one.

“Uh... uhhh...”

The number continued to increase. Yurika’s mouth fell open. All of them were wearing steel armor and helmets, as well as carrying huge weapons on their shoulders. They weren’t like the orcs she knew.

All the orcs she had seen were free-spirited. She had never seen orcs equipped like this and moving like an army. However, an endless number of them marched forward.

“Where...?” She wondered where this army had come from.

This was the Forest of Creatures. It was a land blocked by the limit line. Flags were flying above the orcs’ heads... The patterns were all different, but the letters below them were the same. She muttered, “The Great Clan...?”

# Chapter 206

## War of the Gods (4)

The orcs crashed into the shields of the expedition army. Once Crockta and Hoyt hit the front, the formation collapsed. They dug in. As flesh was exposed, the soldiers beyond the shield were crushed like tofu under the two blades.

"Only this much!"

"Bul'tarrrr!"

The orc warriors followed them. The weapons of the orcs hit the armor of the soldiers. Some killed and others died. These actions were repeated time and time again. The orcs that stood up in the end had brutal looks in their eyes.

"I'm going this way."

"I will take that way."

Hoyt and Crockta turned away from each other. Crockta broke through the enemies like he was digging a cave. God Slayer killed the enemies. The moment he was about to enter the interior and start a full-scale massacre.

"Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!" Someone charged. "It has been a while!"

A blade flew towards him. Crockta moved his greatsword and blocked the storm of swords. The face of the person wielding the blade was somehow familiar.

Crockta laughed, "Adandator."

Adandator was the genius of the empire who joined the expedition to kill Crockta.

"It has been a while. You came here?" Crockta asked.

"I wanted to kill you."

“Do you have dentures?”

“What?”

Crockta pointed to his teeth. "Last time, my fist knocked them out. Now they look fine, so are they false teeth?"

Adandator's face turned red. "This bastard...!"

“They are dentures. Whoa whoa, calm down.”

“Die!”

The outraged Adandator carelessly wielded his sword. When they first met during the duel, it was a tight match. Crockta had been on the defensive against Adandator's attacks, which seemed unstoppable. But now it was different.

Constant progress. Crockta progressed every day.

He always fought by himself, so he had to grow on a daily basis. After he risked his life and won, he faced a stronger opponent and his life was in danger again. He faced the northern great chieftain and the empire alone.

He didn't have a limit.

"Manage it well; it'll be ugly if the colors are different."

“Uwaaaack!”

As Crockta touched on a sore spot, Adandator raged and wielded his sword. An opponent who lost his composure in battle was easy. There were too many loopholes in Adandator, as Crockta became immersed in his thoughts.

They once experienced some good times together.

‘That light, you will know what it is if you keep training. You were just afraid.’

‘Nonsense...’

‘We are creatures who like using our fists and stumble when the temple is hit. Don't

choke.'

'Talking nonsense...'

Adandator was a cute kid who came to him after being defeated by the sword and wanting to learn from Crockta. He was an enemy and a friend, but now he was once again an enemy on the battlefield. Crockta thought they wouldn't see each other again, but Adandator came to kill him.

This might be the final destination of their relationship.

"Adandator!"

Crockta erased his thoughts and wielded God Slayer. The greatsword attacked Adandator's gaps. At that moment, the world slowed down. Crockta and Adandator's eyes met in the realm of the Pinnacle.

Adandator gritted his teeth. His body accelerated. Acceleration and acceleration. However, it wasn't enough to avoid Crockta's blade that was already at the Pinnacle. Crockta's sword slid towards his body.

".....!"

Crockta's attack was clean. Then the speed of the world returned to normal. The silence from the realm of the Pinnacle was broken. The noise of their battlefield entered their ears again. Adandator looked up with stupefied eyes.

Crockta's greatsword. Instead of going through Adandator, it slashed his side. Crockta had saved Adandator's life.

"Hu... huhuhu. Hahahat. Hahahahat." Adandator laughed.

Now the gap between the two of them had become too wide. He couldn't understand it. How did Crockta become stronger so quickly? It was understandable that a talented person would develop rapidly when first holding the sword, but a miracle exceeding the limits in such a short amount of time went beyond common sense.

"How did you become so much stronger?" asked Adandator, dropping his sword...

Crockta smiled and replied with a question, "You really don't know?"



"Tell me."

"You came to kill me. It is impossible to lose with the vast army and the power of the gods."

"That's right."

"If you want to be stronger, stand on a battlefield that you can't win."

Adandator's expression changed.

"Go to the battlefield that needs you, not your desired battlefield. Go to the place where the lament of the loser is scheduled, not the roar of the winner. Walk towards the guillotine instead of the laurel. Wield your sword until you fall. Do that..." Crockta grinned and said, "If you don't die, you will become stronger."

Adandator closed his eyes. He remembered the orc who stood alone against the great army of the empire. And now, Crockta was fighting an impossible war against the gods.

"I hope to see you again." At the end of the speech, Crockta passed by Adandator. Adandator slumped down. In the middle of the battlefield, he stared up at the sky.

"Aklan..."

The name of a colleague who walked a long way with him. Then he laughed.

"What about you...?"



Olympus, the residence of the gods. There were as many gods as there were people's beliefs, so no one knew exactly how many different gods existed. No one could say exactly who had a higher status.

But it was clear that the most dangerous one was the 'war god.' He was someone who great his strength in times of slaughter. The scream of the battlefield was his breathing and the final ending was his heartbeat.

"God." Aklan grabbed his sword and shield. "Victory."

Then the war god responded. A red energy blazed around Aklan's body. The power of the gods fell on the bodies of their believers and the air shook. This was the real start.

"It might be elevated by a little propaganda, but everything is weak before the power of the gods."

The orcs' momentum slowed after the meteor shower from the goddess of magic. Many orcs were killed in that blow. Their formations were broken as fires burned and the earth melted. The god of light was still blessing them in the sky. The goddess of mercy might be busy with a female orc, but her healing power raised the expedition army.

In addition, countless gods participated in this fight and were helping the expedition. The orcs' assault was simply a last hurrah to escape from that hell.

"Please do your part."

Suddenly, he looked at an orc warrior walking towards him. Aklan smiled.

"This..."

A steel helmet. A giant greatsword. The belt that looked like a demon. Full body tattoos. A heinous face.

"I'll kill you."

The orc locked eyes with Aklan. The orc laughed. Aklan raised his sword. It was the first time the two of them met, but as soon as their eyes cross, they knew. Today, one of the two would die.

"Kuaaaaaaaaaah!"

Aklan roared. At that moment, a red light surrounded his eyes. The descent of a god. The war god.

At the same time, the paladins and priests standing with Aklan ran towards the periphery. Their goal was to help the other gods and destroy the orcs. The movements containing the power of the gods broke the rhythm of the battlefield and inspired a new wind.

Amongst all of this, Crockta didn't take his eyes off Aklan.

"Crockta... grey god..."

But the voice didn't belong to Aklan. It was a voice that was as rough as iron. This was the war god.

"Die."

At that moment, Crockta was able to see the war god approaching him. However, his body couldn't move.

Fast, strong.

Crockta only managed to grab God Slayer by the time the opponent had crossed half the distance to him. Once the war god reached him and attacked, Crockta had barely lifted his greatsword. As soon as his sword cut Crockta's chest, Crockta's greatsword moved through the air.

"Keheok!"

Blood splattered as he fought back, but the war god was already far away. The war god held the shield and sword in front of him, revealing only the flashing eyes under the helmet. His eyes glowed red.

"You can't win. I am the war god. The god of invincibility."

Crockta laughed as he glanced at the wound on his chest. He looked around. All the gods were exerting their strength. The orcs resisted but were gradually crumbling. The flames swallowing the battlefield were burning at a higher temperature.

He might not win. However, his mind had already pushed such concerns far behind him. He was Crockta, the 'Northern Conqueror and Empire's Deficit.' Winning or losing, living or dying, they weren't his domain.

His body, the greatsword, and 'Bul'tar' that was always burning within him. That was his way.

"Did you say the god of war?" Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder and grinned. "You might cause the war, but I will end it."

At first glance, he seemed to be standing casually but his body was continuing to accelerate. He stared closely at the enemy's face. The outline of his blazing fire, the traces of dust floating in the sky, they all grabbed his senses.

He could see everything. On this battlefield of life and death, lives were continually blinking out. Numerous deaths circled around him. The overwhelming net of causality whispered of his death.

"Good."

It was suitable. This was just the right amount of tension. Crockta met the eyes of the war god. At that moment, the two blades hit each other.

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrr———!"

Crockta's battle cry was filled with physical strength. The earth shook. Crockta wielded his greatsword at the war god several times. Either the shield of the war god or his sword blocked Crockta's attack.

*Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaang!*

*Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaaaang!*

A loud sound was emitted with each hit. Every time they collided, the body of the war god shook like there was an electric shock running through his body.

*Kuaaaaang!*

The shield was distorted.

*Kuaaaaang!*

The war god was pushed down towards the ground.

*Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!*

His feet were buried in the ground.

"Garbage orc———!"

The war god swung his sword angrily; however, due to the strength in Crockta's sword, his reaction was one beat too late, causing a gap to appear. Crockta grinned and said, "Settle down."

Then he used all his strength and brandished the greatsword again.

# Chapter 207

## War of the Gods (5)

"Isn't it better to go there?"

"I will only interfere if I go."

A bandaged man was lying down in the room.

"The scale is different."

Then the person sitting next to him spoke while cutting an apple. They were watching the war coverage of Elder Lord on the screen. The screen showed light, flames and disturbing sights. It was filled with deaths and slaughter.

The screen was focused on an orc. The esteemed warrior, Crockta.

"But you..." The man lying in the room scratched his head and asked. "Is it okay for you to come here every day?"

"It's fine." The apple cutter shook their head. "I don't have any schedule. Why? Do you dislike my presence?"

"That's not it..."

The atmosphere was awkward. There was only the sound of fighting from the screen and the apple being cut. At that moment, the door opened and visitors appeared.

"Hey! Shin Jahu! What are you doing?"

"Exemplary citizen! I can't match you!"

"Jahu Jahu... eh?"

They hesitated. They were coworkers at Shin Jahu's Chinese restaurant. As soon as they entered the room, they found someone quietly sitting beside Shin Jahu while

cutting apples.

Black hair flowed down to the neck. It was in contrast to the pure white skin. Long eyelashes and beautiful double-lidded eyes were revealed when the beauty turned towards the visitors. A beautiful woman they were seeing for the first time was sitting next to Shin Jahu.

“W-Who...?”

“Girlfri... end...?”

They were tough men who did heavy work in the kitchen, but they became mild sheep in front of this beauty. They couldn't even meet the eyes of the unidentified beauty.

“That...”

“Uh...”

Shin Jahu stared at them and asked, “Uh, you came?”

“Yes, it has been a while... um...”

The beauty seemed to sense the awkward atmosphere, setting the apples on the table and standing up. “I'll be going now.”

“Yes...”

“I have to go. Everybody, please have a pleasant conversation. ”

The beauty left with a faint smile, leaving a sweet fragrance behind. As soon as the door closed behind her, Shin Jahu's colleagues quickly fired off questions.

“Who is that, who? Who is it? Quickly!”

“Hey! This bastard was hiding everything!”

“Girlfriend? Girlfriend? If she has any relatives, introduce me...”

Shin Jahu sighed, “That's not it...”

“What isn’t? Why did she come to your hospital room and cut apples?”

Instead of answering, Shin Jahu changed the channel with the remote control. The war video of Elder Lord changed to a music program. Well-dressed idols were dancing and singing.

“What are you doing all of a sudden...”

Their faces stiffened as they saw the beauty that they just saw in the room dancing and smiling on screen. Idol. It was the identity of the beauty who was just here.

"You, you are hanging out with a celebrity?"

“What is going on...?”

Shin Jahu stretched out his finger and pointed to the bottom of the screen. His co-workers followed his hand and fell silent. In front of the strange group name, the tag ‘bishonen group’ was attached. It wasn’t a girl group but a bishonen group. *(TL: pretty boy)*

“.....”

“Uh...”

“Hmmm...”

The room became quiet. Shin Jahu changed the channel again. Footage of Elder Lord. Crockta was swinging his sword at a man. According to the commentator’s noisy explanation, the opponent was the war god.

Crockta and the war god, two big figures were confronting each other. Every time they exchanged blows, the battlefield shook.

“.....”

“.....”

On the other hand, the room was still calm. Shin Jahu broke the silence and shouted, "Hooray Crockta!"



The idol youth was a friend Shin Jahu had met through 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy.' After Shin Jahu got into the accident and was unable to access Elder Lord for a while, he had written the address of the hospital he was in.

Then 'he' came. Him... the idol.

"Crockta, beat him!" As Crockta's greatsword descended towards the war god, Shin Jahu raised his hand again. "Hooray Croc... cough!"

Who knew? Gilgamesh was an idol. A beautiful young idol! He came to Shin Jahu's room every day, and as time went by, Shin Jahu couldn't focus on Crockta's video. He couldn't get immersed in the dangerous fighting.

Why?

Shin Jahu closed his eyes. Suddenly, he recalled a phrase from the Korean classic 'A Bittersweet Life', which he enjoyed.

[On a clear spring day, the disciple gazed at the tree branches moving in the wind and asked,

"Master, is the branch moving or is it the wind moving the branch?

The master looked at where the disciple was pointing and smiled.

"It isn't the wind or branches moving, but your heart."]

Shin Jahu shook his head and glanced towards Crockta. Crockta's greatsword hit the war god several times. The feet of the war god dug into the ground. An enormous strength. The fight became rougher.

Shin Jahu shouted desperately, "Crockta, fighting!"

◇ ◇ ◇

Tiyo avoided the enemy's attack and silenced the enemy with rapid shots.

"Today is going to hurt a little *dot*!"

Tiyo's General wasn't meant for killing. Instead of killing the enemies, it played a

secondary role in stopping the enemy using temporary electric shock, paralysis, and numbness. But today was different.

"I warned you in advance *dot*," Tiyo muttered as he looked at the fallen enemies. Now General's output was at its peak. Tiyo would bring death.

"They are appearing with no end!"

Nevertheless, the opponents continued to come. Rather than fearing his attack, they felt anger towards the little gnome. It was a misjudgment.

"More than this..."

Tiyo gripped General tighter. At the same time, the shape of General started to change. The rifle shortened and the number of muzzles multiplied. Two became four; four became eight. It was no longer a gun.

It was Vulcan. Vulcan started to spin fiercely in Tiyo's hands. He would give the greatest mercy to those who were running towards him. A quick death with no pain!

"Aaaaaaah!"

Magic bullets were fired from General. They bombarded the running expedition troops without mercy. Every hit caused the expedition soldiers' bodies to shake, as if they received an electric shock.

Thousands, tens of thousands of such attacks! General's output was overloaded and Tiyo was tired, but he kept aiming General at the enemy. Vulcan's spinning didn't stop. Then General's rotation soon stopped.

No one was standing in front of him. All the enemies were crumpled on the ground. They occasionally twitched, but Tiyo switched General to shotgun mode and killed them. However, more expedition members soon rushed over those slain by Tiyo. They had the power of the gods and felt no fear. Everyone was a puppet.

Tiyo's mouth twisted. It was an expression of disdain.

"I can't trust the gods who are controlling them this way *dot*."

More and more enemies were approaching him.

"Tiyo! Please step aside!"

"Leave it to us!"

Orc warriors rushed to Tiyo's side.

"I'm fine *dot...*" Tiyo shook his head. "That friend will act *dot*."

The orcs turned their heads. There was a dark-skinned elf with his ears cut off. He hadn't shown his strength once on the battlefield. Therefore, the expedition members felt no sense of crisis from him. What type of strength did this slender dark elf have?

"Hoo... I didn't want to do this."

Anor closed his eyes. Dark energy boiled around his body. His power swelled before entering the ground. That power spread through the battlefield. It was like a plague spreading through the earth. Corpses were infected by that power and twitched.

The dead. They started to wake up.

"W-What is this?"

"Kwaaaack!"

"Corpses are rising! Blessings, the blessings!"

The expedition troops panicked despite the power of the gods. Their dead comrades and dead orcs rose again, grabbing their ankles. The dead sought life, looking for the bodies of the living.

"Bite! They're biting!"

"Kuaaaak!"

Weapons were used to cut them down, but the dead kept on biting. The expedition, that had been scared by the demons called by the joint actions of Zankus and Tashaquil, once again were frightened by the strange beings that appeared. Even the blessings of the gods couldn't overcome their fundamental fears.

"Using such a dirty power!"

The face of the old man floating in the sky distorted. His rays of light aimed at the expedition members as well as the undead. Once the divine light reached them, the undead instantly fell down.

"Darkness can't beat light!"

The old man shouted loudly before scattering the light again. There was a moment of confusion, but all the undead eventually returned to the soil. But at that moment. His vision turned dark. The face of the old man distorted.

"Who?"

Who was it?

"Tashaquil?"

Someone had the power to isolate him in another dimension. An answer came from below.

'Not Tashaquil... '

He lowered his gaze. At that moment, he flinched. There was a deep darkness below him. How deep it was and how dark, no one knew. The infinite abyss. In it, the sound of wicked laughter could be heard.

'Kuhul... hul!'



The god of light, the sun dying, the demons appearing, the meteors falling and the dead waking up to bite the living. Flames that didn't stop swallowing people, while immortals and mortals mixed on the earth. It was an unbelievable battlefield.

But the most intense battle here was between two swords.

"Garbage orc————!"

The war god tried to counterattack, but was one beat too late. A gap appeared.

Crockta grinned, "Calm down."

Fine cracks appeared on the sword and shield, while God Slayer descended towards the war god's helmet.

*Kuaaaaaaang!*

There was a blast. As God Slayer struck the war god as searing hot flames appeared as part of the power of the weapon created using the last fire from the temple of the sun god. Crockta retreated after the fire appeared.

“.....”

He had clearly felt the war god being cut. But the fight wasn't over yet. He could feel it instinctively.

“You are good.”

The war god walked out from the flames. His helmet had flown off and his flesh was split vertically from the crown to the abdomen. However, flames burned on the cut instead of blood. The fires of war.

Aklan had died from the blow, but the war god had tied the broken body together using the fires of war. The body was dead, but it continued to fight under the control of the war god.

“Crockta.”

The body of the angry war god burned even hotter. Now he looked like a fireball in the shape of a human. A brilliant light flashed in his eyes.

“I acknowledge you.”

At that moment, something flew towards the war god. It was an arrow. The war god lifted his hand and snatched it. Then he broke it.

“You and I. One of us must die.”

He reached a hand towards the sky. An unknown power started to wrap around him and Crockta. The expedition members and orcs around them were pushed back. It was an intangible power that turned this area off-limits. The power of the god of war.

The Colosseum. Now no one, not even a god, could intervene in this fight. Everyone in the world was the audience.

Crockta grinned, "This is an interesting ability."

No one could interfere. Only the inevitable sword and sword confrontation remained. In this intangible prison, the two of them couldn't leave until one of them died.

"In short, can I kill you?"

"You understand it well."

Crockta and the war god looked at each other. The war god's expression was blurred from the flames, but Crockta could tell that he was smiling.

"If it wasn't for the grey god, I would've made you my apostle."

"As you like. I would like to follow a guy like you."

"Mortal. Don't think of this as an honorable fight." The war god lifted his sword and shield and said, "You are fighting to protect your people."

"That's right."

“We...” At that moment, the war god seemed somehow tired. His body seemed to shake for a moment, as if the sword and shield were heavy burdens. He continued speaking, “We are fighting to protect this world.”

The war god tightened his grip on the sword and shield before charging forward explosively. Crockta wanted to ask what his words meant, but he needed to stop the shield. His sword hit the shield. Sparks flew. It was a tremendous pressure.

“Kuaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

"Bul'tarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

The two opponents pointed their swords towards each other. Blood splattered.

# Chapter 208

## War of the Gods (6)

The Colosseum.

It was the power of the war god that pushed a designated opponent into an intangible prison. The prison wouldn't disappear until one of them died. In this intangible prison, Crockta and the war god were in a frenzy.

The clash between the two was now at the level of a cannon. The Colosseum meant that the aftermath didn't spread out beyond the intangible wall, but the fight between the two affected morale. The situation changed depending on who was superior between the two.

When Crockta took the offensive, the orcs slaughtered the gods and the expedition troops. When the war god had the advantage, the power of the expedition members rose and he killed the orcs.

The war with deaths and killing continued.

"If the current situation continues, we will be destroyed." Hoyt muttered as he smashed the bones of a knight in front of him.

Miracles difficult to see were happening in succession. This was truly the battlefield of the gods. Even now, the dead were rising and blindly attacking the expedition forces.

However, the number of expedition troops was still more than the orcs, and they were being assisted by the gods. The gods, who he saw for the very first time, were strong and the expedition had swords and magic. The morale of the orcs gradually declined.

Hoyt smashed the chest of the soldiers running towards him.

"Why are the gods doing this?"

At that moment, someone appeared before Hoyt. It was an unidentified person wearing a robe.

"This is due to the grey god."

Hoyt reflexively raised his hammer, but he didn't feel any hostility from the man. He asked instead of attacking, "What do we have to do with the grey god?"

"She came back and the power of death was detected. Is there really no relationship between you and the grey god?"

"The grey god, that's such bullshit."

"Is it a smokescreen, or are you serious? If you are really serious, then are you her puppet without even knowing?"

"Huh, you don't even know properly yet you are trying to get rid of us!"

"It doesn't matter if it is a premature guess." He smiled faintly as the mouth revealed under the hood curved upwards into a smirk. "The gods don't want to leave any possibility that the grey god can be resurrected. They don't care if innocent deaths occur in the process."

Hoyt's mouth distorted, "I have a rough idea. They think we have a relationship with the grey god and started this war?"

"That's right."

"I don't care about the grey god and I don't know why they think we have a relationship with that god."

Hoyt emitted killing intent.

"I have no intention of participating in the play of the gods."

Then he tried to rush forward. At that moment, the robed man lifted his hands.

"Slow down, I'm not a god."

"Then?"

"I am just a bystander."



"I don't understand your words."

"It is better for you not to know." He stepped back and said. "The day that you understand, it will be the end."

The expedition army was approaching. They hesitated because they didn't know the identity of the man. Therefore, they surrounded Hoyt and the man at the same time. One of them was a powerful warrior, and the other had an unknown power.

A soldier shouted, "Are you a friend or an enemy?"

"Friend or foe..." The man laughed. "Maybe that is causing the problem."

When the man didn't answer, the soldiers exchanged looks and one of them sprang forward. The man's robe was pierced by a spear.

"Die...!"

But that only lasted for a moment. The man ended up behind the soldier and cut the soldier's neck. A huge attack! The soldiers fell and scattered blood everywhere. A believer among the soldiers responded immediately. A divine power emerged from his body.

However, the man seemed fine as he avoided the attack and stood beside Hoyt. Then he whispered to Hoyt, "I will watch this fight to the end. Hopefully, you can win. The gods aren't well."

"They aren't well?"

"Aren't the gods weaker than you think? Enough for you to hold on?"

"Their power..."

"It shouldn't be just this much."

The opponents were all the gods of the world. They organized an expedition to invade the orcs, but they couldn't easily win. The power of the gods was limited and the power of the orcs was incredibly strong. A long battle didn't match the gods' expectations.

"The gods are fighting for themselves. Everyone believes that they are right and that

the result will be judged by the world.”

"Who are you?"

"You asked me that twice already. As I said before, I..." The man looked at the expedition members surrounding him and said to Hoyt. "I'm no one's friend or enemy, just a bystander."

The expedition members exchanged looks and attacked Hoyt and the strong man. The man didn't stay here and ran away from this place. He disappeared somewhere into the battlefield. He was like the wind.

Hoyt watched his back while holding his hammer.

"The gods and the grey god..."

He didn't know the man's identity, but he had some idea of why this fight started. In the end, they were dragged into the matter of the gods.

"Don't make me laugh."

Hoyt wielded his hammer. The heads of the expedition members were smashed all at once, with blood and brain matter scattering. Hoyt looked at the scene and snorted. In the end, the orcs and expedition members were merely a means to an end for the gods.

Thus, his anger turned towards the gods. The world slowed. He saw the face of a powerful believer staring at him among the flying brain matter. The believer flashed Hoyt a ridiculing smile, as if he knew Hoyt's fate.

Hoyt snorted again.

"The gods aren't normal..."

The masterpiece of the Golden Anvil Clan, Mountain Slasher cried out in his grasp.

"Kill."

Hoyt jumped towards the believer. His hammer aimed at the head of the god's soldier.

"Huup!"

But Hoyt's attack stopped just above the enemy's head. The god's power pushed at him with a strong pressure. Hoyt was forced to step back. The god walked towards Hoyt and said.

"Look at your friends."

"....."

"They are all the same."

Hoyt took a deep breath and looked around. As the number of casualties increased, the visibility did as well. The battlefield situation entered his eyes. The orcs were still confronting the expedition members, while others were desperately resisting the gods.

However, they were at a disadvantage in the battle.

"Kuaaaaahhhhh!"

Kumarak shouted and rushed at a dwarf. Both of their bodies weren't intact. But Kumarak was exhausted, while his opponent was still going strong.

He aimed at Kumarak, causing Kumarak to fly through the air and roll against the ground. The dwarf's hammer descended. Kumarak blocked with Destroyer. However, he was unable to counterattack.

A little further away, Anya was bound by the goddess of mercy. When the goddess possessed hostility towards someone, it became chains that bound Anya. Anya cursed while resisting, but the goddess of mercy just looked down at her with a cold expression

Zankus, who killed the sun, was rising again and fired his bow. However, his body had two wounds on them.

Then a light beam flew from somewhere and penetrated his thighs. Zankus fell down. There was a loud sound as his iron bow struck the ground. He tried to stand up again, but his body flinched like it wasn't listening to him.

The god of light, who had been swallowed by Wallachwi's abyss, opened the space and emerged. Wallachwi was caught in his hands.

Wallachwi thrashed against his hand as he was dragged across the ground. The god of light also wasn't in a normal state. He kicked Wallachwi with an angry expression, causing Wallachwi to roll across the ground.

Everyone was losing.

"Just a little bit more."

If only they were a little bit stronger. The results might be different if they had a bit more strength. However, the lack of one inch meant they would lose. As soon as the battle tilted to one side, the orcs couldn't overcome the difference and started to break down, leading to defeat.

"God..."

Hoyt paused as he was about to pray. The gods were their enemies. The gods gathered strength to kill them. Something close to despair filled his chest. However, Hoyt laughed instead of dropping his head.

"Are you looking for a god now? Then kneel down before me. I might forgive you because I am a merciful god." The god in front of him laughed.

Hoyt replied to him, "Shut up. You don't deserve the title of the gods."

"Dirty orc scum."

"You can never be our god. Our god is here."

Hoyt raised his hammer.

Yes, he was there. Their god was watching Hoyt from the hammer.

"I had forgotten for a while."

Anyone who became a warrior would face him. Hoyt then realized that he was always there, and always watching them. They didn't offer gold or treasures, or have huge temples for their god. Just... the seven commandments that they followed.

Their honor. That was the most valuable thing they could offer. Everything they had. The death in front of him was so small that he didn't need to be afraid or sad.

Hoyt took a deep breath. He looked at the orcs dying, the warriors dropping their weapons and falling down. Then he shouted.

"Warriors, listen to me———!"

Hoyt's shout shook the battlefield. The orcs raised their heads. Hoyt, the warrior instructor of Orcrox after Lenox died.

"You can die today————!"

The orcs laughed. At that moment, this was Orcrox's training ground instead of the battlefield. The harsh instructor Hoyt was giving them an order. It was so severe that they could die. The orcs listened to his next words.

Hoyt yelled again, "So, prove yourself————!"

The orcs nodded. Prove themselves. Indeed, he truly was a harsh instructor.

Orcs only had one certificate. It was the skin and blood of their enemies. This was the contents of their life, until their deaths. It was a privilege for warriors who proceeded without cowardice, and there was only one reward.

Honour.

Hoyt raised his hammer. The orcs raised their weapons.

There was the sound of Kumarak's Destroyer hitting something. Zankus got up again and aimed his arrow. Anya's axe rose into the air, while Wallachwi fell into the abyss again. All the warriors raised their axes or swords towards the sky.

[illegible]

Even the gods stepped back at this moment. The orcs started to resist with their indomitable spirit. The battlefield shook.

Hoyt smiled at the sight. His role was over. There were no regrets. Anyway, he should've died that day. Lenox would be waiting for him. The moment he was about to carry out his final assault against the gods and enemies in front of him...

Suddenly. There was an echo.



"I came from the north. The great chieftain."

Hoyt now understood the situation. He heard about it from Crockta. The northern orcs. The orcs with a different culture from the continent, who followed 'Northern Conqueror' Crockta. They rebelled against the divine message, crossing the limit line to come here.

Hoyt nodded. He extended his fist. "My name is Hoyt. Thank you for the help."

The man stared for a moment before beating his chest once. Then he reached out his fist to Hoyt.

"I am Surka. You're welcome."

Against the backdrop of the battlefield where gods and mortals converged. The two fists touched.

# Chapter 209

## War of the Gods (7)

"Is it up to here *dot...*?" Tiyo laughed bitterly while aiming General "Anor, are you okay *dot*?"

"No..."

Anor was staggering after consuming his strength. The undead he summoned were destroyed by the persistent resistance of the expedition forces and the power of the gods. The remaining enemies headed towards Tiyo and Anor, the necromancer who summoned the dead and the gnome who slaughtered the soldiers with a magnificent weapon.

They were approaching. General made a dull clang as it turned round and round. However, Tiyo didn't have the strength to control it anymore.

"Crockta..." Anor saw Crockta fighting with the war god far away. Every time the swords collided, fire flashed.

"He is fighting well *dot...*"

It might be because the god was in a human body or because he was overwhelmed by Crockta's power. Crockta was slowly pushing the enemy back. Ordinary human eyes wouldn't be able to see their movements.

"Kahahahahat!"

Tiyo fired General. Now it was in an ambiguous shape that wasn't a rifle or pistol. It felt like Tiyo's current condition. However, he raised his gun once again.

"Come on *dot*! Tiyo won't run or hide!" The expedition members withdrew at the shout of the small gnome. There were some lower gods, but Tiyo's momentum overwhelmed them all. "Anor *dot*! Are you ready?"

"R-Ready for what?"



"Of course *dot*! Ready to die!"

"I don't..."

"How wonderful *dot*! Fight until the end!"

The expedition members rushed.

Tiyo rolled to the side, evading the attacks and firing General. The obviously weakened magic bullets struck them, and while they couldn't kill them, they were capable enough to make the enemies fall to the ground.

Tiyo pulled something out, a dagger, and aimed it at the necks of the fallen enemies. Blood splattered every which way.

"You are lucky to see the knife fighting of Quantas' Gnomes Division *dot*."

Tiyo wiped the blood off his face and grinned. The expedition members rushed angrily. Then those who were just killed by Tiyo jumped up and started attacking. Anor exerted his power. However, the power of the gods disturbed the necromancer's energy. The corpses fell back to their rest.

"Kuuack! Tiyo. Attack!"

Anor shouted. Tiyo's General struck them before the enemies could rearrange themselves.

"There are many enemies. The other orcs..."

Now Tiyo and Anor were the only ones in the area. The other orcs had died. Both sides suffered irreparable damage from the fierce fighting, but the expedition had more numbers and survived until the end.

"This..."

More members encircled Tiyo. Light filled the eyes of a believer as a god entered. The god wanted to finish off Tiyo and Anor.

"Gnome and half-dark elf... you made a foolish choice. Standing on the side of the orcs." One god said. "In particular, the necromancer is a dirty bloodline."

".....!"

Anor's face turned sour.

"You aren't associated with the grey god but... I see you well. You guys are worthy of death."

"What the hell are you saying, you bast..."

The moment that Anor was going to furiously curse... A spear of light flew from the god's hand. It headed for Anor's heart.

".....!"

Anor stared blankly at it. A light flashed. There was a moaning sound.

"Hoh..."

"Tiyo!"

Tiyo pushed Anor away and was hit by the spear instead. It wasn't a mortal wound but blood was flowing from his abdomen. Tiyo fell to the ground and coughed up blood.

"Kuhuhuhut... Cough, cough! Kuhut, kahahat! Cough!" Tiyo jeered while coughing up blood at the same time. "Only this much *dot*...?"

Tiyo stood up on trembling legs. Anor tried to stop him, but Tiyo pushed his hand away. As Tiyo stood up, an expression of admiration appeared on the god's face.

"Who are you? I've never seen a gnome like you."

"Me *dot*?" Tiyo raised his chin. He was bloody but his expression was still confident. "I am the son of the great adventurer Hedor, the former captain of Quantess' Gnomes Garrison and a friend of Crockta and Anor, Tiyo *dot*!"

"Tiyo..." The god nodded at his dignified declaration. "I'll remember it."

Then he created a light spear again. It flew in a clean line towards Tiyo's heart. It was an unwavering trajectory.

“Tiyo!” Anor screamed.

Tiyo closed his eyes. All things born were meant to die in the end. The important thing wasn't when he died. It was where and how he died. He had no regrets in that regard. He didn't want to die in a place that wasn't worthy. Therefore, he was able to laugh at the last moment.

"Adios."

The light spear headed straight for Tiyo's heart. It flew straight at him. It would split his body apart in one blow.

*Kwajik.*

The spear was crushed. An arrow had pierced through it and entered the abdomen of a soldier surrounding Tiyo.

".....!"

The soldier coughed up blood. But that wasn't the end. The arrow started to rotate fiercely in his abdomen. It became a storm that sucked in the soldiers around it. The bodies of the soldiers were shredded and flew through the air.

“Kuaaaaah!”

“What?”

"This...!"

Everyone looked at the flying flesh with shock. It was an incredible sight.

There. A goblin was holding a bow.

"Goblin...?"

However, the goblin didn't care about them. His eyes were only focused on Tiyo, who was ready to die.

“Hey *kyak!*”

Tiyo's eyes widened.

"Y-You...!"

"Hedor's son *kyak!* Captain of Quantas' Gnome Garrison *kyak!* Crockta's follower! Why did you omit one *kyak?*" The goblin pointed to his chest and laughed. "Tiyo, the goblin Kiao's disciple *kyak!*"

The goblin who pursued the path of the strong, the shooter who wiped out the enemy by causing a spatiotemporal storm, Kiao.

"How did you come here *dot?*"

"Don't complain *kyak!* You were yelling at me to save you *kyak!*"

"I never said that *dot!*"

"How funny that you're trying to deny it *kyak!*"

"B-Bullshit *dot!*"

"Adios *kyak?* Adios *kyak!* I will play alone *kyak!*"

"This bastard!" The face of the god with the light spear distorted as he watched Tiyo and Kiao fight. "Where did this monster come from...!"

The answer came from elsewhere.

"Say it again."

The god flinched. A huge shadow covered his body.

"Monster, cancel, what you said."

The god turned his head. A giant cyclops was looking down at him.

"We aren't! Monsters! Cancel it!" The cyclops shouted and swung his fist. The god barely escaped but had to roll across the ground in an ugly manner. "I am Hawkeye! He is Kiao! We aren't monsters!"

It was the giant Hawkeye, who fought with Crockta.

The expedition panicked at the sudden appearance of the monsters. It wasn't just Kiao and Hawkeye. There was a variety of species, a centaur, a lich, an unknown robed person, and a terrifying ogre.

"How are you...?"

"Came with the orcs! We! Go together!"

The cyclops pointed to another direction.

There.

The northern orcs were charging forward. The enemies were easily broken when the orcs attacked the expedition. The divine message spread in the north as well. Gushantimur's friends heard about it and came down with the Great Clan orcs to help Crockta.

The balance was reversing again.

"You guys..." The faces of the gods watching distorted. "Taste the true wrath of the gods!"

Their bodies shone white. Then their power started to wriggle. The expedition members were screaming from the pressure but they didn't care. Tiyo, Anor, and the creatures retreated with an alert expression. They could feel that the gods were really angry.

A storm of power headed to them.



Kumarak laughed at the appearance of the orcs he had never seen before.

"I don't know what is going on, but I will crush you!"

He looked up at the dwarf holding the hammer.

"We won't lose!"

The dwarf, the father of all underground creatures, Tartatod looked down at him with cold eyes.

"It doesn't matter. It is obvious that you will die right now."

"Kulkulkul! Kill grrung! Warriors aren't afraid of death!"

"I will get revenge for Almutad today."

The dwarf raised his hammer. Then he brought it down with no hesitation. It was an intense blow that would split anyone's head apart. It contained enough power to every cause an earthquake.

But just before the hammer hit Kumarak. The dwarf felt something targeting his neck and heart at the same time, and reflexively twisted his body.

"What?"

Sharp blades passed by him. Blood dripped down. Tartatod backed away, but the double swords continued to chase him. The source was a dark elf with black skin and grey hair.

"There will be many interesting people on the continent. Those words are true." He waved his double swords and stared at Tartatod. Killing intent was emitted from his body. "Gods, are there any better opponents?"

"Who are you?"

He smiled faintly. Then he briefly replied, "Driden."

Soon after, he disappeared. Tartatod felt something aim at him from behind and leaned forward. Then a blade stabbed his side. It was a whirlwind linked attack that was hard to stop. The genius Driden, who competed with Crockta, had come down to the continent with the Great Clan.

Tartatod shouted. Now Tartatod's opponent was Driden. The two of them wielded their weapons towards each other.

"They are the north..." The goddess of mercy frowned.

She was overpowering Anya in a place not far away. She was covered with multiple stab wounds from Anya's axe. The goddess treated herself with her own power, but she was stained with blood.

"I have to help. The battlefield is becoming strange."

The northern orcs were destroying the expedition. The goddess of mercy's expression soured. Her mind was troubled.

Anya laughed, "Where do you want to go? It is an honor to die by the goddess of mercy."

"....."

The goddess of mercy's lips firmed. Then she started to put strong pressure on Anya's neck. Anya's complexion changed. Her face turned white as she ran out of air.

"Kuooock..."

In the midst of it, Anya scoffed. She wouldn't yield to the enemy under any circumstances. There was a warrior who admired that.

"There are female orcs with spirit on the continent!"

The goddess of mercy looked around. An old orc with a giant hammer stood there.

◇ ◇ ◇

Wallachwi collapsed on the ground and sighed. He used all the magic he had, but it wasn't enough to overcome the power of the gods.

"Foolish guy." The old man declared. His body was half eaten by darkness due to Wallachwi's magic. "Did you really think you would win?"

"Kuhul... hul!"

"That laugh makes me feel bad to the end." His face twitched. "Laugh a lot. If you want to laugh underground, you can never laugh at all."

Wallachwi laughed again, but the god's hands grasped his neck. Wallachwi could no longer make any noise.

“Die.”

Light emerged from the god’s body. Vitality began to disappear from Wallachwi’s body. His eyes became faint. Wallachwi wanted to give one last laugh.

He had to laugh. He was the abyss seeker, the shaman who wanted to touch the bottom of the endless darkness. He looked deep into the abyss and the abyss looked back at him. He always laughed so that he wouldn’t be swallowed by the unknown darkness, and so he wouldn’t choke on the fear.

Kuhul... hul!

But there was no sound. Too bad. In the distant, invisible darkness, the abyss was licking at him. The moment his mind was about to become faint.

Suddenly, a loud laugh rang in his ears and woke him up.

“Kyulkyulkyulkyulkyulkyul!”



# Chapter 210

## War of the Gods (8)

“Kyulkyulkyulkyulkyulkyul!”

It was different from Wallachwi’s laugh. The god looked around. There was an orc shaman standing there. However, his teeth were broken and his size was small, like a dwarf.

But the god instinctively realized. This wasn’t a normal shaman. The traces of power that the shaman in front of him emanated drew the eyes. If Wallachwi was the master of the abyss, this orc was in charge of unorthodox magic. And that type of power was at its peak. It was the most fearful type of enemy.

“It has been a long time since the gods have been concerned!”

The god used his power without any worry. The power went straight through and pierced the orcs. It would’ve been nice if he had fallen straight away. However, nothing happened. The orc was standing next to Wallachwi.

“The abyss. You use a dangerous power! Fight! Kyulkyulkyulkyul!” He couldn’t pronounce words properly but this orc was dangerous. “So let me borrow your strength!”

He reached out to Wallachwi. Then Wallachwi’s magic power started to be absorbed into the unknown orc. He had very little magic power compared to his high status. The magic power he had in the past was broken. It was due to the aftermath of a fight, or maybe an overload of magic.

But once the orc absorbed the magic power from Wallachwi, he overcame his only weakness. Magic power swelled in his body. The same tool would have completely different results depending on who used it. It might be the same magic power, but once held in the hands of an unknown orc, it became a more formidable force.

“It has been a while! Kyulkyulkyulkyul!” As the magic power entered his hands, the orc closed his eyes like he was savoring the aroma. “This is the first time I’ve had so

much juice since hitting the ‘demon king!’”

The god tried to destroy the orc before the magic was used, but the attack disappeared into the air as if it had hit a wall.

One.

Two.

Three.

In addition, countless magic spells maintained a defensive position around him. The magic surrounded him and blocked all attacks.

“You!”

The god didn’t know what the orc would do, but he desperately used his remaining power. The strong blow aimed at the orc. However, rather than disappearing in front of the orc, the attack returned to the god.

As his own power swept towards him, the god hurriedly evaded in order to avoid hurting himself. It was the first time he had been hit like this by an enemy. A chill went down his spine.

“Kyulkyulkyulkyulkyulkyul! What a funny show!”

The god was angry at the ridicule, but he no longer had any power to attack.

“You dare...!” Due to his anger, light emerged from the god’s eyes. “I will show you the full power of the gods!”

“Kyulkyulkyul! Be patient!” The orc shook his head. “The gods don’t have anything else to show! I noticed!”

".....!"

"I knew long ago. If the gods can use all their strength, how can us mortals survive?"

Now Wallachwi regained his spirit and rose.

“Kuhul... hul!”

His nasty laugh had returned.

Besides.

"This is enough, so how about we end it here?" A voice was suddenly heard.

An elf wearing luxurious clothes and an elegant expression appeared. Once he appeared, silence fell on the battlefield. The fighting stopped. There was a grass-like smell. The hearts of those fighting calmed. Anger, hatred, fear and struggle, they all faded away. Their wounds and pain were healed.

The gods knew who the elf was.

“You!”

It was the embodiment of the world tree. The world tree who looked after the elves. He refused to enter this war just before it started. Now he showed himself.

“What do you mean by that?”

He was very high among the gods, so the voice of the god who questioned him was polite.

“Stop now.”

"The fight has already begun. Someone must lose."

Whether it was them or the orcs, someone had to get results.

"But it seems like you are losing strength."

“.....”

"There might be a problem when you use more power."

As the world tree said, the battlefield was currently in a confrontational stage and the other gods were slowly being pushed back. The power of the orcs was great. The gods' power was limited so their attacks were being prevented. After the army from the

north appeared, the gods started to be pushed back.

If this was the case, they truly might lose. Many gods agreed with the world tree's words and nodded.

"Do you want us to step back now? We can't do that." But some gods, like Tartatod, never thought about stopping the fight.

The world tree said, "Then let's do this."

He pointed to a distant place. It was the middle of the battlefield. It was the fight that hadn't stopped since the war began.

"They won't be able to stop anyway, so the result of that battle will decide the war."

Crockta and the war god. They were continuing their fierce fighting without looking around. Every swing tore up the inside of the Colosseum, a part of a series of attacks that could scatter the earth.

"They..."

The proposal of the world tree wasn't just towards one god. It was passed onto all the gods on the battlefield.

"....."

The expedition was also in such a severe state that they didn't want to fight anymore. His proposal was really tempting for them.

"The war god won't lose."

"Crockta will win."

Both sides said at the same time. Tired of fighting, they nodded at the world tree's offer. This flow spread throughout the battlefield. The gods discussed it in their own language before agreeing to the world tree's offer.

They were also tired of this war. Under the circumstances, they might really receive an irreversible blow from mortals.

"I understand."

The great war, which started with the collision of the expedition army and the orcs, would be ended by Crockta and the war god. The war stopped. Once the act of dying and killing ceased, the battlefield became still.

*Kung! Kwaang!*

*Kuaaaaang!*

Only the sound of the war god and Crockta fighting was heard. All eyes turned to them. They gathered around the Colosseum. In a harsh space where no one could escape until one of them was dead, Crockta and the war god attacked unceasingly. Everyone watched them.

"Kyulkyulkyulkyul!" The shaman, Caburak laughed.

"Our great chieftain is strong. A warrior who isn't pushed when facing the war god!"

The northern orcs had nothing but praise for Crockta. The expedition army cheered for the war god.

And the parties involved, Crockta and the war god.

"You are good, War God."

"Impertinent fellow."

They didn't pay any attention to the people around them. Their focus was on the enemy.



Crockta's attack didn't reach the war god. At best, he struck the shield.

After the Colosseum formed, the war god revealed his fighting skills and it was phenomenal. Indeed, this was the god of war. There was no waste in his movements and every move had a clear purpose.

*Kwaang!*

He struck Crockta with the shield, then wielded his sword. Crockta was unable to avoid it due to the aftermath of the shield hit, blocking with God Slayer instead. Iron hit iron and sparks flew.

"A great sword. These flames are good."

The war god said.

Crockta's sword God Slayer was something that Zakiro, blacksmith of the Golden Anvil Clan, had smelted with the last fire. It was a masterpiece that was at least the legend rank. The scariest thing about the sword was that it contained the power of the sun god.

A strike from this sword could severely damage the godhead. Maybe a god would even die. The war god could clearly feel it from within the sword: that he shouldn't take a hit from this sword. Therefore, he had to protect himself. He covered his body with the shield and aimed the sword towards Crockta from behind.

"How long will you be on the defensive, War God!"

Crockta's body surpassed the Pinnacle. Now he had reached a transcendent realm. It was unclear how it would work against the gods. However.

"Ugh!"

The sudden and transcendental attack broke one arm of the war god, causing flames to sprout from the blunt injury. The war god was furious.

"Insolent!"

He certainly blocked the attack, but causality reversed and he was hit by God Slayer. The war god's power meant that flames already burned around his body, but God Slayer had a divine attribute and damaged the god of war. It was shameful, experiencing such humiliation from a mortal.

"Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!" shouted the war god, throwing his shield. Crockta stabbed with the greatsword, but the strength was tremendous and his balance was twisted. The war god approached and stabbed his sword in the gap. Blood splattered from Crockta's body.

“Ugh!”

Crockta stepped back. The war god kept approaching.

"I made a mistake."

“.....”

“I was arrogant, trying to win against you without receiving any damage. Now I recognize you as my real opponent.”

He picked up the shield that fell to the ground. However, he didn’t hide behind the shield as before. Rather, the shield also attacked Crockta.

“This is the real Colosseum.”

The war god gestured around him. Crockta’s gaze followed his actions. The war had stopped. The orcs, expedition members and northern orcs, they were all standing on the battlefield and watching the fight between the war god and Crockta.

"Kulkulkul..."

Crockta laughed. He didn’t know the details, but the northern orcs had come to help him. There were familiar faces. There was Caburak who was laughing, Surka who placed a hand on his chest, Driden with his calm eyes and the old warrior Hammerchwi.

"The fight is now ours."

Now the war god and Crockta were the only ones holding a weapon.

The war god said with a blazing face, “The gods have expressed their opinions. The result of the war will be determined with our fight. We will withdraw if you win.”

"Kulkulkul, the packaging is done well. In the end, you were just scared of us."

“Impertinent fellow.” The fires of the war god became even stronger. "If we really used all of our power, this place and Orcrox would disappear forever from the map."

But Crockta wasn’t concerned about his anger. He just closed his eyes. A cold wind

chilled the sweat on his body.

“A fight that has to be won...”

Once again, everything was on his shoulders. Tens of thousands of lives depended on him. His defeat meant everyone’s defeat, and his victory meant everyone’s victory. The audience of those dangerous duel was the entire world.

He could feel the gazes staring at him. There were countless eyes. The orcs, gods, and people watching through the screen. All the gazes were pushing at Crockta’s back.

Crockta grinned, "Not bad."

His opponent was the war god. The master of war, born for war, tempered by war and someone who looked forward to war. He was literally the god of war. The most honorable foe.

“Hey.”

Crockta placed the greatsword on his shoulder and called out. But there was no answer. Crockta continued speaking.

“Are you alive right now?”

“...Impertinent fellow.” The war god chuckled in a low voice. He also knew the saying of the orcs. “Yes, indeed.”

"I'm glad." Crockta grinned.

There was no need to say anything else. The two people turned slowly, gazing at each other. The war rushed towards the end.



# Chapter 211

## Last Stand (1)

There was a loud bang every time the shield and greatsword met. In the meantime, the war god stabbed at him. There was a slight gap in his defense as the shield and greatsword hit each other. It was simple for the war god to squeeze his sword through the gap.

*Kwaaaaang!*

The greatsword descended, causing the war god to hold up his shield and sword again. It was the sword of the war god, who had waged many wars. It cut Crockta's neck. Blood was scattered. Crockta flexed his body and moved God Slayer. There was a blast of wind.

Crockta turned his head. *Crunch*, there was the sound of bone breaking. Crockta extracted himself and got back into position. It was a small thing that the audience couldn't see properly.

The two of them stared at each other before moving again. The war god and Crockta disappeared, leaving only the explosive sound of weapons colliding and after images.

*Hwaruruk!*

The sword and shield hit, causing flames to break out. The flames from God Slayer struck the body of the war god and filled the Colosseum. The flames encountered an invisible wall and faded. Such a phenomenon was repeated every time the two people exchanged attacks.

The body of the war god was burned by the fire. The battlefield was filled with flames of the sun god and the war god.

The fierce battle continued.

Crockta grabbed the shield and struck at the war god's sword. Then he kicked the staggering body of the war god. The war god was pushed back before fixing his

posture. Crockta wielded his greatsword again. It hit the shield. The war god lost his shield.

Once the shield covering his body was gone, he was full of gaps. He could stab anywhere he wanted. Crockta wielded God Slayer. The blade tore through the air and headed towards the war god. Two flames burst out at the same time.

The two people were engulfed by the flames and became less visible.

At that moment. The world stopped.

.....

.....

The sound of footsteps was heard in the silence.

*Thump, thump, thump.*

The war god was walking through the still world. It was an extreme acceleration that changed the concept of the Pinnacle. An unknown terrain that couldn't be called the Pinnacle. He walked forward and looked at Crockta.

The orc's hands grasped his greatsword, wielding it with his entire body. In a world where everything was static, Crockta moved. Slowly, slowly, the sword moved so slowly it seemed like it would take a day to move forward.

It seemed like he would cut the war god at any moment. However, the war god jumped out before the blade touched. He jumped out of the world of the Pinnacle, expanding the moment into eternity and becoming the master of time.

It was such an absolute acceleration that Crockta couldn't understand what happened. This force would behead Crockta.

"Phew."

There was no strength in his hands. To exert such a power, the war god overloaded his body. In addition, the gods were distributing their power to maintain this world. Thanks to that, the orcs could fight against the countless gods.

The war god lifted his sword and recalled the past: a disastrous fight where numerous gods had died.

He then realized that sympathy and compassion were feelings that shouldn't be allowed. They were gods and had to maintain the order of this world. If they allowed any gaps in order due to emotion, the ravenous wolves would pounce and the world would collapse.

'I'm sorry. But I have to do it.'

The grey god had whispered to him as she wriggled on the ground. The world was collapsing. If the other gods didn't risk their lives, the world would've perished at the hands of the grey god. Therefore, he would kill this warrior and destroy the orcs. At a minimum, he would take away their power so they couldn't fight as the grey god's servants.

Perhaps they really didn't have a relationship with the grey god.

"It can't be helped."

It was better to not take any chances and give her room for her to return. He would make certain to eliminate all uncertainties, even if it meant genocide of an entire species.

He looked at Crockta. A great warrior. Based on Crockta's deeds, he truly was a great warrior. However, this guy had the scent of the grey god on him. He was associated with her. The scent of ashes was unforgettable.

"Great warrior."

The types of warriors most favored by the war god, those with the willingness to die in order to complete one's ambition. The greater the will, the greater the strength, and the greater the fight would be.

That was war. He had been present throughout history. What a waste.

"Great warriors will eventually die on the battlefield."

It was regrettable if the grey god was just taking advantage of Crockta. Mortals caught in the circumstances of the gods always died tragically. Therefore, the war god would

end him directly. That was the best honor he could give him.

"I am alive."

His blade descended. The poor orc warrior who believed he had cut a god. The great warrior would experience death during his triumphant moment.

".....!"

The moment his blade was about to reach Crockta's neck...

Crockta's eyes stared back at the war god.



He wielded God Slayer towards the body of the war god who lost his shield. The war god had a confused expression.

Crockta cut off all possibilities by exerting the power of causality in the Hero realm. All possibilities converged towards the war god's death. Therefore, this blow would undoubtedly split the war god apart.

God Slayer slowly moved towards the body of the war god. Above all, this was the fastest realm. A realm of transcendence that replaced all possibilities with his own will. There, the enemy was waiting for his blade.

A strong feeling of victory passed through him. But at that moment. Crockta suddenly saw something. Darkness started to descend from the top of his eyelids. It slowly invaded from outside his field of view until everything became dark.

It was dark. Crockta was aware that it was death. He struggled to control his body, but he couldn't control the power of this realm. Crockta's blade converged towards the enemy, and this would lead to his own death.

Causality was running amok. The world reversed. Right and wrong in the world became scrambled. In it, only one thing was clear.

Death.

It was something no mortal could avoid. Crockta realized it. His sword wouldn't reach

the war god. The enemy was a god who watched the world through numerous wars. Crockta believed that he could beat the war god, but that wasn't the case.

Death was approaching.

'Are you alive?'

Someone asked. He didn't know whose voice it was. No, it wasn't a sound. It was something beyond his five senses, from his soul.

'Honor.'

The voice stopped. His vision was now completely dark. But Crockta suddenly found something. It was beating with a slow tempo.

A line. It was a color that was hard to describe. The color of a faraway world that he had never seen. That line was penetrating the world. It penetrated the spot where he boiled coffee as Ian on Earth, or when Crockta was chatting with his colleagues.

It maintained its slow pulsing even when the world was accelerated to the extreme in the realm of the Pinnacle. Despite being in the domain of transcendence where the laws of the world were tangled, the line kept its constant state and connected the worlds.

Past and present were on the line, and even the future was dancing on the line. What was that line? In addition, the color as well. Why was it so radiant? Crockta realized that the line was penetrating everything, even himself. A slow beating sound was heard.

*Duguen.*

*Duguen.*

A brilliant color that didn't need light. The color shone brightly in the darkness, disturbing Crockta's eyes.

*Duguen.*

*Duguen.*

The line slowly tilted. The world tilted. He was in Elder Lord as well as watching the landscape of the Hero realm. He saw the reality of death coming down as a black curtain. The past was zooming by. The potential futures appeared in front of his eyes.

Escaping from the world of death, death and death. There was one rotation and he returned. It was to the present day.

'Hey Apprentice.' A familiar voice was heard in Crockta's head. 'Where are you looking? Warriors never take their eyes off the enemy.'

He grabbed Crockta's hair and slowly turned his head. Crockta had no strength as his head turned.

'Remember it carefully.'

There. The blade heading towards him and the face of the war god looking down on him.



The blade sliced Crockta. Blood splattered. Crockta twisted and avoided the attack, but the blade still sliced his face. A part of the helmet was split and a stab wound occurred on Crockta's face.

At the same time, God Slayer struck the war god's chest. Flames and blood appeared on both sides.

"Why?"

The war god was shocked by this situation. He healed the wound on his chest and withdrew. Crockta also wiped out the blood flowing down his face. Crockta laughed at the war god through the broken helmet. He didn't care about the wound on his face.

"This is one more medal of honor."

"How did you avoid it?"

They were still in the domain of the Pinnacle. In this still world, the two of them faced each other.

"How can a mortal accelerate up to that point? This is the ultimate realm."

"Let's see..." Crockta shrugged.

He had seen death. Then he saw something in there. It was something he only witnessed when he fought Adandator. That was when he was alone against the empire. Today, it saved him again.

A line of indescribable color that beat slowly. Crockta could still see it.

"Let's talk about it after the fight."

Slowly, the world returned. The stationary world started to turn again. The last thing that audience saw was Crockta getting rid of the war god's shield and pointing the greatsword towards him. Even the gods couldn't properly recognize what had happened.

Something flashed and they were both standing separate again. There was a wound on Crockta's face and one on the war god's chest. Setting aside winning and losing, the fight alone made people feel awe.

Outside of the Colosseum, someone was watching the fight from beside Hoyt. It was Tashaquil who summoned the demons to massacre the expedition troops.

Hoyt nodded lightly at him, "Are you okay?"

"It has been a long time since I've used such magic, so I'm just tired. However... I have to acknowledge it now."

"What?"

"That Crockta." Tashaquil grinned. "That silly apprentice is now the strongest warrior of this era."

Hoyt nodded. Not just them, but all the orcs and beings here felt it. Crockta was the only one capable of fighting against the war god, no one else.

"What will happen if Crockta is defeated?"

"Maybe the orcs will be trapped in an underground purgatory, under the surveillance

of the gods. It will be in a place where the grey god can't reach. The gods will resist the collapse of the world and kill us all."

"Can he win?"

"I don't know and the gods don't know. Just..."

Crockta and the war god raised their weapons again. This was now a battle filled with damage, as blood and fire flashed every time there was an attack. Increasingly deadly blows were being exchanged.

Tashaquil continued speaking, "A pleasant wind is blowing."



# Chapter 212

## Last Stand (2)

There were only two channels streaming the fight between Crockta and the war god: Undergames and the Youvidser Laney. All other BJs were killed in the fight. On Youvids, the last videos of the BJs who participated in the expedition war were cleaned up and uploaded.

All the scenes were overwhelming.

[Hall of Fame: I am blessed to be the first BJ killed by Crockta. I won't ever wash my neck.

Captain Tsubasa: It is really scary when we actually meet ㄣ ㄣ ㄣ ㄣ ㄣ What force.

Radagast: How many people have died from his blade by now? ]

The first one to die was the BJ that was famous for trying to convey the realism at the frontlines. He stood among the ranks of the expedition, was caught up in the rush, and finally reached Crockta.

Crockta wielded his greatsword and pointed it at the expedition forces. The video conveyed the feeling of urgency and also showed the fear that people facing Crockta would feel. Crockta stared at them with his terrifying face and instantly wielded his greatsword. The atmosphere around him was threatening, like the heavens suppressing the earth.

The BJ's screen was upended, revealing the sky, before it was then covered in blood. He was one of the first casualties of the war, including the expedition members that died with him. The second was an unknown broadcaster, BJ Jungmin, who begged for more balloons before being killed in a single strike by Crockta.

After that, scenes that seemed like they were pulled from movies played out in succession. A BJ's skull was broken by Kumarak's hammer, terminating the broadcast. Others were wiped out by the tremendous power of the gods.

The videos of the ones slaughtered by Anya were like scenes from a horror movie.

[Orc is the Best: I had to change the pants I was wearing.

Morocco Prince: Crazy;;; He really shot the sun.

Cristiano: That hunter is crazy.

Orc Waltz: I'm going to make a Zankus fan club]

People were thrilled at the scene where Zankus shot an arrow and killed the sun. Then the demons appeared, causing the BJs and other television broadcasters to be frightened by the unknown presences in the dark. The viewers lost their breath. The invisible beasts ate people in the darkness before their horrific appearances were revealed to the expedition members under the faint light.

[Capslock Turned On: I was so surprised that I cracked my phone ㄒㄒ

Paris Time: The scale of this was isn't a joke. The sun is gone and monsters are summoned.

Yurururala: The users can't keep up.]

The best scene was the goddess of magic's meteor shower. The appearance of meteors falling from the sky was more exciting than any other movie. The meteors fell beyond the ranks of the expedition army who had set up their shields, eliciting terrible screaming from the orcs.

The rare people filming this from the side of the orcs died. The scene of flames falling from the sky was electrifying. It was different from the wars where magic and weapons faced each other.

Earthquakes and meteors falling from the sky; this was a war of the gods.

[Gnome Yururula: The gods are so strong.

Analyst: The orcs are strong, but... It is hard to go against the gods. But they fought well. This should be enough.

Horn Destroyer: Why are they hitting the orcs?  $\neg$  Monsters  $\neg$  Run  $\neg$

Sinner Against Gods and Humans: The gods are strong... The gods!!]

As the power of the gods filled the battlefield, it became disadvantageous towards the orcs. The orcs ran out from the flames caused by the meteor shower and attacked the defensive ranks of the army, but their numbers weren't enough.

The orc heroes, who people admired, fell one by one. Crockta was caught in the Colosseum with the war god, so he was unable to exert his influence elsewhere. Everyone thought it was the end.

On the horizon, thousands of flags were seen. An unknown orc army. As the leader waved his hand, the orcs behind him started the assault. Unlike the free-spirited orcs, these ones rushed like trained soldiers! They surged toward the expedition members.

[I Like Movies: Reverse reverse reverse... How will this war end?

My Name is Saladin: I believe that Crockta is the best!! Orcs will win!!

Pro Gambler: I bet on the expedition's victory so please...

La Clair: Shout!! Orc!! Bul'tar!!]

The fight stalled. Both sides were tired. Now, all eyes turned to the war god and Crockta. Everything depended on the two of them.

The video was over. Those watching the video who didn't have much interest in Elder Lord, and those who didn't place much meaning on this fight, they all realized.

[Speed Wagon: For reference, this war is still being broadcasted live. If you are wondering about the ending, watch the Undergames Channel or Youvidser Laney now! The rest have died! I'm also curious about the end of this fight! Then I'm going now!]

This war was happening in real-time. Everyone changed the channel.

There.

All eyes were on two people fighting on the battlefield.



Crockta held God Slayer.

They were competing with everything on the line. The notion of time flowed differently for them. Causality kept on reversing as they struggled.

If someone stepped into the Colosseum, their limbs would be crushed and they would become a pile of blood. Crockta and the war god focused on killing each other, causing the inside of the Colosseum to become a land of death.

The war god threw his shield and struck with his flaming sword while shouting, "Die, Crockta!"

"Huaaaat!"

Any weapon other than God Slayer would've shattered from this fierce battle. Conventional weapons wouldn't be able to deal a blow to the gods. At best, the flesh of the believer would be killed, with only the power of the god left behind.

However, God Slayer was smelted with the last fire and could deal a direct blow to the war god's divinity. The body of the war god screamed with every hit landing on his body. If he were to be hit hard enough, he would be destroyed or would take a long time to recover.

"I will kill you! The orcs will be thrown into purgatory!"

"....."

Gods and orcs, the result would be decided by who won in this duel.

If Crockta won, the gods would retreat. If the war god won, the orcs would stop their resistance and stay in prison until the grey god was destroyed. An underground purgatory that didn't allow light.

"I will ask. War God." Crockta spoke as he blocked the war god's attack. "If it turns out that we aren't related to the grey god, what will you do to apologize? A lot of people have already lost their lives."

"Apologize?" He chuckled. Aklan's body was already torn apart, only the war god's

power holding it together. Now he was no longer a person, but flames with the appearance of a person. "We are the ones who maintain the world. Shouldn't you be thankful for all we have done? This world will collapse without us, the gods that you so proudly don't believe in. You should apologize and thank us."

"What do you mean when you say you maintain this world? Without you, will the world perish?"

"That's right. Our bodies are holding up this world, and the grey god is a parasite. You have the smell of the grey god on you."

Crockta shook his head as he said, "It is quite the opposite. I want to stop her."

"I don't know, maybe you're telling the truth, maybe you're not. But it will be irrelevant if I kill you and throw them into purgatory."

"Innocent people will suffer."

"It doesn't matter. The grey god is trying to resurrect and destroy the world, so I will kill you all if it means stopping her."

The two glared at each other. Crockta smiled and raised God Slayer again.

"Now I understand."

"What do you mean? Are you saying that you deserve to die?"

"You aren't doing this to protect the world."

"What nonsense are you saying?"

"It is to protect yourselves. The cowardly gods are fearful of being killed by the grey god, so they swing their swords at everywhere else." Crockta walked towards the war god. "Those gods are you."

"Nonsense!"

The furious war god walked towards Crockta. Their swords struck at each other like thunderbolts. The world's time stopped, accelerated and slowed down. Life, death, and causality reversed.

The possibility of death was stopped by the sword passing by the tip of the nose, while causality stopped the blade that was thrusting at a neck. It was a fight between monsters that disturbed the laws of the world.

“Take away the hypocrisy of protecting the world. You are cowards trying to destroy a whole species due to the delusion and fear that the grey god will be revived. War God? Kulkulkul, how funny.”

"Shut upppp!"

The war god furiously swung his weapon. Flames burst out. Death flew towards Crockta. The blow that contained the real fury of the gods was absolutely fearsome. It was the most critical moment among all the risks that Crockta faced today.

Crockta's entire body had cuts and burnt skin.

"Kuooooook!"

However, he persisted in emanating the power of the Hero realm. His tattoos burned as he watched the war god. Crockta fell to one knee. His legs weren't moving properly. He grabbed God Slayer on the ground and used it as a stick to raise himself.

“Kulkulkulkul...” Crockta laughed before continuing to speak, "Do you know what orcs call people like you?"

"If you make fun of me..."

“Milksop.” Crockta grinned. "Milksop god.”

The god of war stopped shouting. However, the flames around him flared up as he lifted his sword. His strength filled his entire body and burned the sword. At that moment, the world started shaking.

He used some of his strength that had been used to support the world. His anger towards Crockta was huge enough to risk the world. The gods who saw it were shaken, but the war god used the power with the thought of killing Crockta.

Crockta staggered and grasped God Slayer. Crockta wasn't afraid of the war god anymore.

He could see it. It wasn't for some great reason or cause, the war god's true intent boiled down to one thing in the end. Fear of the grey god. And at the end of it, a fear of death. They might mock mortals but they were scared of that more than anything else. They were worried about their fate, not the fate of the world. The reality of this war was that the gods feared the grey god coming back to destroy them.

Therefore...

"You don't know what it is to be alive." Crockta raised God Slayer. "I don't want to lose to a milksop god."

The war god was now a burning giant, looking down at Crockta with burning eyes and clutching his sword from a high height. The war god's sword gradually heated up. His target was clearly Crockta.

But Crockta took a step forward. Because.

"I'm a warrior."

Crockta could see someone standing beside him. Lenox. He grinned as he saw Crockta wearing his helmet. Crockta felt Lenox's hand touch his shoulder. A refreshing aura came from there. Fatigue left and strength filled his body. The shaman Kinjur was laughing behind Lenox.

Someone banged on the ground. It was Gulda. He was laughing with excitement as he hit the ground a few times. Gradually, the number of shadows increased. There were vicious orcs like Crockta, with tattoos and scars of battle all over their bodies.

Those who became warriors and died as warriors. They stood side by side with Crockta. Crockta didn't have a chance to fight properly with them on that day, but this was the final struggle involving the fate of the orcs.

Crockta was now able to fight with them. He wasn't alone. An army was with him.

"Bul'tar."

Crockta raised his eyes. The god's sword was slowly descending towards him as an overwhelming force that would split the world apart. But something else also entered Crockta's eyes. The giants of the world, surrounding him and the war god.

The great warriors from the Hall of Fame. They were watching Crockta.

Crockta nodded and pulled out a knife.

‘Hey, Apprentice!’

Someone yelled at him.

‘Swing it properly!’

Crockta smiled. Then he followed the voices and wielded it as best he could. He swung God Slayer. The flames washed over him.



# Chapter 213

## WARNING (1)

Hoyt remembered when he first met Crockta.

At the time, Crockta was an immature apprentice warrior. But he had the most necessary qualification for a warrior. Crockta heard about the circumstances between Hoyt and Thompson and raised his fist without any hesitation.

‘So young orc, will you help me?’

‘Yes. I will do my best to help.’

Hoyt had a hunch that night. So he told Crockta the most important knowledge he knew. Endless repetition would cause one to be the best in battle. Wielding a perfect strike that couldn’t be reached with dazzling attacks.

A strike that only a warrior who struggled could achieve. A miracle created by tens of thousands, tens of millions of repetition.

‘Go towards the pinnacle. And beyond me.’

Today, Crockta responded to that question. Beyond the Pinnacle, beyond the Hero, to a realm that nobody reached, Crockta’s greatsword swept towards the war god in a beautiful curve. It was a dazzling trajectory.

"Beautiful."

The fire of the war god was raging, but Hoyt smiled. Everyone died in the end. In the end, everything born would sink into death. That was why warriors risked their lives and jumped into death. Great warriors would never be erased.

"Imperishable."

Hoyt could see it. On Crockta’s back, he could see the great warriors that he knew.

That wasn't all. The images of many warriors were superimposed on Crockta. Crockta's weapon was a greatsword, an axe, and a halberd. Their willpower, which had never disappeared, was now manifested through Crockta's hands.

The trajectory broke through the flames. The flames of the war god were destroyed, and the things he constructed with his power diminished. The call of war, which never went out, was separated.

Crockta's blow continued without stopping. The gigantic body of the war god fell to the ground. It was split in two. The war god sank down.

"Ah...!"

"Oh my god...!"

"No way!"

The gods cried out. The expedition members dropped their weapons. They watched carefully. The war god's upper and lower bodies separated, falling to the ground. The massive body slumped to the ground. The power of the Colosseum disappeared. The power of the war god, which could burn the world, faded away.

The body gradually shrank and became the same size as a human.

"Kuwaaah..." The war god returned to the shape of Aklan with serious damage. He tried to repair the wound, but the divine power in God Slayer was biting him. "Keheok... this is ridiculous..."

Even the war god didn't know what had happened. He had pulled the power he used to support the world and tried to destroy Crockta. It was a blow to the heart. However, he was defeated by Crockta's blow. The wounds on his chest would affect the body that lived in Olympus. His divinity was cracked.

"Hah, heok..."

The war god raised his upper body. He sat up and stared at Crockta. Crockta was looking down at the war god from the position of a winner. The war god, who controlled war and struggle, was defeated by a mortal. It was a humiliation that wouldn't be forgotten until the world was destroyed.

"Congratulations, Crockta."

However, he spoke graciously. He was the war god and knew the honor involved in a duel. The loser needed to maintain his honor.

"Kill me now." The war god threw away his weapon. He held out his neck. "I have lost the duel, so finish me."

He had never once experienced defeat. He had worked to stop the grey god, but now he lost the duel. Therefore, it was much more painful. He strained his eyes to remember his opponent's face.

"War God." Crockta opened his mouth. Crockta also wasn't in a perfect condition. His whole body was in tatters due to injuries. He staggered over to the war god. "War God. Admit your defeat."

"I admit it."

"I see."

Crockta slowly lifted God Slayer. If Crockta dealt the final blow with God Slayer, the war god would take a long time to restore the divinity. Some might even be lost forever. The war god closed his eyes.

"....."

However.

Nothing happened. The war god soon opened his eyes again. God Slayer was placed on Crockta's shoulder.

The war god asked, "What are you doing?"

"Let me tell you one thing." Crockta replied with a smile. His voice rang out through the battlefield. "A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people."

An unprecedented, massive war was triggered by the divine message. It was a racial war where the expedition and the gods aimed to destroy the orcs.

Now.

It was stopped by Crockta.



Elder Lord's community user, with the nickname 'Evening Game.' He previously made a post claiming that Crockta was a user.

"Definitely suspicious..."

He was still trying to prove his theory. It was a type of sixth sense. Crockta was obviously a user. So he watched closely when Crockta's steel helmet was damaged during the battle. However, it was only half broken and his forehead wasn't revealed.

"Ah... that... how?"

The war god's final blow. He appeared as a giant and his flaming sword descended towards Crockta, like a great king about to destroy the world. Evening Game believed that Crockta would die and that his body would scatter into white particles, revealing himself as a user to the world.

By the way, Crockta won. The war god was blown apart.

".....!"

It was such a dazzling scene that he couldn't open his mouth for a while. It was a simple swing towards the flames, but the sequence of movements was more beautiful than anything he had seen before.

In these simple movements, Crockta showed everything that a warrior needed. Looking at the scene, even a person who knew nothing about Elder Lord would know what type of warrior Crockta was. It was a great blow.

He muttered, "Nothing... he is the real thing..."

He grabbed his head. He might be a persistent conspiracy theorist but even he couldn't claim that Crockta was a user after seeing this scene. No human could do it.

In the video, Crockta declared to the fallen god.

[A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people.]

A real hero. It was the figure of a warrior who showed mercy to the one who wanted to exterminate him. Who was the god and who was the mortal?

On the screen, the orcs raised their weapons and roared. The orc army, who appeared in the latter half of the battle, bent to one knee and bowed to Crockta. Even the gods and expedition members saluted him.

Evening Game stopped watching for a while and shook his head, "Now I need to stop..."

The moment that he thought so.

His phone screen shook.

"Uh...?"

In order to confirm the information of the ranker 'Mystery', who he presumed to be Crockta, he turned on the Elder Saga information window provided by the company. After the fall of the Heaven and Earth Clan, Choi Hansung's momentum fell and Mystery became ranked number one.

At one point, Mystery's level was marked as 'MAX' and didn't rise any more, with only the incredible amount of achievement points being renewed.

The moment that Crockta's victory over the war god was confirmed, the achievement points of 'Mystery' rose at an incredible rate. Eventually, it rose to an amount larger than that of the achievements points he accumulated so far.

Double, triple, several times the number, until the achievement points reached MAX.

A private user. Level: MAX. Achievement Points: Max.

"Uh... uhhh..."

It was a phenomenon he had never seen before. He formed a fist.

"Indeed... Crockta...!" Crockta defeated the war god. This compensation was natural if Crockta really was Mystery. "Crockta is clearly Mystery. Soon, people will..."

He wondered what he should do. Should he post it on the community boards or sell it to Undergames Channel? He was thrilled by the scene he witnessed and his anxieties

about the future. The sum total of achievement points displayed at the top of the ranker information window also became MAX.

This was the sum total of achievement points that the users gained since the launch of Elder Lord. There were users who questioned why this was displayed, but no one knew the answer. Right now, it was at its highest.

“Oh my god. This...!” The moment he tried to take a screenshot, the ranker information window was turned off. “Uh... what is going on?”

He manipulated the phone. The phone connection wasn't a problem. Everything else was fine. Only the ranker information window was messed up. Then he discovered that the homepage of the Elder Lord statistics provided by Elder Saga Corporation was down. He tried a few times but the site didn't refresh.

He burst out, “What is happening all of a sudden? Shit!”

However, the result was the same when he tried again. Despite the huge number of users, the server management ability of Elder Saga Corporation had never been limited. He stared at it for a while before looking at the Elder Lord connection capsule installed in the corner of the room.

“Crockta...”

Then he looked at the screen showing the broadcast again. Crockta, who brought an end to the war, was talking about something in front of the war god.

“I should connect.”

His character was near Orcrox. He placed his character there because he thought that he would find evidence that Crockta was a user. His character wasn't strong so he would be in danger if he entered the war. However, now would be fine.

“I'll go and ask directly.”

He couldn't be killed.

His body entered the Elder Lord capsule. So, he made a decision he would end up regretting.



After the battle of the war god and Crockta ended, the war was concluded. There were others who watched the ensuing post-war relay, but the users impressed by the battle hastily entered their capsules.

From the Orc Users Brotherhood to the He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy members, those who participated in the battle and those who didn't, the users connected to Elder Lord to celebrate this victory.

Those who disconnected to watch the war entered Elder Lord again to continue their quests. Those who weren't interested in the war from the beginning also continued to play Elder Lord. All those who connected to Elder Lord in different circumstances suddenly faced a system message.

[Everyone has suffered a lot.]

A free city in the center of the continent, Appalachia. There was a place where users gathered to exchange information and trade goods, called the user market. Many users enjoyed Elder Lord for its variety of possible gameplay, whether it was selling equipment, partying together to hunt monsters, or simply relaxing.

And all of them faced the same system message.

"We suffered? Am I the only one seeing it?"

"I see it as well. What is this?"

"Is this a user-wide notice? Like the previous achievement points cataclysm?"

The previous achievement points event was popularly called the 'Cataclysm.' It was over now, but the benefits they got at that time was huge. The users were filled with expectations for the next messages.

[The total sum of achievement points has exceeded the final goal.]

[This is all thanks to the participation of all the users. Everything in Elder Lord is abundant thanks to you. I would like to express my gratitude to all the people who have loved Elder Lord so far.]

Up to here, it was similar to the old 'Cataclysm' message. The users started to feel curious. Then their expressions changed at the ensuing messages.

[Now, the adventure in Elder Lord will end here.]

[Virtual reality game Elder Lord's service is shutting down.]

[Once again, thank you for loving Elder Lord.]

[Please close all connections.]

[I'll say it once again.]

[Please close all connections.]

[I am warning you.]

[Please close all connections.]

[That is all.]

It was a prompt to shut down their access to Elder Lord. It was an unexpectedly bizarre system message. Elder Lord was currently the best entertainment on the planet. The revenue that Elder Saga Corporation earned was enormous. The popularity of Elder Lord continued to rise and it was enjoying the greatest boom.

Now the game was suddenly ending. There wasn't even advance notice.

The users' face distorted as they complained, "What, did Elsaco go crazy?"

"What is this nonsense? Who will stop the game?"

"Hey, I think I'm going crazy."

"Don't make me laugh!" the confused users yelled out.

However, the system messages no longer responded. Instead, something else appeared in their field of view.

[01:00]



It was a timer.

[00:59]

[00:58]

[00:57]

The timer was counting down towards '0.'

# Chapter 214

## WARNING (2)

[00:56]

[00:55]

There were two choices given to the users: terminate the connection or ignore it. Most users chose the latter.

"All of a sudden, they're telling us to stop the connection? Are they crazy?"

"They are forcing us. Elsaco is crazy."

"Have they been hacked? This is too much."

[00:48]

[00:47]

[00:46]

All the users in Appalachia's user market were nervous. Elder Lord was a virtual reality game that functioned using the human brain as a control medium, but there had never been an in-game incident resulting in injury or death.

Furthermore, the core system 'Albino' that maintained the game was perfect. They believed that there were no problems. At most, they believed that the connection would be forcibly terminated.

[00:33]

[00:32]

[00:31]

So once there were 30 seconds left, people started talking about what would happen if the timer reached '0.'

"Hey, are they going to give us compensation when it's over?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Something like this... In fact, this is a test of courage. Those who last until the end will receive a special reward. That might be the case."

"Puhahaha, how ridiculous."

"It's plausible."

The users had no worries.

[00:25]

[00:24]

[00:23]



Crockta also watched the timer as it approached '0'. His heart started pounding; something was going on. He ignored the orcs cheering for him and the defeated war god.

The thoughts of Orc Warrior Crockta and Cafe Owner Jung Ian clashed. The grey god was trying to do something.

The war god asked as he saw Crockta's shaky eyes, "Did something happen? You won, Crockta."

"War God, I want to ask you one thing." Crockta looked at the decreasing timer and asked. "Does the grey god really want to destroy this world?"

"That's right."

"Why?"

“That... I can’t tell you.”

“War God.” Crockta stared at him. “I met the grey god and her apostles, the demons who followed her. I heard about the truth of this world.”

".....!"

"The stars in the night sky are fake. All the stars have died a long time ago. The star god died. The sun god is asleep and the grey god is trying to destroy the world. I want to stop her, but I don't know the truth."

The war god's face stiffened. Crockta gritted his teeth as he spoke, "Tell me the truth."

The timer was steadily counting down towards '0'. He looked beyond the face of the war god, beyond the expedition army and the other gods, and beyond the orcs praising him. Everything blurred.

“What does she want to do?”

“She...” The flames around the war god shook as he said. “She wants to restart the world.”

[00:20]

[00:19]

“Restart the world?”

"The forces maintaining this world are exhausted. It is a slow and gentle progression, but its destruction is inevitable. The sun we have is literally the last thing remaining in the universe. That is why she wants to do this."

The war god formed a fist.

"She intends to take everything existing in this world and return the universe to its beginning state."

Crockta thought about it. Crockta turned around, his heart furiously pounding. He saw Tiyo shouting at him and Anor laughing. Hoyt was celebrating the victory by laughing with Tashaquil and the orc warriors. Even the expedition members were relieved to

end the terrible war.

[00:12]

[00:11]

[00:10]

The logout window was in front of him. Beyond that, the war god said, "We will stop her."

◇ ◇ ◇

A crowd was watching Crockta's victory.

"He really won."

"Amazing."

They were users watching the battle of the orcs from a distant place. It wasn't long after they started Elder Lord, but they enjoyed the world of Elder Lord while cooperating together. They watched the war between the expedition and the orcs from far away.

"I want to sign up for 'He's an Orc, yet still Praiseworthy'."

"I'm thinking about restarting as an orc."

"Hey, that doesn't suit you."

"I don't suit the macho style?"

"Brother is a magician."

They were talking loudly when they suddenly stopped. A system message had surfaced. All of the users were looking at thin air. At first, they didn't know what it meant but then they frowned. They looked at each other with bewildered faces.

"What does this mean? It's prompting us to exit?"

"I think so. There is a timer..."

"What is happening all of a sudden? The game is shutting down its service? Does this make sense? This is absurd."

"It sounds like a system error."

"Let's just watch. It is probably to fix the problem."

"Really?"

They fell into confusion. The timer was gradually counting down. Suddenly, they saw someone.

".....?"

"Eh?"

They hadn't felt it, but a man in a robe was sitting in a place not far away. Their gazes fell on the man. The man looked into the air before getting up from his seat and walking towards them.

"Uh...?"

He was holding a sword in his hand. Their bodies flinched as they stepped back. The man was just walking, but he quickly narrowed the distance. The users reflexively raised their weapons.

"Uwaaaaaah!"

A user at the front wielded his weapon. However, the man easily avoided it and stabbed the user's neck. Blood splattered and he collapsed to the floor. A pool of blood covered the ground.

The other users shrieked, "Aaaaaaack! What are you doing?"

The man glanced at them before swinging his sword again. They tried to resist, but it was useless. The man's sword moved a few times, causing blood to fall to the ground. The users became grim as people were sliced to death.

The users in the back tried to run away, but the man caught them quickly and stabbed them in the back. Users died one by one, and the crowd that gathered to watch the war were all bleeding on the ground.

The man looked at the scene with emotionless eyes. Gradually, the users' bodies turned into white particles. It was a beautiful sight, as if it was snowing. The man looked at it and closed his eyes.

[00:08]

[00:07]

[00:06]

He muttered, "In the end, it is like this..."

Then he opened his arms.

[00:03]

[00:02]

[00:01]

[00:00]

◇ ◇ ◇

"Hey, fix your positions!"

"Boss! The timer is gone. What should we do? Don't we have to disconnect now?"

"We are currently fighting! Just fight! There is no problem! The timer was probably a vaccine to take care of the problem!"

"Understood!"

The users were fighting with a group of goblins. They were a small clan and were in the process of defeating the goblins for a quest. They struggled due to the large number of goblins, but they effectively dealt with the enemies.

The warrior classes rushed towards the goblins with their shields. After blocking the attack of the goblins, they stabbed with their spears and swords. The magician classes supported them from behind.

“Good! Keep going... keheok!”

However, the goblins were tough. There was a goblin shaman among them. A fireball burst out and the warriors were caught in an explosion. The goblins rushed to strike with their weapons. The warriors bled out and died.

“You guys...!”

The clan master in charge of the fight was enraged and rushed with the elite users. The goblins were frightened by the charge and started to retreat. The users didn’t show any mercy to the goblins. Magic arrows pierced the backs of the retreating goblins. They screamed and collapsed. The warriors chased them to the end and killed them.

The quest was successful.

"Phew... it is over."

"Everyone worked hard. The profit will be distributed when the dead members connect again."

The clan gathered in one place. They confirmed their injuries. Some were killed by the goblin shaman, but most of them were unharmed.

"Everyone worked hard. There was a strange message so let’s end it here. We don’t want there to be any problems. We will regroup later."

“Yes!”

"I understand."

"Thanks for the good work!"

"Thanks for the hard work."

They tried to shut down access to Elder Lord.



However.

“...Eh?”

“Eh?”

“What is this?”

Everyone was puzzled. They couldn't logout. They fell into confusion. They smiled at each other and tried again several more times. However, they couldn't log out.

The Elder Lord logout method was simple.

When they thought about the logout button in the status window, the message, 'Do you want to log out?' would appear in the air. If they thought about logging out at that time, they would, usually, slowly return to the real world as the screen turned white.

However, this time, the logout window didn't pop up. Everyone's face gradually stiffened. They were unable to terminate the connection to Elder Lord. Something was wrong. They wondered if there was a relationship to the message window.

"Excuse me... Brother Culma."

“Huh?”

"That... isn't that a little... strange?"

“What?”

The clan master frowned and turned his head. A clan member was pointing with a speculative face. His gaze followed the direction of the hand. It was the dead clan members.

“What about it?”

“Brother. They are dead.”

"That's right. So... uh... huh?"

The other clan members froze as they realized what he was saying. Users disappeared

into white particles. Their connection was forcibly terminated, and they would be able to reconnect after a short delay. The 'aftereffects of death' lasted for a while, but there wasn't a big penalty.

However, these bodies didn't disappear and remained in the world. It was like they really died.

"...Hey, hey." The clan master spoke in a loud voice, "You saw it before. It might be because of an error. The server is strange right now."

He chuckled.

"Those Elsaco guys aren't doing their work properly. Isn't that right? Hahat, something like this..."

"Yes. Haha..."

"It seems like it."

They tried to diffuse the situation with a laugh. However, they currently couldn't log out and the bodies seemed dead. The same was true for the goblin bodies. This was a game, but they really did seem dead.

"...Hey, I feel bad. Let's get rid of them."

The clan master said as he turned his gaze away. The clan members picked up the bodies and threw them into the bushes.

During the quest, the timer was gone and four users were killed. They were the first victims.



Kim Chulmin, the owner of an Elder Lord capsule room, detected abnormalities in the capsule management window.

The Elder Lord capsules were driven by modern science. In order to ensure the safety of the connected person, his/her bio-signal would be stopped immediately if there were health problems. As the capsule manager of the capsule room, he could monitor the whole situation.

The man's eyes widened.

Two customers. They died. It was displayed that they were dead.

“Hey. Call 119! Quickly! Shit!”

He jumped up from his seat and shouted at the part-time worker.

◇ ◇ ◇

Crockta.

He was standing there.

# Chapter 215

## Tumult (1)

In the north, at the Temple of the Fallen God...

Paimon, a survivor of a now unknown species guarding this place, suddenly looked up.

The sky had opened. The sky was torn, revealing an unknown darkness. From there, white snowflakes started to fall. No, instead of snow, it was white ash. Simultaneously, a huge pillar of light fell from the hole towards the temple. The magnificent sight of ash and light filled his vision.

Then Paimon's mouth dropped open. He stretched out his arms towards the sky, and tears flowed from his eyes.

"Ahhhhh...!"

Paimon fell to his knees. Then he shouted towards the sky.

"I knew you would come back!" He grabbed his head. "I knew you would come back!"

The gigantic pillar of light dimmed and became a white circle. Someone was descending in the middle. With a woman's appearance... She was the mother of the dead, who touched all of the dead with her white hair. The grey god... It was her. She slowly descended towards Paimon.

"I'm back."

Her hands touched Paimon. He was the one who had endured for a long time after the grey god had fallen and the demons had been destroyed. Paimon's tired spirit fully recovered through her touch today.

Now, the power of the grey god flowed in his body.

"I've been waiting for you! I believed all this time that you would come back."

“Thank you. I’m sorry.”

“It is nothing. It was a pleasure for me to wait.”

“Your words make me laugh.” The grey god smiled. “Paimon.”

“Yes, Mother.”

“I want to finish the work that I didn’t finish long ago.”

Paimon raised his head. Above his head, the grey god was laughing. It was a bright and beautiful smile. As the ash fluttered and the light flowed down, the expression in the grey god’s eyes remained unchanged.

She wanted to end this world to save it. The demons, who had witnessed the end of the world with her, decided to help her. All the gods had struck back. They had been defeated. The grey god had fallen to another dimension because of the gods. The demons had been devastated. Then a long time passed, and they were forgotten.

However, Paimon had never once felt doubtful. The grey god’s infinite compassion towards the world and her sublime will... Her sincerity to save the world had caused her to fall into the void.

The grey god asked Paimon, “Will you help me?”

He replied without any hesitation, “Yes.” Paimon nodded. “I will.”

“Thank you.”

Then the grey god waved her hands again. A huge chain of light started to form around the light pillar.

“I crashed into an unknown dimension due to the other gods, and a new world was present. It is a world completely different from this one. The universe there is so young and beautiful. The longer I stayed there, the less I found myself able to endure our pitiful world.”

The divine power caused an earth earthquake, and the ground shook. Now, the mighty beings of the world could feel her appearance. It was a force huge enough to swallow the world.

“I’m back. I’m sorry for the humans of the world I used, but there is no other way.”

“I will follow Mother.”

“I won’t fail this time.”

Her white power emerged into the air. The purely white sphere...

It was a lump of power. The sphere floated in the middle of the light pillar. Simultaneously, the stem of light, which stretched out from the grey god, embraced the Temple of the Fallen God. The area was now a space controlled by the grey god.

She declared, “Sorry, World. It isn’t the fault of anyone born in this age. The procession of life and death is just like this.”

The white sphere started to rise into the sky. Then it gradually expanded. It doubled, tripled, and eventually became huge. Over time, it would cover the sky of Elder Lord.

“This isn’t an eternal end, but a new beginning.”

The countdown to the destruction of the world began.



It was a great power that couldn’t be ignored. So much had changed since the war ended.

As the timer ended, Crockta could feel himself belonging to this world. He felt it accurately through his whole body. He already had the highest assimilation rate, but the landscape changed again once he belonged to this world. It was as if he took off uncomfortable glasses and saw the world clearly with his naked eyes.

“Crockta,” the war god called out.

Crockta’s face was stiff.

The war god continued, “Just now...”

“Correct.” Crockta didn’t know what had happened. However, one thing was clear. “She is back.”

The grey god had returned. All the gods could feel it. A strong energy could be felt coming from the north. The grey god's unique strength was like a mountain. It continued to multiply and expand.

"Tearing a gap between dimensions and returning here..." The war god formed a fist.

Crockta stared into the war god's eyes. The two men who had just risked their lives, they exchanged a unanimous unspoken consent.

"If you're really serious about what you said..."

"I will stop her." The moment that Crockta responded, a new message appeared. It was for the users still under the influence of the grey god.

[Do you want to go back?]

[Defeat the grey god.]

[The last quest has started.]

That was it. Crockta felt like it was a message from the grey god to himself.

Then he recalled the grey god. He had never felt anything bad from her. She had expressed compassion for the destiny of the world and the inevitable destruction. The 'vision of the grey god' which she always saw was gruesome enough to eat away at Crockta's spirit during the short time he'd had it.

She called out to him, 'Defeat me.'

He walked towards the war god and said, "I will surely stop her."

Crockta had been able to get a brief glimpse of her mind. She wanted to destroy this world out of compassion. In her mind, the world was entering an irreversible death, and the people here were just enjoying a finite life.

Eventually, it became his mission to save the world again. He would confront her with all of his strength... And accept the result. This was a gamble with the fate of the world on the line.

Crockta looked around.

The expressions of the gods were serious, the expedition members were pleased without knowing anything, and the orcs were bewildered. The strong people who had reached the peak of the world realized that something was wrong in the world, causing them to stare at Crockta and the war god.

In the meantime, a man walked towards Crockta. It was a robed man. He slowly took off his hood to reveal a familiar face.

Crockta called out his name, "Gordon."

Gordon smiled. However, there were mixed emotions in that smile. It was a sad smile.



"No, this is ridiculous, how..."

Laney was hiding using stealth in order to relay the war. All of the talented BJs had been killed, so the situation at the end of the war was only being relayed by a professional videographer of the Undergames Channel and Laney.

She had a hunch that the best jackpot was when Crockta had shown mercy to the war god. Laney had formed a fist as she stared at Crockta. However, after that...

A strange system message popped up saying the game was over, then a timer appeared. Nothing happened after the timer ended. So, she just shrugged and continued to film the video. However, strange words appeared in the Youvids chat room where she was relaying in real time.

[Sad and Slow: I went to the chat room of another BJ, and he is freaking out because he can't leave Elder Lord. The logout button has disappeared. Laney should check it

TTTTT

You and You Me and Me: Does that make any sense?

Sad and Slow: It is real. The person is BJ Jaylee who was doing a quest. He is crying now, so check it out.]

Elder Lord was a virtual reality game, but there had never been any problems with its stability. Furthermore, it didn't make sense that they couldn't logout. Even if the user



was forcibly pulled out of the capsule, there wouldn't be any big problems, with only slight aftereffects.

Laney snorted and called for the logout window. However, it didn't appear. The logout window wouldn't respond, no matter how she called. Feeling anxious, she stopped moving. It wasn't a problem to call her status window or quest window. However, the logout window didn't appear. A cold chill went down her spine.

"Well, it isn't a big deal. It seems like the server is unstable."

She tried to get rid of any ominous thoughts. Then she continued her work of filming Crockta, the gods, the orcs, and the expedition forces. Then at that moment...

[Do you want to go back?]

[Defeat the grey god.]

[The last quest has started.]

The message windows shone. At that moment, she realized that something was wrong. From then on, she focused on logging out instead of her broadcast. All of her attention was stuck on the logout window.

There was still no reaction. Gradually, ominous stories started to appear in the chat room.

[Breaking News Man: ★★Breaking News★★ People have died in the Elder Lord capsules ★★Breaking News ★★ Check the news.

I'm a Coward: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ What is really going on?

Breaking News Man: ★★Breaking News ★★ More people all over the world are dying in the Elder Lord capsules ★★Breaking News ★★

Sad and Slow: This is real ㄗ ㄗ ㄗ Laney, be careful.]

People pulled from the capsules were brain dead, and the number of those dying from Elder Lord was on the rise. Laney didn't show it outwardly, but she felt like crying. She continued trying to make the logout window appear, but it didn't.

Then at that moment...

[The chat window has been paused.]

This message appeared, and the chat window became quiet. Then another message popped up.

[Administrator: Laney, calm down and listen to the end. Evacuate to a safe place and follow our instructions. This is a real-life situation. Once again, it is an actual situation. At present, there is a serious problem. The user's safety is at risk. Please move to a safe place. ]

Laney realized this was a real problem. Her hands began to tremble. In Elder Lord, she was an assassin class, a heroine who covered all sorts of crimes. However, in reality, she was just an ordinary person. Until the chat window was stopped, scary information had been circulating.

"No way..."

Laney left the battlefield hurriedly and started running towards a safe city.



The Elder Lord incident emerged. The incident was one in which users from all over the world were confined in Elder Lord. The whole world fell into shock. As incidents occurred in various places, the governments of each country recognized the seriousness of the situation and rushed to form a countermeasures committee.

However, now that Elder Lord and reality were completely separated, the actions they could take were limited. The Elder Saga Corporation dispatched the best technicians from around the world to dismantle 'Albino', but it wasn't successful. Still, it was just a matter of time until they managed it.

The only good news was that they could connect the real world with Elder Lord through the BJs and broadcast reporters running the live relay program.

Then exactly one week passed by.

# Chapter 216

## Tumult (2)

“So, you exactly understand what is going on.”

“Yes.”

“It is difficult. I will check on Oppa’s character as much as possible.”

“Thank you.”

It was fortunate that many users were logged out to watch the war between the gods and the orcs. If the number of users was the same as normal, the situation would’ve been several times more serious. The governments around the world appreciated Crockta’s popularity.

“We are actively cooperating with the broadcasting intermediaries. Don’t worry too much. Experts from all over the world are analyzing Elder Lord’s system. It will be resolved in the near future.”

However, it was a tragedy to the families of the victims. Most of them were emotional from the sudden situation, clutching onto the capsules and crying. A lot of energy was needed for the government workers to deal with them.

Therefore, Kang Jungman admired the way this pretty girl reacted.

“This is my business card. Please contact me if something happens.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Kang Jungman checked the connection capsule. A life support device was connected to Jung Ian’s body in the capsule, and everything was normal.

In the early days of the incident, all those forcibly removed from the capsule had fallen into brain dead states. According to the doctors, everything had been normal except that it seemed like their soul had escaped. So, the government focused resources on

maintaining the lives of the players, making it so they could survive in the world of Elder Lord.

At present, it was a somewhat stable situation. As long as they didn't die in Elder Lord, their bodies would be fine.

"Um..." Kang Jungman paused as he was about to turn away. This was his last home visit for the day, and he had time to spare. Otherwise, he wouldn't normally say this.

"Currently, the government is sending psychologists for the family members. If you have any trouble, then please contact me. I will help you."

Yiyu smiled faintly. "Yes, I will. Thank you for your consideration."

"Then I'll be going now," Kang Jungman said and left the house.



The government agent left, and the door closed behind him. Yiyu sat on the couch and stared at the door of the room which contained Ian. There were many thoughts running through her mind, making her head heavy.

She leaned back and reflected on a scene. It was a memory of the past, from their childhood. There had been many situations when her brother, Ian, hadn't been present.

The first time she had been apart from her friends. After her parents died, she had been left at her relative's house, and her cousins had bullied her. It had been the same back when she'd been disappointed that she hadn't attained a good score, and she'd gone drinking on the streets.

They were situations when she'd been in distress. However, she always had a strange assurance that the problems would eventually pass. It was an odd faith, believing nothing could harm her.

Funnily enough, she was never truly disappointed. Despite the unrealistic situation in which her brother was trapped in the game, calmness sank deep into her heart. Why...?

Yiyu thought about it. If she looked into her heart, she would someday reach the source of the emotion. She wondered about it idly and suddenly realized... It was because he was her brother. He had always stood behind her.

Her brother, Jung Ian, had never disappointed her. Whenever she experienced difficulties, Ian had always come up with an answer. Her faith was irrational, but Ian had always responded to her expectations. Therefore, that blindness was natural. He had always given her a future.

It was the same now. Even in this surreal situation, she believed that Ian would come back without any hesitation. How?

“How can I doubt him?”

How could her brother, Jung Ian, always be so constant? Yiyu rose from her seat and walked to Ian’s room. Ian was breathing deeply, like he was asleep. How was he coping with the situation in Elder Lord?

Yiyu didn’t panic. She looked around the room. Ian was like a soldier, prepared to leave at any time. Knowing this, she swept a hand around on his desk and suddenly opened a drawer. There were a few letters inside the drawer.

They were letters from a foreign country. Both the address and sender were in English. She removed the letters and read their contents. They had been sent from his old comrades. The letters contained stories which she couldn’t understand.

‘Raven.’ That’s what they called Ian. There was one type of message repeated in their rambling messages.

[Thank you.]

[I’m still alive thanks to you.]

[I will repay the favor.]

He had saved others even while his life had been at risk. How could her brother keep doing that? It wasn’t simply because he’d learned martial arts. Ian was strong and always sacrificed himself for everyone else.

Yiyu recalled one fact. It was a fact that she hadn’t allowed to enter her consciousness.

She and her brother weren't related by blood. Ian didn't know that she knew. She had happened to hear it while living at her relative's house.

Why was Jung Ian so devoted to her, when they weren't even related by blood?... And why did she take it for granted?

"I don't know..." Yiyu sighed. She looked up at the ceiling. It was a plain white. She stared at it quietly, letting her confused mind turn into a sheet of white. However, an answer didn't emerge.

Instead, Yiyu decided to ask when Ian came back.



Baek Hanho searched up 'Crockta' on the Internet. He scanned through countless pieces of information and found Crockta's latest move. Crockta, along with his companions, were heading toward the grey god in the north.

"You..." Baek Hanho leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He remembered when he first met Jung Ian.

*"Hey Kid, are you fighting?" He actually spoke to Ian for another reason.*

*At the time, the small Jung Ian was dragging the body of a dead dog. The destination was a flowerbed. He didn't stop his feet while he thought about burying the body somewhere.*

*"Are you struggling?"*

*"....."*

*Ian shook his head regardless of whether he was struggling or not. Baek Hanho smiled and followed the little boy.*

*"Kid. What are you doing now?" Baek Hanho asked.*

*Then Ian answered bluntly, "I'm going to bury the dog."*

*"Did you kill it?"*

*"Nope. It was already dead."*

*"Then why are you doing this?"*

*It wasn't a child's responsibility to get rid of the bodies of dead animals. So, Ian's reply was unexpected. "Somebody has to."*

*Ian didn't have to be that someone, but this kid said it was what he had to do. As Ian dropped the dog's body and started digging, Baek Hanho wondered what type of brain this kid had. So, he just watched from behind.*

*The little boy placed the dog's body into the flower bed and dusted off his hands. It was a face which seemed to express that this situation wasn't serious.*

*Baek Hanho said, "Kid."*

*"Yes," the little boy responded.*

*"What is your name?"*

*"Jung Ian."*

*"Ian..." It was a good name. "What are you most worried about now?"*

*"Worried?"*

*"Yes. I'll resolve it for you."*

*"Mister can't do that."*

*"Tell me. I can help you."*

*Ian looked at Baek Hanho and opened his mouth. "I have a little sister..."*

*"What about her?"*

*"I don't know how to protect my sister."*

*"....."*

*"I am her older brother, so I have to protect her for the rest of her life."*

*Baek Hanho was speechless for a moment.*

*He learned a secret killing technique. His mentor had always said, 'The successor of this martial art should be someone with a righteous mind and is able to understand the burden of responsibility. Such a mind is so rare that it is like a precious gem.'*

*"Kid, did you say you were called Ian?"*

*"Yes."*

*"I will let you know what you should do to protect your sister."*

*Ian's expression was one of confusion. Baek Hanho smiled and looked at the kid who would become his disciple.*

*"Well, it doesn't shine yet."*

That day, he had found the gem his teacher had talked about. The disciple had been young, but the tempering of his nature was already complete. Therefore, Baek Hanho had done his best to teach the martial art without breaking that straight mind.

His disciple, Ian, had always met his expectations.

...Just like now.

"Fighting..."

Baek Hanho knew about the present situation in detail. He had also traveled around the world in his youth and used the relationships he'd developed to learn the truth that the government wanted to hide.

Albino had already been dismantled. The interior had been exposed using a laser cutting machine. However, after that...

It was empty. Albino, which they believed to be the core system, was just an empty sphere. No one could tell how Elder Lord was being maintained and why people weren't waking up. There was nothing to study, so even the best experts couldn't find anything. The incident was close to a supernatural phenomenon.

There was only one informal solution. As the system said, it was to defeat the grey god.



They didn't know Albino's identity, if it was an artificial intelligence or something else. However, Albino never lied.

Therefore, the last quest window which popped up must be true. That was the only method they could think of.

"You've done it before."

Ian was moving towards this unique path. Elder Lord's strongest warrior, Crockta...

Baek Hanho closed his eyes. He hadn't worried much back when Ian became a mercenary in a conflict zone through his introduction. Now looking back, it was a strange thing. No matter how talented Ian was, he was a man who would die if stabbed or shot. However, Baek Hanho always believed that Ian would return.

Ian was such a person. He had always responded to the faith others placed in him.

"I don't want to raise a new disciple at this age..." Baek Hanho muttered and closed the Internet window.

When Ian came back, Baek Hanho would urge him to quickly take on a disciple.



Han Yeori felt restless. She didn't know much about games, but the whole world was in a state of confusion due to Elder Lord. Additionally, the boss hadn't appeared for a while.

According to Ian's sister, Ian had left Korea for a while due to an urgent matter. However, Ian wasn't the type to disappear without saying anything. Ian had recently told her that he was playing Elder Lord, so she might be caught in this situation. However, she shook her head. Han Yeori comforted herself by saying it wasn't possible.

"Unni. It is good to have no customers," Yoo Sooyeon said with a laugh.

Han Yeori smiled. "Yes."

"I wish it was usually like this."

Then the door opened. The two chatting employees straightened their backs and

greeted the customer, "Welcome. This is Cafe Reason."

It was a man with tanned skin and wearing sunglasses on his head. He walked towards the counter of the cafe and said, "The store is cute."

"Haha, thank you."

"That isn't necessary. Girl, you aren't the boss. Where is he?"

"Ah... Boss-nim isn't here at the moment..."

"Indeed, I asked for no reason." The man seemed to know Ian well.

"The boss..." He glanced at Han Yeori's name tag and said, "He praises you quite a lot. Apparently, you make good coffee."

"Really?"

"Yes. So, could you make me a cup of coffee? A delicious one."

"What would you like?"

"You can pick. I don't know about coffee."

The man sat down in the middle of the cafe and looked around, getting a feel of the atmosphere. Once the coffee was made, he went to pick it up and asked Han Yeori, "Girl, how is the boss here?"

"Huh?"

"What type of person is he?"

"Shouldn't you know?"

"I know. That is why I am asking."

"Uh..." Han Yeori was confused by this person. Then she thought about it. What type of person was Ian?

She remembered the first time she met him. Cafe Reason hadn't advertised on the

Internet. There had just been a sign saying, 'Help Wanted,' on the window of the store. At that time, Han Yeori had been experiencing various difficulties. So, when she saw the sign, she had opened the cafe door desperately.

It had a shabby interior and felt like it would fall apart at any moment. However, there was a man with a kind smile inside. When she said she had come in for the part-time job, he had immediately prepared a seat for her. They had sat facing each other in silence for a while.

At the end of the silence, he had asked, "Do you have a good smile?"

It was a sudden question, so Han Yeori answered bluntly, "Yes!"

Then she gave a big smile, the greatest smile she could make. Ian stared at her grinning face and replied, "I accept."

That had been it. Han Yeori had stared blankly for a while after hearing she had gotten accepted. However, it hadn't been because she was thrilled by the unexpected job. It had been due to the look in Ian's eyes when he laughed.

That had been her first meeting with him. Han Yeori finished thinking about it and looked at the customer in front of her.

"Boss-nim..."

When she could hardly speak, the man spoke again, "Is he a good person?"

"Yes, he is. Really." There was no word more appropriate than that. Han Yeori smiled and nodded. "A good person."

"I think so as well." The man sipped the coffee and said, "This coffee is really delicious. Thank you. I hope the boss comes back soon. Isn't that right?"

"Yes..." Han Yeori stopped for a moment as she thought about Ian. What was he doing now?

Somehow, Ian's uncomfortable expression came to mind. She said with a smile, "I wish he will return quickly."

# Chapter 217

## Tumult (3)

The users remaining in Elder Lord gathered in the safety zone of each city, according to government orders. The broadcasters who connected reality to Elder Lord became envoys of the government. They received a small reward for cooperating with the government.

At first, there was a lot of confusion. But once the situation settled down, the users showed their usual behavior patterns. Fortunately, there were many high-level users left, so it was easy to solve the problem of food for survival.

“What are the government people doing?”

“They should do their work properly. But the Elsaco people are worse. Making a game like this...”

A user’s voice trailed off into silence. The world of Elder Lord was just too realistic. They had stayed here for so long that they were confused about whether they were playing a game, or if they were really part of this world.

“Aren’t we really NPCs and aren’t the other memories a lie? If our brains...”

This was like an SF novel.

"Anyway, I don't have to go to work."

"Yes. Should we thank the grey god?"

"Stop talking nonsense. We don't know when this situation will end so saying that..."

“It is a joke. Who would actually think that?”

"Good. I hope everyone feels comfortable. I will go and eat now."

“Eat? You’re going to eat at a time like this?”

"We're not in elementary school... we need to take care of our own food. Don't worry, I'll come back."

"Are you going alone?"

"I have a brother who is treating me. Ah, is your level low?"

"Well, I am relatively new."

There were disputes relating to the levels and assets of Elder Lord. The low-level users were frightened and stayed in tents while the high-level users continued their activities and enjoyed various luxuries. In order to control them, the rankers and those connected to reality were busy.

"Shouldn't we say something?"

"Leave it alone," Rommel said as he watched the spectacle. "We can't control everyone. It will be up to them if there is a problem."

The world of Elder Lord was different from reality, as it was a place where they could die from a sword or through an accident. Now that this situation was happening, the penalty was 'death' itself. He needed to take care of himself.

"What are those outside saying?"

"It is all the same. The experts are analyzing this. I'm tired of them not saying anything."

"....."

Rommel felt anxious. Efforts had been at a standstill for a long time. When thinking of the time difference between the reality and Elder Lord, it had been at least a week. Nevertheless, there was no news from outside. They repeated the same thing from the beginning until now.

"Let's go see the mayor again."

"Ah, I'll call a few more people to come along."

"It's okay. I'll go alone. I can protect my body. There will be no problems."

"Will you be okay?"

"Don't worry."

Rommel left the 'user village'. They were trapped here, while the world of Elder Lord was still flowing on. The outside demanded information, so Rommel often left to figure it out. Rommel, who was famous as a genius leader, was well known among the NPCs and was well suited to collecting information. Appalachia's mayor was familiar with Rommel, so after the situation occurred, Rommel often met him in order to talk.

Rommel's face brightened as he greeted a familiar guard. The mayor welcomed Rommel into the reception room.

"Ohh, Rommel! You came again, it is such a pleasure. What brings you here today?"

"I just wanted to thank you. I really appreciate you arranging a spot for us on the outskirts of the city. Everybody is doing well thanks to you."

"Hahaha, it is nothing. This matter involves all those cursed by the stars. In particular, the era now... we should help each other." He stroked his mustache and said, "Well, I suppose you are wondering about the grey god."

"That isn't necessarily the case."

"Haha, there is no need to act like that. I will tell you that the strongest people are gathered and heading north to stop the grey god. But they are currently experiencing obstacles."

"Obstacles...?"

"The demons, whom we thought had disappeared, have revived and are attacking them. Furthermore, they are supported by the power of the grey god, so it will take some time. Well..." The mayor smiled. "All the gods are with us. There won't be any problems."

'All the gods teamed up, but they didn't win against the orcs.'

Rommel swallowed back his thoughts. Those powerful orcs were now allies. Furthermore, all of the species from the north and the continent had joined forces with the gods.

“What is the grey god?”

“We don’t know very well. An ancient god who fell due to the gods a long time ago... I don’t know why, but she wants to destroy this world and has somehow appeared again. Hah.”

This was already known information. It wasn’t just Appalachia. Users gathered in cities like Maillard, Arnin and those in the empire and collected similar information. If game logic held up, the only way to save themselves was to dispose of the grey god.

If the grey god won, the world would perish and all lives in Elder Lord would be wiped out. The users would also die. Death in Elder Lord would lead to death in reality. They had goosebumps thinking about it. It was a terrible quest.

The distressed Rommel asked, "Then should an army be sent? A great number of orcs and expedition members were wiped out..."

“It is said that the demons can’t be defeated in a conventional manner. Any ordinary people would die straight away, so they would just be a hindrance...”

"Is there no time limit until the grey god destroys the world?"

"I don’t know. It is said that the grey god is gradually using her magic, but I don’t know how long it will take."

At that moment. Something appeared in front of Rommel’s eyes.

A system message.

[The last quest.]

[The grey god is still alive. The power of the grey god is increasing rapidly. The world is heading towards a new beginning. I am sorry to all of you, but with your sacrifice, the universe can be conceived again.]

[D-7 until the destruction of the world.]

[In one week, at sunrise, the world will perish.]

Rommel was speechless for a moment. The mayor didn’t know anything and just

smiled.

“In any case, don’t worry so much. Isn’t Crockta there?”



The dedicated cameraman for Undergames Channel in Elder Lord, Polaroid grabbed his head. His broadcast program was shown on the Undergames Channel. It was now being used to talk to the government officials.

However, he received a secret proposal not long ago.

[Sanghyun.]

[If this succeeds, it will be a jackpot. You will sit on a pile of money. ]

[We will deal with any problems. ]

While the government officials were away, the Undergames Channel asked him something. Go to the north and relay the battle between the gods and the grey god. Of course, his life would be at risk. However, if successful, the world would be thrilled by the best video. A fight with the lives of everyone in the world on the line. The expedition battle couldn’t be compared to the ‘true war of the gods.’

The director tried to convince him by saying it would be the greatest broadcast since ELder Lord began.

[Sanghyun, we have to hurry. Do you think we are the only ones doing this? BJs from other broadcasting networks will be trying to sneak in through the backdoor. It isn’t known, but I’m sure there are some people who are already going. Don’t you know that BJs aren’t sane? If you don’t go, then you will miss the jackpot.]

Polaroid closed his eyes. His life was at stake. When he was relaying wars, he was caught up in the terrible battle and died several times. At that time, he could be brave then because he wouldn’t receive any penalties when dying. But now his death meant death in reality; money and fame was worth nothing compared to his life.

He had a wife and child. It was a honeymoon. When his wife had handed him his newborn daughter with a haggard face, he had cried in front of his wife for the first



time. It was an overwhelming feeling he had never felt before.

For them, he couldn't die.

"I'm sorry. I..."

At that moment.

[The last quest.]

[The grey god is still alive. The power of the grey god is increasing rapidly. The world is heading towards a new beginning. I am sorry to all of you, but with your sacrifice, the universe can be conceived again.]

[D-7 until the destruction of the world.]

[In one week, at sunrise, the world will perish.]

Polaroid froze after reading the system messages. The director he was talking with also fell silent. Polaroid was silent for a while. Some time passed before the director spoke again.

[Sanghyun. I'm sorry to say this to you.]

[The government doesn't have a method. There was nothing inside Albino. Right now, no one has any idea how the game works. Experts? They don't know anything. Some people say that this is a paranormal phenomenon. All governments in the world are keeping this a secret.]

[So, Sanghyun.]

Polaroid blankly listened to the words.

[You understand this time right? I will take care of your family. There is no need to worry about them. The best thing is for you to come back alive... but they will never encounter any problems.]

The director sighed before continuing.

[I will make sure that your wife and daughter live comfortably for the rest of their

lives. I know this might be rubbish but honestly, if you don't do the broadcast and just die, I can't help you. Government compensation? How do you think it will go? Do you understand? There aren't just one or two trapped people. It varies from unit to unit. The compensation won't be good if you don't do this. Roughly speaking.....]

"I understand." Polaroid interrupted. "I'll understand. I'll go and broadcast it."

The director didn't answer.

Polaroid looked at his hands for a moment. They were shaking. He blinked once before standing up.

[I'm sorry. I'll come back later.]

He ignored the director's words and put on his equipment. Outside was already a mess. The system messages had just been sent to the users. There were loud shouts and questions directed towards the government and the Elder Saga Corporation.

Polaroid hid. If he were caught, he would be forced to stay here. However, this was the only place where he could get outside the village.

No, there was one more. Someone was standing next to him.

"You..."

Youvidser Laney. Laney had concealed her trail and settled in the user village at Appalachia. It seemed that she had done her own investigation. She ignored the words from the government officials. She showed herself now.

"I heard it all." She said. "Shall we go?"

Polaroid looked at her. Her face was stiff. But her eyes were firm as she thought about the countdown to their deaths.

She said, "Let's go together."

"Huh...?"

"Let's go together. It will be tough with you alone."

"You, why..."

"I know. There is no solution in reality. If it is a crisis where I will die anyway, I would rather make a gamble." Laney grinned. "And, there is a man I really want to see."

Polaroid knew who that person was. The one Laney persistently strived after. The indomitable person who never yielded. The great warrior who confronted the empire alone, and who dueled against a god to save his own people. An NPC, but his name was enough to heat up the chests of any user in Elder Lord.

Orc Warrior Crockta. He was there.

"Indeed."

Polaroid smiled faintly. It was the first smile since this incident occurred. He was a member of Elder Lord's broadcasting system. He knew as much about Crockta as she died. During the battle against the expedition forces, all videos had been on him.

When Polaroid thought about Crockta, a vague hope rose in his heart.

He was such a person. Hope and faith. He was always on the battlefield where defeat was confirmed, and he created victories in impossible places. Now he was on their side. Whether he knew it or not, Crockta was fighting for their lives. The greatest warrior was their ally.

"Let's go watch it. The orc will beat her."

Laney held out her hand. Polaroid approached and grabbed her hand. Laney used a skill. Their appearance gradually blurred.

When people opened the door roughly, there was nobody in the room.

# Chapter 218

## A Road has No Gate (1)

Crockta rode through the night towards the north. By his side was Gordon.

"I didn't know there would be someone like you."

"It is the same for me."

Gordon, who had told Crockta to go to the Temple of the Fallen God. Those words were the beginning of everything. Now, they met again just before the grey god was about to destroy the world.

He garnered information through the dialogue with Gordon. There was one key. Kill the grey god. Otherwise, they would die. However, the grey god's intentions weren't fully understood yet. It was the same for Gordon.

Her decision, only someone who faced the end of the universe would be able to sympathize with the grey god.

"Is Yoo Jaehan doing well?"

"He is living like a playboy."

Gordon was the one who created the game 'Elder Lord' with Yoo Jaehan. But Elder Lord wasn't a game. It was a type of 'avatar' that connected the people of Earth to another world. The power of the grey god made it possible.

In the past, a white girl came to Gordon and Yoo Jaehan, and she called herself a god from another world. They thought she was a madman, but they were convinced after she used her power. They acknowledged that she was a god. Then a new world opened.

She promised to answer the topic they wanted.

"Entropy reversal, it is difficult."

"Think of it as the lifespan of the universe. While it might take a long time, it will someday happen. The end of the universe."

"When will that be?"

"A very long time away. Eternity in the near future."

"You were struggling with that?"

"That's right, along with Yoo Jaehan as well. Geniuses are a little different. It is funny that I am saying this myself." Gordon chuckled slightly and asked, "Do you think the end won't come?"

"That isn't it. After billions of years..."

"Look at the sky."

Crockta looked up.

It was a beautiful sight, something that he had never seen on Earth. The stars were embroidering a black curtain around the moon, and was so vivid that the universe was a brilliant river across the sky. But now he knew that this was a fake sky.

"The real sky of Elder Lord is dark, and is made up of just one lonely moon. It is different from the smog-filled sky on Earth."

"....."

"The end is near. That is this world."

While moving through the swamp in the great forest, Crockta met the unidentified demon called 'Abaddon.' He told Crockta this story. This world's sky was a lie, with only the sun remaining. Abaddon was then summoned by the grey god and Crockta didn't hear any more details, but the context was in line with Gordon's words.

In other words,

"All the stars in this universe are cold. The sun here is the last source of heat, and this planet is the final civilization."

The last civilization to witness the end of the universe. It was this continent of Elder Lord.

"She is going to reverse entropy with the last of her strength. Turn the worlds back. She is trying to bring it back to its original state, even if she has to destroy this existing world."

It was hard to believe. It was a power close to 'creation.'

"The stars have cooled down and it was only realized when the star god died. I don't know the details."

"Then why is the grey god in such a rush?"

"She can't let this opportunity pass. She will lack the power to restart the universe. In the first place, the original plan was unlikely to succeed." Gordon stared straight at Crockta. "But it was you who made it possible."

"Me?"

"Yes."

Gordon looked back for a moment. Behind them were countless gods, orcs and other species who had hastily joined. They gathered to stop the grey god.

"Are there any users here?"

"We are the only ones."

"If you look at it, I'm not a user. So it is only you."

"....."

"Reaching the target achievement points in time is close to impossible. The achievement points are actually the power of interference between dimensions."

"Interference power?"

"As users have a stronger influence on the world, the net between the two worlds gets smaller. It is like piercing the net with an awl and shaking it to make a hole. Small

human souls are able to pass with her power, but the net was too dense for her to return. So she used the game to try and make a large enough hole for her. That is the justification for the achievement points."

He sighed.

"Then you showed up. It seemed impossible, but you managed to complete impossible achievements. Then you defeated the war god. A hole that the grey god could pass through was created."

"That..."

"Who would have imagined? A user from another dimension was able to defeat a god."

Crockta bit his lip. He played the game to save people and ended up helping the grey god. His chest became heavy. He might not have intended it, but as Gordon said, Crockta held the biggest responsibility for this.

"So that is what happened. The grey god is afraid of the eternal death of this universe, so she will destroy this world to postpone the end. Even if the universe lives again for a long time, the end still can't be avoided."

Crockta asked, "I know. But why did you come here?"

"Me?" Gordon shrugged. "I just wanted to see it."

"What?"

"A different world. And the rewinding of entropy."

Crockta looked at his face. The expression was somehow similar to the grey god.

"I became so immersed in this concept that my life had become meaningless. Anyway, the future is fixed. So I volunteered when the grey god said she would send someone here as a trial. I was also curious. But when I came here and saw this world..."

He pointed to his clothing. Inside the robe was worn out clothing.

"Unlike when I was stuck at a desk on Earth, I wandered around and looked at people... Somehow..."

“Somehow?”

"No matter what the future is, it doesn't seem right to remove all the lives that are breathing now."

Crockta smiled. Gordon was like Crockta. At first, Crockta thought it was a game, but he became an orc warrior, living and fighting with the people of this world. Gordon knew from the beginning that this world wasn't a game, so he would've thought more deeply about it.

Crockta said, "This is all because of me, not you and Yoo Jaehan."

"I have nothing to say."

"So that is why you are accompanying me now?"

He looked up at the white sphere floating in the sky. The grey god was there. She was carrying out a spell to destroy the world at the Temple of the Fallen God. Crockta could feel the world's magic power being sucked into there.

Gordon chuckled in a low voice. "Yes."

"Then the people who caused the problem should solve it."

"Of course."

Gordon stopped walking. Something stood in front of them.



It was an unknown shape. It was like a human when he first saw it, but when he looked again, it was a bizarre monster, and then a winged animal. Its height increased and decreased. It became fat and then skinny.

The darkness continued to grow and mature in front of their eyes. A familiar energy was coming from it, the smell of the grey god. However, it was darker and more evil, emitting a strange sensation that sent a chill down his spine.

Demon. The fallen species that followed the grey god.



Crockta muttered, "So this is why people call them demons."

He had met with a few demons. However, he couldn't figure why they were called demons, since in his experience, they were rather friendly. However, these were their true colors.

"You suffered coming here." The demon laughed, which spread to the gods behind Crockta. The sound was strange and shook their ears. "Before you go any further, I want to say something."

It was a strange sensation that tickled the brain through the eardrums.

It whispered, "Why are you trying to stop the grey god?"

It was a strange situation. An oddly shaped figure stood blocking the gods and mortals advancing towards the north.

Everyone listened to its voice like they were spellbound.

"If you don't know her will, how could you put a sword through her? The world is falling. It is dying. The saints and evildoers will return to the sky, and both time and space would return to nothing. War God, have you weighed the pros and cons of this? In the end, it will be the same. Goddess of Mercy, do you love the warmth of the people who warm up this lonely world? The warmth of people will never match the original. Magic and divinity will be swallowed up by the darkness. In the end, only darkness will be left. The world is moving slowly but surely to that end. We have no hope. Just despair, a despair that is greater than all of you. But for the world, we have to carry it on our shoulders."

His voice was being projected to them as an idea, not a language. This was the grey god's absolute power, 'perception change.' The power to shake the hearts of the enemy.

"The world is perishing. It is still perishing now. All of us know it."

Some people flinched. It was especially true for the mortals of each species who didn't know the true purpose of the grey god.

"We believe that we return to the dirt when we die. Worms will be eaten by beasts, then the beast will be eaten by another beast. This is the world. We become ashes that return to the ground, and the rest of the world. However."

It giggled again.

"Destruction is coming. There will be nothing left. Absolute ruin. An eternal emptiness. A universe that will be cold forever. It is approaching. We want to prevent it. We want to continue the cycle of life in this world. Everyone."

The demon took one step, two steps. It stood in front of Crockta and Gordon. Now it took the appearance of a beautiful young man in a suit.

He asked the two of them, "Do you love this world?"

His eyes turned towards Crockta.

"Crockta, Crockta. Northern Conqueror. Empire's Deficit. The hero Crockta, who always protects the weak. I'll ask you one thing. Do you want to destroy the world? Do you come here to kill the mother and drop this world directly into hell?"

His words weren't wrong. According to Gordon, the grey god wanted to reverse this universe's destruction by sacrificing this world. In the process, the lives here would disappear. However, her answer might be correct. That was the fate of the universe.

Crockta asked, "What is your name?"

"Huhu, you seem interested in me. I asked you questions but you didn't answer. My name is Dantalian. Mother is someone who genuinely cares about the world."

"Dantalian... a nice name."

"Thank you. But my name is nothing compared to the great hero Crockta. Now Crockta, what do you think about my questions? I'm not here to fight. If you answer, I will withdraw." He spread open his arms. "Everybody can think about it slowly..."

"I will answer on behalf of everyone."

Crockta interrupted his words. Dantalian raised his eyebrows.

"Ah, why is Crockta...?"

"You're too talkative."

“Huh?”

"Be careful."

A ray of light broke through the air. Dantalian's neck was cut.

"A road has no gate."

The last fire burned his body. The silver tongue that misled them was burned. His eyes were wide with confusion, like he couldn't believe it. Crockta removed Dantalian and roared in the direction of the grey god.

"Don't use such tricksssss———!"

It was towards the pillar surrounding the Temple of the Fallen God. Crockta placed God Slayer on the ground. Then he looked back. People were recovering from Dantalian's power. Crockta gazed at them with blazing eyes.

"Don't be misled by nonsense. The road we are on is given to us. Kill. Or be killed. There is no other exit. Keep this in mind."

Crockta started to walk alone towards the Temple of the Fallen God. Gordon followed. Then the gods followed. The army moved. With Crockta at the forefront, everyone headed towards the final battle again.

This was a fight regarding the destiny of the world. There was no right way. The winner would be right.

# Chapter 219

## A Road has No Gate (2)

There was a strong barrier around the Temple of the Fallen God, where the grey god had descended. It was impossible for them to even approach. The army that gathered to stop her were blocked by the wall.

Crockta and the gods brandished their weapons in an attempt to crack it. But no matter what attacks they poured out, the grey god's barrier blocked their way. Time passed. One minute, one second, it was counting down towards the world's resurrection.

"This barrier can't be overcome by physical force."

The goddess of magic declared after examining the barrier. The gods were still stuck in the flesh of humans. Their bodies were maintaining the world, so they had to borrow the bodies of mortals.

Therefore, their divinity was weak compared to the grey god who descended to the ground.

"If I had my full power then I could crack it, but there is nothing I can do now. I don't know how to disrupt that power. It is another dimension altogether. What knowledge has she gained in the meantime...?"

"Kuaaaaah! Do it somehow, gods! Grrung!"

Kumarak angrily wielded his giant axe. He swung it a few times at the barrier, but it was fine.

"Dammit!"

Kumarak wielded Mountain Slasher again. There was an explosion. However, there was still no dent on the barrier. Everyone started murmuring.

"Time is running out."

“Find a way...”

They removed the mysterious demon Dantalian. However, they encountered the barrier immediately after. Crockta glared at the white sphere within the barrier. This was the magic spell that would bring this world to destruction.

"I don't have time for this."

Crockta grabbed God Slayer and slammed it towards the barrier. *Kang*. The wall remained steadfast. According to the goddess of magic, she lacked the power and divinity to open this, as well as the knowledge. The grey god fell to earth and learned from the science there. Thanks to that, she could create this type of barrier.

Time flowed.

Crockta frowned. He couldn't see the way. Someone spoke from behind him.

“We have to hurry.”



The sun went down and rose again. Time passed. They couldn't find the answer. The white sphere of pure destruction was gradually filling up the sky.

“There isn't much time left.”

The calm gods started to gradually lose their composure. Kumarak was banging on the barrier like crazy, and the other orcs rushed with their weapons. There were those who punched wildly until they collapsed from their injuries.

"Out of the wayyyyyy!"

Fireballs started to fall from the sky. It was the goddess of magic's ultimate magic that wiped out the orcs, Meteor Shower. Meteors poured towards the barrier. Flames and debris scattered. The earth shook every time a meteor crashed into the barrier. It was tremendous damage that would wipe out a few cities without a trace.

The flames diminished and the barrier appeared again. It was fine.

"Shit!"

Even the goddess of magic cursed. The army, which had fallen down from the aftermath of Meteor Shower, rose and peered through the dust. They gazed at the still intact translucent wall and felt despair.

"Unbelievable..."

"We are stuck like this and can't even fight properly."

The next one to try was the war god. The war god emitted powerful flames from his own body. He became a huge giant, like when he dealt the final blow to Crockta. He raised his greatsword.

"Ohhhhhh!"

The war god roared with his entire body and swung his sword. There was a dent in the wall. All those watching formed fists. For the first time, the barrier was damaged. The war god swung with all his power once again.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!"

The blade pierced through the barrier. Everybody cheered.

However.

"Kuaaaaahhhhh!"

The war god was shocked by something and thrown out. His sword flew through the air and his huge body crashed towards the ground. There was a huge vibration as he hit the ground. All the people here were talented, so no one was hurt or injured. However, everyone was shocked by the damage to the war god.

"This can't..."

While the war god was wounded, the barrier recovered, as if nothing had happened. It went back to its original state of blocking them.

Impregnable.

"Everything is going according to the grey god's will." Crockta sighed.

Time passed again.

The gods and mortals rushed with their weapons towards the barrier. But there was still no change. There were occasions where it seemed damaged by a powerful attack, but they were all bounced off, just like the war god. Everybody was beaten by the barrier.

Thus, the time of anger passed. Then came the despair. After that, it was resignation.

The last sunrise was gradually approaching.

"It can't be helped." Crockta closed his eyes.

More time passed. They did everything they could. In the end, they couldn't pass the barrier. The sunrise that the grey god warned them about had arrived. Its light was sweeping away the darkness on the horizon.

"Everyone did their best," said the war god. "It can't be helped. The grey god has her own beliefs, and she won with them."

Everyone breathed deeply as they stared at the sun driving away the darkness. It was the same for Crockta. Numerous thoughts passed through his head.

"Tiyo. Anor."

He called his two companions. They stood beside Crockta. They stood next to each other and watched the sun come up. The last thing they would see. It was beautiful.

"I enjoyed our time together." Crockta smiled at Tiyo and Anor.

"Likewise *dot*. I met Crockta and saw many exciting things. I have no regrets *dot*!"

"Without the two of you, I would've remained in that village, unchanged. Thank you. You should've come to me a little quicker. Hahaha, shit."

They stood shoulder to shoulder. Finally, they looked at the sun together. It was gorgeous. The sun. It was the last thing they saw.

Within. The world was crumbling. The vast landscape of the universe. Only darkness, darkness, and darkness. An infinite nothingness with no light or heat continued to

unfold. Elder Lord's sun turned to dust, and that dust rendered into smaller particles, tiny invisible embers. The once great sun was reduced to a handful of ashes that floated in the endless void.

However, that handful of ashes glowed incandescently. It sucked in the planet. Elder Lord was easy to swallow. A vast universe filled with white. The magic that the grey god accomplished condensed time and space to a single point.

Entropy was reversed. The scattered chaos was aimed at one point. The universe condensed towards the beginning. There was Crockta in it, Tiyo and Anor as well. All the gods, all life in the universe, they died.

The things that were once living and the things that cooled down to an eternal death all converged towards a single point. There was no time or space; there was only a point. That was it. Since time didn't exist, it was pointless to determine how long the process took.

The point was there. An explosion. Time and space poured out. Substances propagated.

The void, where nothing existed, was erased as darkness started to cover it. Heat filled the darkness, which then turned into light that pushed away the darkness. There was now power and heat. Then, the laws that made up the world were put together.

The fire of the first sun was kindled. Within the vast universe, one or two bulbs of light, new stars, turned on. The planets were then gathered and placed in their orbits. Numerous galaxies emerged.

And there, somewhere. It was the first sign of life. At first, it was just made up of extremely crude organic matter. However, after a long time passed, in the middle of a new galaxy that was created, was life.

Life replicated and spread, conceiving other lives on the planet. In time that didn't stop, a myriad of species spread. And within, the first flower in the universe was born. The petals opened, pointing towards the sun.

'That is the beginning.' Someone spoke. 'Life will yet again spread throughout this universe. That flower will sprinkle seeds, and one day, life will rise on top of the flowers. So the cycle of life will restart.'



A vast universe on the brink of destruction. The newly born universe was brilliant. New life was born in this vast space. They will soon become equipped with intellect, creating civilizations, eating, praying and loving again, just like the past world. The end would come again someday, but until then, they would eat, pray and love.

'What?'

And Crockta saw all of this. He saw what the grey god really feared, and the new cycle of life that she wanted to achieve. It was beautiful.

'The universe that would've slept forever has warmed up again. Isn't it beautiful?' asked the voice.

Crockta knelt down in front of the first flower that was born. He touched it. It was beautiful.

'Beautiful.'

'It is. Really good.'

'But in this world,' continued Crockta, 'There is no one to receive this flower.'

Crockta shook his head and said, 'I don't want this.'

'It would've sunk forever.'

'I don't care.'

'You are too naive.'

'Yes, but that is a good thing.'

Crockta remembered the world. There were too many things that couldn't be lost. Yes, Tiyo and Anor came to mind. They had been handed over to death. His always reliable friends. They were more precious than this new world.

Then he remembered all the people he had met and formed relationships with.

The beginning was Orcrox and the orc farmer, Grant. Crockta learned a lot from him. Crockta protected Thompson's family with Hoyt and carried out his revenge with

Jeremy, a delightful friend. From the people of Arnin, the villains of Maillard, Quantes, the Great Clan in the north, the fight with the empire in the far south, the great forest, and the mix of orc warriors that he fought the gods with, all of them were living there.

More than anything else,

‘I have a place to go back to.’

For that. This grandiose plan had no value for him. Crockta trampled on the first flower. It was fleeting.

Crockta said to the voice, ‘So help me, Antuak.’

In front of him stood the shaman Antuak.

‘I see.’

‘Yes. You must have something more important to you than the cycle of the universe.’ Crockta said.

‘Me?’

‘That’s right.’

‘Ah... yes. Me too,’ Antuak smiled and said, ‘I also have that type of person. This world can’t be over.’

‘So help me. I will stop the grey god.’

‘Are you alive?’

‘Of course.’

‘An immature apprentice warrior has become a great warrior.’

He waved his staff. An unknown power flowed from the body of the great shaman, Antuak.

Gradually, time began to rewind.

Crockta and Antuak were erased. Life disappeared, the first bits of organic matter retreated into the dirt, and the universe once again became a handful of sparks. It was turned back and the universe was restored to the state before the initial explosion.

'Please stop the grey god. I have something I want to do in this world,' Antuak pleaded.

'What is it?'

'I have to...'

There was one point. It revived the universe of the past.

'Wake my wife Aruna, and give her a flower.'



Someone spoke from behind him, "We have to hurry."

Crockta opened his eyes.

They had just arrived here. The goddess of magic explained about the construction of the barrier and Kumarak was swinging his axe.

Crockta looked back. There was no one there. What had he just seen?

Then a welcome voice was heard, "The barrier has disappeared!"

"How is that possible? Who?"

"The power is gone! Go inside!"

The crowd cheered. Crockta turned his head towards the cheering. The barrier was slowly fading, allowing the gods and warriors to pass through it. Crockta also entered the dark territory of the grey god.

"There is no way. Who the hell... this is a sophisticated spell filled with the power of time and space... who is it?"

Only the goddess of magic stood in the spot where the barrier had disappeared. However, they were lacking time. There was no time to investigate this phenomenon

or who caused it. They entered the barrier.

The power of the grey god felt stronger in her domain, causing everyone to shiver in anxiety. They had to fight against this enemy. Crockta's hands also tensed up. Suddenly, Crockta looked back.

".....!"

He saw a familiar face in the distance: the shaman Antuak was looking at him with an exhausted face. Indeed, it was him. In the past, Antuak showed Crockta the future and asked him questions. When Crockta answered him, he directly neutralized the barrier.

Their eyes met. Without any strength, he waved his staff at Crockta.

Protect this world and return to Earth. Only then Antuak could give Aruna a flower.

Crockta headed towards the grey god.

# Chapter 220

## A Road has No Gate (3)

The battle began abruptly. There was a bombardment from the sky from shells filled with the grey god's energy. The shells poured down without end, causing explosions everywhere. From there, strange, amorphous monsters with the power of the grey god appeared. They were similar to the demons that Tashaquil had summoned in the past.

"They are the remnants of the demons," the war god explained as he pointed his sword at the monsters.

"The influence of the grey god is too strong here. Our strength can't be exercised properly. Shit. This is the power of the grey god..."

"Is there no way?"

"Then the world will collapse."

"It is difficult."

In order to protect the world, the gods had to support it with their power. Meanwhile, the grey god wanted to destroy the world to start it again. For them, it was an unfair fight. The grey god used her strength without caring about the balance of the world. The gods used magic and divinity to turn the monsters to ashes. However, the monsters had the power of the grey god and didn't die, but rose again.

"They continue to survive."

"Terrible things!"

Beyond that was a demon who commanded the monsters. Crockta saw him.

"Abaddon!"

Abaddon, the survivor of the fight between gods, whom Crockta had met in the swamp of the great forest. He was a friendly demon who served Crockta's group his spicy

noodle dish and told them the truth of the world. A demon who tried to tell them more information, but was summoned away by the grey god.

Now he was blocking them for the grey god. He didn't look as friendly as he used to. He entered a combat posture, his red eyes brimming with killing intent. Every time he beckoned, the monsters would break the army troops that came with Crockta. Lower ranked gods and mortals died one after another.

"Your crusade goes up to here. You can't go any further." The voice of the grey god was hidden in his voice.

Thanks to the power of the grey god, he was now a half-god. In addition, he was much more powerful than the gods who couldn't exert their power properly in the grey god's territory. Even the gods were stopped and couldn't move further.

The war god muttered, "This place is the fortress of the grey god. Maybe it was a mistake to bring mortals here. It is a terrible fight."

The ground was already a mess. There were the survivors of the expedition, the orcs, the lower gods and the knights. Major players headed to the north. Such people were collapsing like dominoes.

"These damn monsters!"

A knight with a high reputation shouted. He was someone who wandered the world in order to defeat the strong, a person with great skills who could defeat the chief knight of any city. He swung his sword like crazy. An amorphous monster lost its form and fell. However, it was originally a formless monster.

"Crazy!"

As it fell to the ground, it started to wriggle around the knight's legs. It became a swamp and sucked him in. His body melted down. He screamed for his life.

The elf magician beside the knight used his power. He was a magician whose power made him one of the top-ranked in the magic towers. He used his magic power to remove the monster from the wandering knight.

However, a shell burst and blew up the elf magician. He couldn't even scream as his body was ripped apart. The knight was eventually completely sucked up by the

monster. The monster that swallowed the knight raised itself up and looked for the next victim.

They also met their tragic deaths.

It was the same for the gods. The upper ranked gods, such as the war god and goddess of magic, were using their power to destroy the enemies, but the lower ranked gods were quickly eaten by their enemies and returned to Olympus.

Crockta shouted at the war god.

"We have to move!"

"There is no way," the war god replied as he swung his sword at a monster. His fire turned the monster to ashes.

"We have to stop the bombardment of the army. It is spreading the grey god's great magic. It is getting power from the terrible sphere in the sky. That power is tearing apart the gods like we are gods."

"If we gather some people and penetrate through..."

"I don't think that guy will let us."

The war god pointed to Abaddon, who was smiling as if he was listening to their conversation.

"Shit..."

During their conversation, shells burst near them. It was a blast filled with the grey god's power. Another lower ranked god left the battlefield.

"What about the goddess of magic? She can call a meteor shower over there."

"She consumed that power on the barrier..."

"It was a useless waste of power."

Before Antuak got rid of the barrier, the goddess of magic had summoned the meteors in an attempt to destroy the barrier. Just like the fight against the orcs in the past, it

wasn't a technique that could be used indefinitely.

Crockta asked as he watched another god fall. "Is the bombardment that strong?"

He had a firm heart because he was fighting with the gods. However, since entering the grey god's domain, the gods were also panting.

The one who just fell was the 'god of light' who played an active part in the battle against the orcs. Despite the light coming from his body, he was hit by a flying shell and returned to Olympus.

Those who seemed strong, how could she get rid of them so easily?

"Fortunately, it is a weapon that borrows the power of the sphere, so the great destruction magic has slowed down."

"That isn't comforting."

Shells kept flooding towards them as they talked. Crockta and the war god jumped to both sides to avoid the attack. There was an explosion on the spot they had disappeared from. Crockta rolled on the ground and got up.

As he avoided the shells, a monster approached him in the distance. Such things appeared endlessly to block his approach. Besides, the monsters were affected by the grey god's bombardment. A monster hit by the shells wouldn't receive any damage.

Crockta raised God Slayer and destroyed the monster. If it was an ordinary attack, the monster would regain its body again, but Crockta's weapon contained the power of the sun god. The monster was burned by the 'last fire.'

"I will go alone."

The army couldn't approach. As the bombardment continued, the size of the army decreased. He could see Tiyo shooting General in the distance. They would be wiped out before they could even meet the grey god.

Crockta started running.

"Bul'tarrrrr!"



He sped up. He escaped the shells, sliced away at the monsters in his path and ran towards Abaddon and the magic cannons behind him. Explosions occurred on either side of him. Debris pierced his body, but he didn't care.

One orc rushed towards the center of the battlefield towards the enemy.

"Abaddonnnnnn!"

At the end of the fierce charge, Abaddon was present.

Their eyes met. There were no questions as Crockta's blade descended towards his head. Abaddon escaped, but a big wound was left on his side. Crockta pulled out his blade from where it was stuck in the ground.

"We meet again."

"It is regrettable."

"I wanted to eat your spicy noodles but..."

Crockta grinned. They first met at the abandoned temple in the swamp, where they were treated to Abaddon's noodles. Those were good times.

"What good will it do for the living or the dead?"

"Everyone will die someday. Death isn't the end. The ending..."

"You can stop speaking now."

Their swords swept at each other. Words were meaningless. The only thing left was to see which sword would break. They wanted to break the other person, rather than be broken.

Abaddon said, "This will soon be settled."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know how you broke the barrier, but it would've been better if the barrier wasn't broken." Abaddon stepped back and replied. The power of the grey god flowed from his body. "When this is completed, everyone will be burned away."

Crockta saw it.

In the center of the installed cannons that were continuously firing the grey god's power, there was a huge cannon that was completely different from the others. It was an extremely big cannon with a long barrel. It was a monster-sized cannon that couldn't be seen in either Elder Lord or reality.

The core was filling up with the world's magic power. He could feel the power slowly condensing inside it. That attack wouldn't be similar to the flying shells. Crockta could instinctively feel it. There was a tremendous power inside it. Once that was complete...

The earth in front of the cannon would explode. The area would be destroyed.

"I won't let it!"

Crockta slashed at Abaddon. Abaddon's body as he stepped back. Crockta continued to attack. God Slayer shattered the air while Abaddon evaded his strikes in a strange manner. The moment that Abaddon stepped aside.

Crockta sped towards the cannon. He was thinking about ignoring Abaddon. However, Abaddon appeared in front of him.

"What...!"

"Do you think I will let you pass?" Abaddon grinned. "You should continue conversing with me."

"Don't play games!"

Crockta attacked Abaddon again, trying to push him back towards the cannon. However, he was once again running towards Abaddon, as if the space had reversed.

"Shit!"

It felt like he was dealing with a ghost. The attacks didn't hit and his opponent was steering his path. Crockta stood in place. The demonic weapon was on the verge of completion. Pretty soon, all things in front of it would be burned away.

"There will be no pain. Once it is triggered, it will melt everything and nothing can survive."

Crockta didn't know if he should try to rally a last hurrah or to attempt to evacuate the area.

"There is no time to get away. Just accept it."

Crockta remembered the future that Antuak showed him. If Antuak wasn't present, they would've been stopped by the barrier and the world destroyed without even being able to do anything. So Crockta tried to grab the opportunity that was given.

However, he was once again helpless. The power of the grey god was so strong that the other gods were crushed, and the mortals couldn't overcome this power.

Crockta gritted his teeth.

As the barrel shook, lighted slowly to slowly fill the end. Magic power swirled around it. The gods and heroes would die. Crockta was no exception. Soon their lives would fall and the grey god would accomplish her will.

Despair filled his chest.

At that moment. The flapping of wings was heard. At first, he thought it was a bird's wings. But it was too big and loud. The atmosphere shook whenever these wings flapped.

Crockta raised his head. There was something huge and black in the sky. This was the first time he saw it. However, Crockta knew who it was.

Abaddon spoke in a trembling voice, "No, why would he...?"

A black dragon was flying in the sky. The first dragon he saw was graceful and beautiful. The most gifted creations by the gods. The dragon turned freely in the open sky, before stopping and watching the ground.

He slowly opened his mouth. He gathered strength.

Abaddon panicked. "Why would he attack us?"

The most powerful species on this world, dragons. This airborne species had the best weapon: their breath, which was now pouring out of the dragon's mouth.

# Chapter 221

## A Road has No Gate (4)

There had been war since ancient times. It all began when the stars died.

As the star god returned to the void, the grey god watched over all deaths as she received the heritage of the star god. As a result, the grey god witnessed the end of the universe. The lights in the universe were turned off and the world sank into darkness, returning to a space with no time.

That was their last appearance. They were the last civilization left in this lonely universe. Even the last sun was going to die out.

The grey god fell into despair. There was a chance. Through the legacy of the star god, she realized that there was a great magic that could reverse the fate of the universe and return it to the beginning. But there wasn't much time left and the sun continued to fall.

She tried to reverse the fate of the world, before the sun's power was exhausted. The gods resisted. Thus, the grey god and the species of death collided against the gods of Olympus. It was a fierce fight.

And he was there: Gushantimur, the most powerful dragon. Following their own beliefs, the dragons stood on both sides of the argument, with Gushantimur being one that followed the grey god.

He was the last dragon who bit the gods by her side, until the grey god was defeated and thrown into another dimension. Due to his mighty power, he could keep himself fully awake, even though the other dragons were killed or in hibernation.

After the grey god was thrown into another dimension, Gushantimur was left alone to contemplate the world. He became a hermit of the Black Forest.

"She is back."

Gushantimur set up a castle and reached out to those who needed help. They were

mainstream people of the world, such as humans, elves, and dwarves, as well as those treated like monsters: the goblins, ogres, trolls, etc. Gushantimur shared the feelings of the weak and the small.

It was just a moment in comparison to the time he had lived. However. These short moments were never in vain. They were raw but strong students. Their minutes and seconds shone so brightly compared to those who lived for a long time.

"Do I really want to see the end..."

The grey god aimed to save the universe from its fate and reconnect the cycle of life. He looked at the sun and sighed. Now he didn't know what was heavier or more important.

Gushantimur closed his eyes. The wind blew through his hair. His disciples felt the aura of the grey god and looked towards the north. His always loud lair was locked in silence.

There was a sad smile on his face as he remembered the grey god.

'The world will be saved from destruction.'

No one could see the world like the grey god. Therefore, no one could truly understand her despair.

'I won't let the universe cool down forever.'

The universe was nearing its end and all she saw was death. She saw the darkness in the morning sun and felt hopeless over the eternal void. It was a terrible sinking worse than death.

A north wind blew. Gushantimur kept his eyes closed. He couldn't figure out what to do.

Suddenly, he remembered a warrior. The warrior was someone who caused miracles everywhere they went. A warrior who accomplished things that seemed impossible. He cut the neck of the great chieftain who was possessed by the Tribulation, faced the great empire alone and defeated a god. Now he was going against the grey god to save the world. One of the greatest fighters of this era.

Crockta. While their time together was short, he was someone who couldn't be forgotten. A tough face that always smiled mischievously. The one who wielded a huge greatsword. Someone who rushed recklessly and didn't know how to retreat.

What was the reason for fighting like that? How could he do so?

"I..."

Someone called out to him, "Master!"

He looked back to see a weak guy that just entered, an innocent kobold. He was the kobold shooter Komojak, and his idol was the goblin Kiao. He entered the Black Forest and begged to be his disciple.

"I will shoot a bow today!"

A straw doll was shaking in front of him. His accuracy wasn't that great but there was pleasure on the kobold's face.

"I will shoot this twice tomorrow keong keong! Please train me tomorrow keong!"

He said with a bright smile.

Tomorrow.

Gushantimur looked at him blankly. The kobold didn't know anything. Even though the countdown to the end of the world was going on, he was laughing and talking about tomorrow. Gushantimur looked around. Numerous disciples were looking at him. Unknown emotions were in their eyes.

"Tomorrow."

If tomorrow came like the kobold said. It wouldn't stop tomorrow, there would be many more tomorrows. Gushantimur and all his disciples would enjoy tomorrow and the rest of their lives. The sun would go down and rise again. Thus, they would live another day. Every day, every minute.

That's right. He already knew.

Gushantimur spoke in a soft voice, "Two times isn't enough."

“Keong?”

“You will have to shoot it three times, not two. Can you do it?”

The kobold looked awkward.

“T-Three keong...”

He scratched his head and avoided Gushantimur’s eyes. He looked at the straw dolls and the wounds on his hands, before nodding at Gushantimur.

“T-Three times is too much keong... but, let’s try it keong...”

“Yes.”

Gushantimur turned to the other disciples. Everyone was staring at him. He spoke again, “Tomorrow, I want to see how everyone has improved. It will be a harsh day. Is everyone prepared?”

Their eyes widened. The disciples looked at each other and nodded.

Gushantimur smiled.

“Yes.”

His body floated in the air. Gushantimur’s body, which was in the form of a young man, started to slowly change. Black scales sprouted on his body. His body extended. Wings spread out from his back and the irises of a beast appeared in his eyes.

Now he was as big as the castle. His body was huge enough to cast shade on his entire body. Beautiful scales and broad wings. The mightiest species, a dragon. His true appearance was revealed. The kobold stared at him with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. Even his original disciples had never seen Gushantimur like this.

After returning to the form of a black dragon, Gushantimur whispered. His voice was as soft as always.

‘Rest early today and prepare for tomorrow.’

One disciple asked aloud, “Master, where are you going?”

'I...' Gushantimur used his wings to turn his body. 'I am also preparing for tomorrow.'

He flew towards the Temple of the Fallen God.



*Kurwarwarwarwa!*

The black dragon's breath poured towards the giant cannon. Crockta and Abaddon rolled to avoid the aftermath.

*Kurwarwarwarwa!*

The world was filled with a ringing sound. The breath melted everything. The breath swallowed everything, leaving behind a huge hole. It was like lava flowed over the ground. In the place where the ancient weapon was, only a smoking hole remained.

Crockta stared blankly at the sky. It was the first time he saw a black dragon. However, he knew the identity of the dragon.

"Gushantimur———!"

He appeared to neutralize the enemy's weapon. Crockta smiled. It was an unexpected salvation.

He asked, "Did you have a connection with Gushantimur?"

Abaddon spoke in a dismal voice, "As far as I know, he... he was a great friend who fought with us in the past. Why is he stopping us now?"

"Kulkul, the Gushantimur that I know is different."

He didn't know what Gushantimur was like in the past. But the Gushantimur that he knew in the Black Forest wasn't someone who would follow the grey god. Magic power stretched around Gushantimur's body in the air. According to his will, dozens of spheres dropped towards the magic cannons.

"Kuok...!"

Abaddon extended his power to try and stop Gushantimur's attack, but Crockta struck



quickly with God Slayer aimed at the demon.

"Hat!"

Abaddon barely avoided the attack as one of his arms was cut, flames springing from the wound.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Abaddon tried to stop the flames from God Slayer, but it didn't work. He fell helplessly to the ground. In the meantime, all of the magic cannons were destroyed by Gushantimur. Once the bombardment ceased, the gods advanced and destroyed the monsters.

Abaddon panicked. "An unidentified shaman at the beginning and now the ancient black dragon, Gushantimur."

Things Abaddon thought would never be broken through were destroyed. It was by third beings that they didn't anticipate.

"The heavens are helping me." Crockta said.

"The heavens... hahaha, the heavens. Because of the heavens..." Abaddon laughed.

It sounded like something from a black comedy. Crockta also laughed.

Abaddon laughed for a while before saying, "Kill me. I can't fight anymore."

The last fire from God Slayer was still eating at his body. The flames rose from his arm to his shoulder, slowly burning his body.

Crockta shook his head. "I don't intend to kill you."

"If you don't kill me now, I will recover and hit your back."

"If you are able to do so."

"Why are you sparing me?"

Crockta looked down at him and said, "I still need you."

“Need me...?”

"You treated me to a wonderful dish. I can't forget that taste."

“.....”

"I want to eat your spicy dishes again. So next time..." Crockta grinned at Abaddon.  
"Let's meet at the table."

Then he moved towards the Temple of the Fallen God.

Abaddon stared blankly after him. "Next time..."

Abaddon smiled at the words. Somehow, he felt carefree. Maybe he secretly hoped for this conclusion. Avoiding death was the instinct of all living things. The gods were approaching. Abaddon moved away from the front lines to avoid them. He watched as the gods and mortals followed Crockta.

"Do you like spicy food?" Abaddon suddenly asked.

Gushantimur was standing next to him in human form. A weary face. It was difficult for him to use that degree of breath.

Gushantimur replied, "I don't like nor dislike it."

"Is that so?" Abaddon said. "If there really is a next time... I will make the spicy flavor for you. My spicy noodles are great, even Crockta's acknowledged it."

"I see. I look forward to it. Sincerely."

"Hahaha, I'm serious..."

Above their heads, the white sphere created by the grey god floated. Now fate had left their hands. The ending was something that not even the gods could know.

The battle for the world's fate ran without pause towards the end.

# Chapter 222

## A Road has No Gate (5)

The situation worsened after Elder Lord's system 'Albino' counted down to the end of the world. The countries around the world declared a state of national disaster, but there was no progress. Everyone knew this situation couldn't be solved from outside. It was accepted that if the 'grey god' couldn't be defeated in the next week, all those still connected would die.

But who would kill the 'god'? The users were just shaking in the user villages of each city. It was the same with the people watching. They hoped that the situation would be resolved and that everyone would return safely. Then something shocking happened.

"What is that?"

"Wow, are they crazy? They want to broadcast in the midst of all this?"

"What incredible minds."

Some BJs left the village to stream the battle against the grey god. At first, they thought that it was just one BJ who lost composure due to fear. However, even the Undergames Channel started broadcasting it.

The attention of the world focused on it. Every government tried to control it, but the dam that had already burst couldn't be stopped. Above all, the video wasn't broadcast on a normal server, but an Elder Lord server that no one but Albino could touch.

A live broadcast to tens of millions of people. Ethical standards were pointless in this situation. Anyway, there were no users in the army.

It was a battle between NPCs, with the bet being the lives of the users. This, the struggle for the survival of the world of Elder Lord was broadcast to the people.

The citizens stopped walking. A large screen was installed on a building, where a video of Elder Lord was being played. It was the first time since the incident occurred. There were captions.

[This is a real situation.]

[A cameraman called Polaroid, belonging to the Undergames Channel, has started a livestream. ]

Everyone knew what the video was about: a battle for the fate of those connected. And it was Polaroid, a cameraman from Undergames, who was streaming it. He was an unknown employee, but now everyone around the world knew him. His breathing was transmitted through the video.

Polaroid was accompanied by the celebrity Laney. They arrived at the Temple of the Fallen God. It was the first time the north was shown. After this situation happened, the limit line had disappeared. The north was a desolate land.

*-This is where the fight will take place.*

*-In the end, we arrived here.*

The Undergames Channel wasn't foolish enough to place commentators on such a life-threatening broadcast. The station just broadcasted Polaroid's video without any effects, making his voice resonate towards the viewers. Those watching the video could hear the tremble in his voice.

*-How...*

The first sight they were met with was a horrific bombardment. The citizens groaned. The power of the bombardment was evident from a distance. Like ancient knights meeting modern times, the army advanced as the shells fell down.

There was a formidable magic power within the shells.

*-It seems like most of them are dead already...*

Death. Every time an explosion occurred, someone died. This was close to a massacre.

The army literally stepped on the bodies of their teammates as they desperately fought against the ugly monsters. If they got closer, there was the possibility that Polaroid and Laney would be caught up in the bombardment. They moved to the highlands to secure visibility.

Not long after, they found a familiar face of a character that everyone knew.

*-Crockta!*

He started to run without any interruptions to a place where a demon was standing. The cannons continued to fire behind the demon. Beyond that was a huge cannon they had never seen before. An attack from this cannon would have severe consequences.

*-This is a fight between gods. That is the power of the grey god...*

Laney muttered.

Crockta ran towards it, but the demon blocked his way. The demon avoided a frontal collision and moved around him, annoying Crockta. It was clear that the demon was trying to buy time. Gradually, light started to appear at the muzzle of the cannon as the atmosphere started to shake. It was possible to predict the tragedy that the weapon would create.

The army would be decimated, signalling the grey god's victory.

"It is a pity..."

"Can't anybody stop it?"

"Why is Crockta fighting alone?"

The citizen's voices rose. Then something stood out in their field of view. At first, they thought it was a mistake. However, it gradually became a giant figure that occupied most of the field of view.

A dragon. A dragon, which had never been seen since the beginning of Elder Lord, appeared in front of everyone at this moment. The dragon opened its mouth and blew out a breath, covering the whole screen in white.

A huge ray of light fell down to the ground. The huge cannon was melted down. The

breath pierced through everything that it touched. The ground collapsed and the whole area was shaken. There was nothing left in the place where the breath passed.

The breath stopped. In the place where the great cannon was located, only a while hole remained. People cheered. They didn't know where the dragon came from, or what type of existence it was. However, a legend appeared and used its power against the grey god.

They all realized. It wasn't just the lives of the users that were at stake. The characters of Elder Lord were struggling to survive and save their world. Everyone was desperately resisting the grey god.

Elder Lord as a whole was a team. This dragon proved it. Feared enemies were now fighting with them against the grey god. People started to feel hope. Maybe the grey god would be defeated and those connected would return.

And at the forefront...

There was the great orc, Crockta.

*-Laney. Let's go.*

*-Yes.*

Polaroid's and Laney's voices trembled. They took the risk and stood up. After witnessing such a fight, they needed to see it through to the end.

The ending.

The bombardment stopped and the army started to head towards the Temple of the Fallen God. People held their breath. As news of the broadcast spread, people started to watch the battle using various methods.

The whole world was watching this fight.



Crockta and the army could finally see the Temple of the Fallen God. They had overcome the barrier and the shelling. Their numbers had already been reduced by more than half. Only the upper ranked gods and some mortals remained to continue

the march.

There was no time to mourn for those who died. The grey god was here. They stood in front of the Temple of the Fallen God and shook at the unknown power that emerged from it.

“From now on, it is completely her domain.”

The war god said. This whole place was filled with her power. The grey god’s divinity grew with every inhalation and exhalation. Her power was like a net around the white sphere.

“Be prepared.” He declared.

Everyone was ready for the end as they grabbed their weapons. It was at that moment. The grey god suddenly manifested. A clear figure emerged in front of their eyes. Her grey hair was a mess. Her eyes didn’t reflect any emotion. No one could open their mouths. Her power surrounded her.

“Keok!”

"Ack...!"

The white power flew sharply towards them. It was a simple attack. However, the strength in them was incomparable when thinking of the bombardment before. They couldn’t stop it or avoid it.

The victims followed.

“Grey God!”

Crockta split apart her divinity with God Slayer and rushed forward. She stepped back, but Crockta leapt forward and wielded her sword.

“Bul’tarr—!”

The grey god and Crockta. It was the first conflict.

*Kakakakak!*

His sword scratched the surface of the shield around her. Crockta stepped forward and wielded God Slayer again.

*Kaaaang!*

At the same time, power emerged from the grey god. Crockta twisted his body but the power stabbed his side. Blood splattered. While he was stunned, the grey god aimed her power again. However, it wasn't just Crockta who ran towards her.

The war god was surrounded with flames as he swung his sword at the grey god. It wasn't the image of a war god, but a demon crawling from hell.

"Because of you!" The war god stabbed with an angry expression. The protective shield was penetrated. There was a gap in the center. "Everything went wrong because of you. Grey God."

There was no expression on her face. Instead, she raised her hand and pointed to the war god. It was a simple gesture. She beckoned. The sky opened.

".....!"

The war god looked up at the sky. Then he froze. He looked back. There were those who still hadn't recovered from the grey god's first blow.

"Avoid it! Avoid i...!"

It was too late. Magic power fell from the white sphere covering the sky. The war god rushed away from the grey god. The magic power hit the ground and caused huge destruction. The world shook. The legendary beings, who seemed like they would never die, was dying en masse. Many of the gods hit were returned to Olympus.

Silence fell. Everything was covered with ash. Tinnitus filled the world. Inside, something wriggled and moved.

It was Crockta.

Ash flowed down as he raised his body. His vision was blurry. The world seemed superimposed. He shook his head and tried to regain his perspective. He looked down at his hands and flexed it. It didn't look good. He spread open his hand again.



Crockta looked around. One or two gods raised their bodies. However, there were those who didn't move. The entire area around the Temple of the Fallen God was covered with ashes.

It was like the landscape he saw when he was invited to her world. He endured the throbbing pain and raised God Slayer. Even in the midst of the explosion, he didn't let go of his long-time companion. He relied on the greatsword to raise his body.

The grey god was standing there. Crockta lifted his head. The grey god still had no expression on her face. Crockta pulled out a piece of stone that was stuck in his shoulder. He ignored the flowing blood and raised God Slayer.

"Your friends are dead." The grey god opened her mouth. "Are you sad?"

"Shut up."

"Don't be sad. I always see death; and now, I am looking at your death. There is no difference." The grey god smiled. "All deaths are the same. I will make it the same."

Crockta wielded God Slayer with all his strength. However, the grey god gestured again. Crockta coughed up blood. It was a blow that reversed causality. However, her gesture blocked it instantly. Crockta was pushed to the ground. The difference in power was remarkable.

"Kuock..."

There was a body beside him. It was Anya. She had already died. The mad slaughterer who laughed cheerfully when throwing her axes, her eyes were closed here. She survived the bombardment but fell to the grey god's blow.

Crockta called out to her. "Anya."

But the dead had nothing to say.

Why? The clock of destruction had started, and to prevent it from spreading, they had to grit their teeth and ignore the corpses. New corpses would be created in order to stop the advance of doom.

"Stupid woman. Grrung."

A voice was heard from behind him. Kumarak.

"You always look stupid to me, and the way you died was stupid. So stupid. Grrung! Stupid woman!"

He was crying. One of his arms were blown off.

"Stupid!"

He lifted Destroyer with his one remaining arm.

"I will get revengeeeeeeeeeee————!"

It was a fierce roar.

# Chapter 223

## A Road has No Gate (6)

"Kuaaaaaah————!"

Kumarak rushed at the grey god. Crockta tried to stop him, but Kumarak had already charged in anger. Crockta chased after him as Kumarak struck the grey god's shield with Destroyer.

However, there was no change. Kumarak hit the shield several times. Blood was flowing from his severed arm, but he didn't seem to feel it. He screamed as he tried to smash the shield, "Kuaaaaak!"

There was a sound that was like his body breaking, not the shield.

"Damn woman!"

The grey god used her power again and aimed at the target's heart. However, before it could be shot, something flew out from behind and struck the grey god's shield.

*Puok!*

The attack, which consisted of an arrow, stuck into the shield. At the area where the arrow was stuck, black streaks spread out. It spread through the grey god's shield and cracked it. For the first time, confusion filled the grey god's face.

"Now, Kumarak!"

Zankus. His arrow, which had even killed the sun, broke the grey god's shield. Kumarak immediately brandished Destroyer. The shield shattered, and Destroyer didn't stop as it aimed for the grey god.

"Dieeeeee!"

Destroyer hit the grey god. However, there wasn't the sensation of anything being cut. The axe struck the ground and dug in deeply. Kumarak's center of gravity was thrown

off and he lurched forward.

The grey god stood far away.

"I am impressed that mortals can reach this place." Kumarak was unable to control his body and tilted down. "It is regrettable. It would've been nice if we met in a younger universe."

There was a big hole in Kumarak's chest. He grabbed the axe and tried to hold on, but he soon fell to the ground. Blood leaked out. The white ashes on the ground were dyed red.

"Kumarak!"

Crockta approached. Kumarak's breathing was fading,

Crockta shouted, "Goddess of Mercy!"

She raised her head from where she was lying down. It was a face that lost her spirit due to the grey god's attack. Crockta couldn't suppress his anger as he saw her face.

"Recover your spirit! Wake up!"

She nodded at Crockta's shout. Crockta moved away from Kumarak and held his greatsword tightly. The grey god was looking up at the sphere in the sky, showing no interest in them. It was like she was confirming the progress.

The sphere in the sky kept growing.

"Where are you looking——!"

Crockta pursued her using everything he had.

The world accelerated and causality reversed. His body used the most efficient movements to swing God Slayer as the greatsword moved in an extraordinary manner that nobody would understand. However, the grey god's fighting method was on another dimension.

Crockta's attack was destroyed in front of the grey god.

".....!"

The grey god's power was pointed at Crockta. Crockta struck it with his sword, but some of it slammed into Crockta. He managed to withstand the attack, but dozens of fragments still managed to pierce his body.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Crockta soon became riddled with holes and cuts, with streams of blood flowing down the sides of his body. However, he didn't give up and gave strength to his crumbling legs.

"Shit!"

The scattered blood turned the ashy ground red. The grey god was once again standing far away. Crockta met her eyes a bloodshot glare. He squeezed God Slayer in his hand and stepped forward again.

Defeat could be seen. It was always like this. However, this time, there was definite defeat in front of their eyes.

Crockta smiled and approached again.

"...Everything."

"What?"

Crockta muttered something as he headed towards the grey god. It was like he was singing. The grey god frowned as she listened and as the words of the song entered her ears.

"A warrior doesn't attack unarmed people. Warrior..."

The bloodied Crockta was smiling as he muttered the warrior's laws. His footsteps didn't stop.

"...Vengeance. A warrior protects the powerless..."

The grey god was right in front of him, a protective shield appearing between her and Crockta. It was the shield that Zankus had barely managed to break, but it had

appeared again as if nothing had happened.

The great magic, the enormous power that would restart the world again. She was using it freely. It was the difference in power.

Crockta stood before the grey god's shield. He didn't stop. He brought his face to the shield separating him from her. The bloodshot eyes were blazing. The iron helmet came in contact with the protective film and scratched the surface.

"Prove your honor."

At the end of the words, Crockta's God Slayer struck like a thunderstorm

*Kakakakakakak!*

Sparks flew. Crockta didn't stop his attacks. The greatsword struck downwards.

The fire of the sun god emerged from God Slayer and wrapped around Crockta. Crockta brandished his greatsword without stopping. Fire splashed from the iron. God Slayer struck the wall like crazy.

"It is pointless. Crockta."

The grey god whispered from beyond. He wasn't able to break it. Crockta had to deal with the impact from his greatsword hitting it. But he didn't care. He cut at the shield hundreds of times.

It was a sad sight. The grey god had a sad expression on her face. "I will end it quickly. There will be no pain. For your sake."

She raised her hand to the sky. The grey god reached for the power in the sphere in the sky. She focused her mind on gathering power. At that moment.

"Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!"

Somebody yelled. The grey god opened her eyes.

"Avoid it *dottttttt!*"

Crockta rolled sideways.

Next.

A golden breath poured out.



Tiyo barely survived the explosion. His head shook. His hands didn't move well. General was heavy in his arms.

"Kuock... Anor, are you okay *dot*...?"

He touched his forehead and asked Anor, who was beside him. However, there was no reply.

"Anor...?"

Tiyo shook Anor's body. Anor breathed weakly. Blood was flowing from his abdomen. The blood was quickly filling the surroundings.

"Anor, Anor!"

Tiyo hit his cheek. Anor's eyes slightly opened. However, he couldn't say anything.

"Anyone, help *dot*! Any...!"

"Calm down."

A green hand touched Anor's wound. Light shone from the hand. It was the shaman Tashaquil.

"Anor is okay *dot*!"

"He isn't okay. If this fight continues..."

Tiyo looked around. Kumarak was assaulting like crazy. He knocked on the shield of the grey god. Then it was broken by Zankus' arrow. Kumarak's axe descended towards her. But he was the one broken instead. He was bleeding from the chest. The grey god's eyes were calm. Crockta became furious.

Tiyo looked around. The gods realized the difference in power and lost their fighting

spirit. The orcs lost their momentum and were like dogs without tails.

He felt furious.

“What are you doing *dot*?” Tiyo yelled, but the gods didn’t respond.

A mutter was heard, “Whether the grey god’s cause is wrong or not... at this rate, the world will perish.”

Tiyo closed his eyes. It was to soothe the feeling in his chest. Otherwise, he might fire General at them. It pressed heavily on his shoulder. This was a battlefield of the gods, but they were scared.

How did he come to this place?

“Huhuhu. Yes, that was it *dot*.”

He was a soldier of the Quantess’ Gnome Garrison. At a young age, he became captain and commanded his unit. He didn’t doubt that he was the best soldier and a wonderful man of Quantess. Then he met Crockta. When the curious thing called the Demon’s Mouth almost destroyed Quantess, he appeared and saved the city.

Something hot filled Tiyo’s chest. Crockta was more reckless than anyone Tiyo knew. More than himself.

Tiyo stood at the crossroads of choice. He was walking on a path that he knew well. However, now the path split in two. There was a strange path that he didn’t know. Beyond that, something was glittering.

He wanted to check it out. At the crossroad, he decided to take a step towards the unknown. Then everything changed. Another world.

He met the great hunter Shakan. The north was opened and he explored an area that no one else had. He met Anor and they killed the great chieftain to save the north. He returned to the continent and fought with the empire. Then he came to know hidden secrets of the world.

Now he stood on a battlefield where a god was trying to destroy the world, while an army gathered to stop her. There were no regrets. Who could’ve expected? There was a spot for a little gnome on a battlefield involving the fate of the world.



‘The artifact that you are using has no limit on its power.’

Gushantimur’s voice popped into his head.

In front of him, Crockta was wielding the greatsword like crazy. In a stationary world where no one else was moving, he was fighting alone. A much better man than all the gods sitting down in helplessness. This was the man Tiyo had decided to follow.

“Now it is this Tiyo’s turn *dot*.”

He raised General. There was the sound of iron snapping as General started changing from the form of a rifle. The muzzle was expanded. General depended on Tiyo’s will and energy. It was rapidly swallowing his body.

It squeezed Tiyo’s brain and ate all the energy in his body. His body gradually tilted. His life force was shaking. However, he gritted his teeth and ignored it. He didn’t know how much he was losing because of this. But it didn’t matter.

‘Crockta.’

‘Huh?’

‘I want to go to the north with Crockta *dot*.’

Everything was decided in that moment. There were two paths. The decision he made changed everything.

‘General is a dragon slayer weapon. It is a dragon weapon designed to kill dragons.’

Crest collectively saying towards himself, when Timur left. Tiyo didn’t understand the words at the time, but now he did. General had no limit. There was no limit for the one who held General. If he wanted, he could do this.

No matter what price he had to pay, he could do it.

"Hoo, hoo."

General’s transformation ended. At that moment, something was completely sucked from his body. There was no energy remaining in his body. It would probably never be regained again. It might be his life, his flesh. Maybe something even more valuable.

However, he shouted.

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!”

General, who finished its transformation, looked like a piece of art instead of a gun. Two wings spread open and the golden dragon, instead of a muzzle, opened its mouth. The dragon’s eyes stared straight at its enemy. Light emerged from the dragon’s mouth.

Tiyo squeezed out all of his strength and yelled, "Avoid it *dottttttt!*"

A golden breath filled the world.

# Chapter 224

## A Road has No Gate (7)

General's golden breath covered the grey god. The dragon's breath pushed the grey god into the Temple of the Fallen God. It was like a tidal wave flooding the area. The gold filled their field of view.

How much time passed?

The breath stopped. The first to fall was Tiyo. Hoyt rushed over and carried him. He rushed over to the goddess of mercy who was treating Kumarak. Tiyo's body wasn't moving at all. It was dangling like a dead body.

Crockta saw all of this. He turned towards the grey god. The golden wave and white ashes tangled together in the air. Beyond it was the grey god. The shield around her was gone. She seemed fine, but a trickle of blood was flowing down from her mouth.

"I can't believe a gnome could use that weapon..."

She muttered as she stepped forward.

He shouldn't give her more time. There was a number of choices.

He could go back and help Tiyo. He could lay Tiyo next to Anor and pray for them. He could beg to the goddess of mercy or Tashaquil, shed tears for their survival, share his vitality with them.

Or.

He could not look back and moved forward with God Slayer.

"Grey God———!"

Crockta jumped. He slammed God Slayer down towards her unprotected form. The flames exploded out. However, there wasn't the sensation of anything being cut. He was wary. He could feel her presence behind him. Without looking, he aimed his

greatsword behind him. God Slayer encountered her strength.

“Crockta. Why don’t you give up?”

Crockta didn't answer.

“You can’t stop me.”

He answered with his sword. God Slayer aimed at the grey god’s gap. It was just a little bit, but the situation was better than before. Tiyo’s attack was effective. But the power from the sphere in the sky was restoring her again. Prior to that, he had to hurt her further. He would gnaw at her power a bit more before beheading her.

Ah, there. Crockta saw the right place to hit her. But he was only one person. If she stood still then he might be able to hurt her. However, it wouldn’t work. Someone else needed to be there to slash at the gap.

Crockta thought about it. He needed to move there.

Then.

A blade struck down.

“Crockta!”

It was the war god. The two blades cut at the grey god at the same time. The flames of the war god and God Slayer licked at her. The grey god suffered a blow. But it wasn’t a critical hit.

“There is still a long way to go.”

“I know.”

She disappeared as she was engulfed in the flames. Then she appeared a little further away. Her body was covered with wounds. Now there was an expression on her face. It was anger. It was much better than her previous expression. It would be pleasant to distort it even further.

The two of them caught up to her. The grey god’s power aimed at them. Crockta avoided or blocked the ones aiming for his critical spots, leaving the rest alone. Bloody

wounds appeared again on his body. However, smoke rose and the wounded areas rapidly healed.

His regeneration ability, which had reached the ultimate level, was restoring his body. His whole body was ready for battle. Crockta and the war god simultaneously flew on both sides towards the grey god.

*Kakang!*

She sprinkled her power and blocked their blades. The grey god's power started to take control of their blades. Their arms trembled. At that moment, a single arrow flew from far away.

Zankus.

She hurriedly moved her body. At the same time, the pressure on both blades was reduced. They pushed through it and cut the grey god.

"Ugh!"

Her body blurred as flesh wounds appeared, but the fires from their weapons hurt her divinity. Her body stumbled. She gritted her teeth. Her face distorted a little bit.

Crockta smiled.

The old teaching of a warrior. The fear of the enemy was his strength. It was the same as that concept. The enemy's fear was his strength. Crockta and the war god gained strength, cornering her even more. The grey god flew into the sky to escape their attack radius.

As she rose, Crockta met the eyes of the war god. They nodded. At the same time, they leaped into the sky. Crockta's body felt like it was leaping towards the sun. Meanwhile, Zankus' arrow flew towards her again.

As she turned to avoid the arrow, Crockta and the war god aimed at her neck and heart. The grey god's face completely contorted.

"It is the end!"

She opened her hands. She didn't care about the Crockta and the war god's blades that

were approaching. She just turned her palms towards the sky. Then, her power reversed the area. A huge gravitational force pushed down.

".....!"

It was a tremendous pressure not unlike a giant hammer. Crockta and the war god flinched. The grey god already stepped back. Her strength neared them. If hit by it, they would fall down and be crushed.

However. A giant appeared, a huge golem made of earth, and help up against the grey god's pressure. Crockta and the war god stared.

"What are you doing?" A voice was heard from behind them.

The goddess of magic. She lost her composure and screamed at them, "My strength is quickly running out!"

Smoke rose from her body as the overload of magic was eating at her flesh and divinity. Two unnamed gods laid their hands on the goddess of magic's shoulders and lent their power. After using Meteor Shower, now she used 'Will of the Earth'. The golem, born from the power of the earth, held up the gravity pressure created by the grey god.

"Quickly!"

But the grey god was already moving away. Crockta and the war god lost their target. They couldn't fly in the air. They would fall down. However, at that time. A whirlwind floated them up.

"Gooooo!"

Tashaquil.

A green light was coming from his eyes. His whole body shook. The surrounding gods were astonished. Extreme terrain control wasn't something in the realm of a mortal. It was magic that reached the stage of a half-god.

Who could imagine that an orc shaman would be able to exert such power? The wind that rose from his body erased the influence of the grey god. The swirling wind pushed the two men upwards.

"Don't stop!"

The two of them were pushed up into the sky. They flew through the air, both aiming for the grey god. The two of them stretched out their swords, but she was already fully prepared. The grey god's finished spell headed towards the hearts of the two warriors flying towards her.

It neared.

"Now die," whispered the grey god.

The two needles she made aimed straight at the hearts of Crockta and the war god. It would undoubtedly pierce their hearts. In the first place, there was no way for them to defeat her. Blood splattered from both chests and fell to the ground. Crockta's mouth fell open. It was a clean penetration.

The grey god closed her eyes. Watching Crockta's end would hurt her.

"Kuhul... hul!"

".....!"

However, it wasn't a scream but a strange laugh that disturbed her ears. She opened her eyes, but it was still dark. She couldn't see Crockta and the war god in front of her. Only darkness filled her vision.

There was another darkness within the darkness. The core of that darkness looked at her.

"Kuhul... hul!"

Suddenly, someone was standing beside her. It was a bizarre orc shaman.

"If you look deep into the abyss, you should be careful not to lose yourself. Kuhul... hul!" What was he talking about? "Now, you have been here too long. Kuhul... hul!"

The time spent here was just a short moment, with only a few words exchanged. Then what did he mean by staying here too long? She blinked with confusion. The moment her eyelids lowered and lifted again.

".....!"

In front of her, she saw Crockta's eyes.

"...Ahh!"

Crockta's God Slayer penetrated her abdomen, while the war god's sword stabbed her heart from behind. She fell with the two warriors as the flames burned her divinity.

Kuhul... hul!

In the midst of the fall, the bizarre laughter was heard again. She had been bound by the shaman, which allowed gaps in her defense to be shown. The divine flames were burning her soul.

"Grey God, I will save this world by killing you, and then return to where I should be," Crockta whispered.

A strong will was felt from him. The grey god felt her divinity and life scattering in the air. At the same time, she could understand what Crockta was saying.

His will and her will. It wasn't different. Thus, it was even more painful. She knew how important the lives of those living now were, as well as how pointless the world's destruction was in front of it. But at the same time, she saw the death of the universe.

All of it would disappear. Therefore, she couldn't leave this world alone. Even if all civilization needed to be destroyed to conceive new life that would last hundreds of billions of years, she would do it. It made their end even more tragic.

"Sorry."

That was the only thing she could say. Her body glowed an incandescent white.

".....!"

"The first wave is already completed."

Pressure exploded out from her body and Crockta and the war god were thrown back.

"Kuaack!"



“Kuaaah!”

They flew away from her. A white ray of light emerged from the grey god’s body and connected to the sphere in the sky. She was now burning white. The shape of a body was removed, and she became a spiritual body floating in the air.

The grey god and the white sphere shone together.



“Keheok!” Crockta barely managed to raise his body. “Kuock... kuaah...”

He was away from the main battlefield. His body was wounded from the aftermath of the crash. His limbs were heavy, as if he was sinking into the ground. He gritted his teeth and endured it. His body leaned against God Slayer.

He wondered if there was a chance in this fight. Crockta felt desperate. He suddenly heard something rustling and his eyes widened.

“You...?”

It was a familiar appearance. Youvidser Laney. She stared at him, seemingly at a loss as she stared at Crockta. The man beside her was shaking terribly.

"Why are you guys..."

Before Crockta finished speaking, a tremendous force emerged from the grey god. It stirred through the whole area. As power radiated from the grey god, the blades of grass were swept up. It was just about to reach Crockta.

Laney and the man’s face turned pale. This would kill them.

Crockta pulled up all the strength in his body to reverse the death approaching him and lead them to survival. He gathered all possibilities around his body. The muscles in his body were tense. His regeneration power was at the highest level in order to prepare for a fatal injury.

It couldn’t be helped. Crockta's burly body wrapped around them.

It was an unbelievable sight. The dragon's breath was nothing.

The gods fell from the grey god's attack, the gnome fired a golden energy, then Crockta and the war god attacked the enemy together. A golem made of earth rose and a shaman created a storm.

Miracles kept occurring. It wouldn't be strange to call this Ragnarok, the war of the gods that would destroy this world. It was a fight that would destroy the world.

Laney and Polaroid were unable to get any closer and just stared at the scene blankly.

Crockta and the war god attacked the grey god. She counterattacked, but others helped. Even in a place like this, Crockta took the lead against the enemy. Indeed, this was the person she chased after. It might be her last video but he was still the protagonist.

Crockta and the war god's blades pierced the grey god. Laney and Polaroid cheered. It seemed like this fight was over. They wanted it to be the case. However, the power of the grey god was resurrected while they fell down together. Rather, they were deflected by a stronger force as she rose into the sky.

Crockta was thrown to where they were. He stumbled on the ground and rolled a few times before reaching them. His body was in tatters. His body was broken and covered in wounds. An ordinary person wouldn't be able to stand up.

However, Crockta used his steely will to raise his body. Then he found them.

"You." His eyes grew bigger. Crockta knew her? Or was he just surprised by the appearance of strangers? "Why are you guys..."

At that moment. Power emanated from the grey god again. It was a mighty power.

Laney sensed her death. This was the end. Laney and Polaroid closed their eyes. It was an irony of fate that she would die as soon as she met Crockta. A huge ringing sound erased all other noise in the world. Her eardrums seemed to be malfunctioning.

Death was so calm. The tinnitus stopped. The world's sound returned. They were alive.

She opened her eyes. Crockta was standing in front of them.

“Ah...!”

Crockta had wrapped himself around them in order to save them. Laney had no idea. Who was this orc, and how could he go so far? Fighting against the world, fighting against the enemy trying to destroy the world. Who would go so far to protect life?

At that moment, Polaroid made a bemused expression as he pointed to something. Laney’s gaze followed his finger.

There.

The steel helmet was completely broken. Crockta’s hidden face was revealed, and on his forehead... was a white star.

# Chapter 225

## COSMOS (1)

People were watching the final battle in hope that those connected to Elder Lord would return safely. Laney and Polaroid's lives were also in danger in this fight. The battle they saw on the horizon was terrible.

Their breathing became rough when they were in danger. They felt stronger when Crockta and the war god counterattacked. Those watching the scene were able to sympathize with the emotions of the broadcasters.

Thus, the audience eagerly cheered for those fighting.

"Ah, please..."

"One more time, Crockta!"

"Crockta, fighting!"

Wherever a large screen was installed on a building, people stopped to watch the video. Crowds gathered everywhere. The whole world stopped for this one fight. There were cheers and gasps as Crockta and the war god leapt into the air. The whole country shook with cheers as they pierced her body with the help of others. But she was revived, and her mighty power pushed away the two warriors who stabbed her.

They felt despair. The gap in power between the two parties was too great. She wouldn't die even when killed. It was a stage designed for them to lose. Defeat was scheduled.

The crowds in the streets gasped.

"Ah...!"

"No..."

Crockta was thrown away and rolled in front of the screen. He rolled across the ground

a few times. His landing was such a huge impact that it wouldn't be shocking if he died. Everyone thought this might be his last moment.

However, the fallen Crockta raised his body again. He shook his body and raised his gaze. The viewers weren't expecting victory, but Crockta grabbed his greatsword like he wasn't going to give up.

An indomitable will. The intense emotions of the broadcasters were conveyed to the viewers.

Suddenly, Crockta found them.

*-You.*

His eyes widened. Crockta met the eyes of the viewers. His front appearance looked even worse. The bloodied appearance of a hero.

Crockta gritted his teeth as he spoke.

*-Why are you guys...*

In the meantime, strong energy was emitted from the grey god floating in the sky. The power revolving around her turned everything into ashes. The screen was covered with white.

*Biiiiik.*

All noise was erased. Nothing could be seen on the screen. For a while, the white screen and strange tinnitus continued. People realized that it was a landscape of destruction. In the midst of it, countless lives were dying. Crockta and the broadcasters were the same.

Some time passed. When it stopped, they could see the face of the orc warrior on the screen. Crockta had wrapped himself around them in order to save them. Smoke rose from his body.

Everyone was at a loss. Elder Lord was no longer a game. Death in Elder Lord would lead to death in reality, and he had saved the broadcasters. Crockta had wrapped himself around the broadcasters to save them.

This was in real time.

“Uh...?”

Then one or two people noticed something. It wasn't only the viewers, but also the broadcasters. His trademark was the greatsword and steel helmet. That steel helmet was split apart and his face was fully revealed. On top of his bloody forehead was a white star.

The broadcasters didn't say anything for a moment as the world's astonishment was mirrored on Laney's face.

*-It can't be...*

The spectators were thinking the same thing. It couldn't be. The meaning of the white star, rattled the entire world.

Laney opened her mouth and she asked the question that everyone watching wanted to know.

*-Crockta, you...*

The ragged Crockta was on the screen.

*-Are you a user?*

Crockta. He was a legend, the lone orc who always fought against oppression and injustice. A warrior who considered honor as more important than his life. Now, he was risking his life to fight against the grey god, except this time, the telltale mark of a user appeared on his forehead.

It was impossible.

Crockta smiled and said,

*-Is that important?*

*-No, you, answer me. Are you truly a user?*

*-There is no time to waste.*

*-Crockta!*

Crockta turned around and headed back to the battlefield. The grey god was waiting as he walked back towards the pain and death. He dragged his sword with him, leaving a blood trail as he gradually moved away.

Laney gazed at him and exclaimed,

*-Please let me know your name! No, tell me your name if you really are a user! You could die here, so this is something we need to know!*

Her voice was distraught. Everyone was of the same mind.

*-So that people can remember you.*

Crockta paused at the tearful voice and slowly turned around. The white sphere was counting down to the end of the world, while the grey god shot her power of death. Everything would be ruined. The surviving gods and mortals screamed as they resisted the destiny of destruction.

That man, Crockta smiled and replied,

*-We can talk about it later over a cup of coffee.*

*-You...!*

There was no such thing as coffee in the world of Elder Lord.

The large man walked towards the battlefield where everything and everyone was at stake. He walked alone without relying on anyone else. He walked away with the promise of 'next time'.



The power of the grey god swept over the whole area. It was an overwhelming force, and it wouldn't be strange if everyone died from it. But a huge shield protected the defenseless.

"It is up to here for me..."

“Please stop her.”

It was the goddess of magic and the god of brilliance that stopped it. They joined forces to spread open the Aegis Shield. Their strength was already at the bottom, so blocking the grey god’s attack ended up destroying their divinity. The price they paid for it was unknown. Their main vessel might be broken or destroyed, or they might sleep for thousands of years. However, they chose to do this.

“Please protect this world.”

Their bodies blurred and they returned to Olympus. It was the departure of the goddess of magic and the god of brilliance.

"How touching," muttered the grey god as she witnessed this scene unfold. It was touching, but nothing would change. Despite the sacrifices of many people, she was just becoming stronger. Victory and defeat had been determined since this began.

“All the preparations are finished.”

"Good work."

Paimon appeared beside her.

“I am honored to be with you.”

"I'm really thankful."

She was now a faint white figure. The white sphere in the sky was taking the shape of a person. She suddenly looked away. Crockta was returning to battle.

"Great."

The god of war had been thrown back and returned to Olympus from the hit. However, Crockta survived. He truly was a warrior who had defeated a god. The grey god had brought him into this world, but even she couldn’t tell that he would become so strong and that he would achieve all those great feats.

Thus, she felt sadder. She wished she had met him in a different situation.

“Now I will finish this.”



She released her strength. The goddess of magic had sacrificed herself to block the previous attack, but now there was no one to stop this one. Hundreds of grey rays materialized in the air and recognized each target.

"Don't let me be bothered."

Time passed again. The sun was falling and it was becoming darker. As the next day arrived, the world would return to a single point and be created again. She would reverse entropy by using the power of the destroyed world.

It was her mission.

"I will accompany you then." She chose a way where even she would disappear. "It would be nice to finish this with a smile."

There was a time when she spent her days relaxing in Olympus, just like any other god. At that time, the star god was alive and the sun god hadn't fallen asleep. She spent her days with the war god, the goddess of magic and all other gods in Olympus.

They looked down at the ground and laughed, wept and joked. Why didn't she know how happy that time was? The old days. She could never get that time back. Why did time only flow in one direction? If only she could rewind time for a bit, it would've been nice to spend a bit of time in the old days.

Still, there were no regrets. She was doing what she could, what only she could do. The universe must be lifted from the eternal sinking.

"Hello."

Her power shot towards the targets. Most of them were pierced and died. But there were others who blocked it.

*Kaaang!*

Crockta swung God Slayer. He was holding his greatsword and stumbling towards her. His body staggered, but he regained his balance and stepped forward. Their eyes met. His eyes were blazing. Her attack seemed to have poured oil on the fire.

"Cool until the end."

He truly had an indomitable will. Who could beat this will? It was only death that could stop him. However, her hands shook in the air. It was hesitation. Their roads were different, but it was too sad. She wanted to talk with him. He who had the strongest spirit that she saw in her long life.

“I will take care of the rest.” Paimon read her emotions and said.

“Thank you.”

“It is nothing.”

Paimon shot towards Crockta instead of her. He was also given power from the sphere. The power of the grey god was connected to him.

“It is the end.”

The thought of the orc’s life ending disturbed the grey god’s heart.

Crockta recognized Paimon. There was tension between the two of them. Paimon grinned and emitted power. The power of the grey god filled his hands. He tried to kill Crockta before Crockta could open his mouth.

However. It was Paimon who was prevented from saying anything.

The mysterious steel belt around Crockta’s waist. It moved. The moment that Paimon realized. A huge mouth swallowed him.



The grey god, who left the finishing touches to Paimon, was rising towards the sphere.

Then she felt a fierce strength behind her. It was somehow familiar. A strength that was similar to hers. It exploded and swallowed Paimon. Her connection with him was broken.

The grey god turned around. There was a huge mouth that swallowed everything.

“You...!”

It was an existence that she knew very well. In the past, when she fought against the

gods, the commander who led her army. He looked like a timid child, but he was actually a ruthless glutton who devoured everything.

“Beelzebub————!”

He completely swallowed Paimon. The greedy mouth was dissatisfied and turned towards her.

“How are you...?”

“Mother.” He started talking. “I’m sorry.”

The shape of the child in the darkness of the ‘Demon’s Mouth, Beelzebub whispered.

“Crockta promised me.” The giant mouth roared towards the grey god. “He will prove it with his own life.”

The end of the universe that the grey god saw was also communicated to Beelzebub. She felt a terrible despair and barely held her spirit together, while Beelzebub was so terrified he could do nothing but cower in fear.

He became half crazed and then he met Crockta in Quantas. He showed Crockta the end of the universe. He tried to pollute Crockta’s mind with emptiness and hopelessness. However, Crockta made a promise with him.

‘The world isn’t a void. Even if the world will end someday, life isn’t meaningless.’

In the darkness, Crockta was like a glowing light.

‘Follow me. If you follow me then I will prove it.’

The eyes of the orc warrior were unshaken. His eyes were still clearly facing the world.

‘My life.’

Thus, Beelzebub contemplated the world alongside Crockta. He sat at Crockta’s waist and watched. The world that he saw was quite different from what Beelzebub knew. Many things happened. Beelzebub watched everything.

This man stood alone on the battlefield of the world’s destruction. That’s why

Beelzebub acted in the last moment.

Did Crockta prove it? This was Beelzebub's answer.

Beelzebub roared, "Kuaaaaaah————!"

The greedy demon Beelzebub's mouth covered the grey god. It was an unbelievable mouth that could even swallow divinity. This was the demon who terrorized the gods.

"You also deserted me for Crockta."

The grey god smiled bleakly.

The gods of Olympus came with him. She was betrayed by Gushantimur, who previously agreed with her. Abaddon stepped back and now her closest ally revealed himself against her.

"It won't change anything."

She was swallowed by Beelzebub's mouth. But she didn't care. She wielded her divine power inside Beelzebub. The dark insides of Beelzebub retreated. His body was torn apart from the inside. A hole was created, revealing the outside scenery. Beelzebub's giant mouth fell to pieces.

"I will destroy the world soon." The grey god shattered Beelzebub's body and declared to Crockta. "You are the only one left. Crockta."

Everyone else was down. He was standing alone. The white sphere was filling the sky. The grey god would join with it. And Crockta only had a greatsword.

It was the final stage.

"I see."

Crockta slowly lifted God Slayer. A friend who was always with him. The sword was crying at him.

Crockta smiled. The two stood facing each other.

Crockta whispered, "Bul'tar."

Then they attacked each other again. Time flowed slowly.

At that moment. The fallen Beelzebub, who acted like he was dead, rose up and swallowed them both.

# Chapter 226

## COSMOS (2)

Crockta stood in the darkness. The grey god wasn't present. An abyss surrounded him.

'The cosmos,' Someone whispered. The owner of the voice couldn't be seen. Crockta looked around and saw a small fire in the darkness. What was it? His body moved towards the fire.

'The last sun.'

It was glowing red. He saw a blue planet orbiting the sun. Elder Lord. The sea, the sky, and the continent could be seen. The wide land of Elder Lord was spread out like a map.

Crockta looked at the sun again. A god was sleeping in the midst of it. His sacrifice led to the sun surviving. After he went into a long and deep sleep, the sun gained strength and was able to emit more heat. The sleeping sun.

Crockta looked back. There was a vast universe. No lights were present. The sun of Elder Lord was the last fire left in this universe. The scene of the universe cooling down forever. In the midst of it, Crockta found a dead god. The hollow eyes of the dead star god.

Time quickly passed. The world gradually cooled down. The final light turned off. The sun could no longer maintain the planet. Elder Lord became a dead planet and deviated from its orbit. The universe expanded. The galaxies, stars, and planets that were far away. Thus, the universe entered into an eternal freeze and the planet sank into an eternal void without power.

Absolute zero. The big freeze. The end of the universe.

Crockta closed his eyes. It was the end of the world, and someday Jung Ian's world would reach the same end.

There was nothing there. Nothing.

He kept his eyes closed. The darkness behind his eyelids was brighter than the darkness in front of his eyes. The eternal silence continued.

A few seconds.

Or a few days.

Or several years.

Perhaps hundreds of millions of years. The meaning of time was forgotten as Crockta fell.

In that eon. Crockta heard something.

*Duguen.*

*Duguen.*

He opened his eyes. It was still dark in front of him. However, the beating sound continued to ring in Crockta's ears.

*Duguen.*

*Duguen.*

Before long, a line appeared in the darkness. It was an indescribable color and was beating with a slow tempo. It was there. In the universe where all the stars died, the planets were destroyed and everything was frozen. That line alone shone brilliantly.

It connected the vast universe. It penetrated through the emptiness and hopelessness. The past and present were connected by that single line.

At one point in the line, Crockta and the grey god stood. They were facing each other when Beelzebub swallowed them. The line penetrated the grey god, Crockta, Beelzebub, all of them. They were dancing on that line.

He moved his gaze. Another point on the line was Jung Ian on Earth. He was lying like he was dead in a capsule. His sister Yiyu was walking around him. They were still on that one line. A little further away, Han Yeorì was leaning on the counter. She hummed with a blank expression. She was staring at the cafe floor as if she was waiting for

someone.

Furthermore, he saw the crowds stopped in the streets. Everyone was staring at the screen. On it, Crockta and the grey god were attacking each other. This crowd and the world were on a single line. This universe was still young. Earth had plenty of time. But someday, it would fall. From the beginning Big Bang to the landscape of eternal sinking, everything was on this line.

He returned back here, to Elder Lord. The line beat faster.

Crockta saw everything. Antuak's weary face. Gushantimur's calm expression. Grant, Thompson, Jeremy. Enyanis, Elsanad, Ilya. Eileen, Kapur, Rakuta. Yona and Zelkian. Akantor and Zakiro.

The many people he had met. He saw all of them. Even the gods couldn't escape this line. It was a colorful line that penetrated everything, pulsing with a slow tempo.

He wondered what this line was. In addition, the color. Why was it so radiant? The line went on and on. The vast universe, the dimension of Elder Lord and the dimension of Earth, they were all on this line.

Unknown universes and worlds he didn't know there penetrated by this line. The past and present stayed on this line. It headed towards a new place.

Crockta followed that line. Time and space moved backward. He reached a wall. The line passed over the wall. Crockta couldn't get a glimpse of it. It was a solid wall of unknown identity. He gazed into the hole where the line penetrated the wall.

But he couldn't see anything. He moved his eyes closer and frowned. Then the line beat faster again.

*Duguen.*

*Duguen.*

It vibrated in the niche for a while. After a brief moment, Crockta was able to see beyond that small gap.

There.



Ahh.

That.

Beyond that.

Tears flowed from Crockta's eyes. Who knew?

Once again, Crockta stood in the darkness.

The voice said, 'My child who swore honor to me.'

He came in the voice and in the eyes. A forgotten existence that no one remembered. However, he was always whispering. He whispered towards the universe.

'Prove it.'

Crockta's grasped the handle of his sword. God Slayer. But it wasn't what he knew. The radiant line penetrating the world was wrapped around God Slayer. Every time the world stirred, God Slayer also jumped. The slow tempo of the universe was transmitted to God Slayer in Crockta's hand.

Now, he was standing in front of the grey god again. The moment that Beelzebub swallowed them with his huge mouth. They were the only ones standing there. Crockta felt the line penetrating the world, pushing at his back. It beat at a slow tempo, even at the beginning and end of the universe.

In front of his, her despair was nothing.

"Grey God." Crockta called out to his enemy.

He came back here from the landscape of the universe. Time started to flow again. God Slayer no longer emitted flames, scattering a brilliant light instead. It was a color that didn't exist in the world.

The grey god saw it.

"Ahh."

She was right. The end of the world was futile. The ending was an absolute power that

converged into an eternal freeze. But at the same time, she didn't know. Even that great void was just a handful of dust under the great laws of the universe.

The existences living in the universe were just specks of dust, but even that universe was a tiny point under a great harmony. That eternal time were held in the bosom of a greater eternity. The vast landscape of the universe was dancing on this line.

That line would make a three-dimensional body and would flow into a new time. It was a repeated rising and sinking of new dimensions.

"Did you see?"

For a brief moment, she witnessed the same scenery as Crockta due to the radiant light from God Slayer.

She realized it. "I..."

Her spirit, worn down by fear, didn't see beyond the sinking. She saw the death that everyone didn't see; however, she didn't, couldn't see beyond the death. It was there.

"But it is too late."

Her face distorted. The spell had already started. A runaway train couldn't be stopped. It was steadily moving to the reversal of entropy.

"Too late."

Tears flowed from her eyes. Why had she never seen it? Had she known a little earlier, she would've realized the truth that nothing in the world was in vain. This world would continue.

"Grey God." Then he called out to her again.

She saw the orc warrior in front of her. Crockta was clearly facing the world as always.

"You still haven't seen it properly."

His eyes were reddened but he saw the world much clearer compared to her blurred vision.

"Actually, nothing is too late."

The grey god's eyes widened.

Soon.

Crockta wielded God Slayer. His blade moved slowly. It split apart the divinity of the grey god. He broke apart Beelzebub's greedy mouth wrapped around them. The universe bent along the trajectory of God Slayer. The world bowed. It crossed the white sphere in the sky.

The world became an indescribable color. The brilliant light filled his field of view.

Ahh.

In this marvelous landscape, Crockta stared at the line of the universe. It beat slowly from beginning to end. Forever.

*Duguen.*

*Duguen.*

The pulse of the world. In that pulsing line, Crockta found one spot. Then he realized. Why he reached this place.

"Like this."

The sun went down. The wind blew. There was a tree. One leaf fell off the tree. That one leaf. The falling leaf was the beginning of everything.

"Oh my."

The woman picked up the leaf on her shoulder. She stopped and looked at the falling leaves. This was the season. The friend walking with her burst out laughing.

"Leaves are falling. Isn't this a good sign?"

"Yes. Today I even saw a handsome man. "

They stopped walking. They looked at each other for a moment.

"Do you want to have a cup of coffee over there?"

They were going to separate soon. The leaf on the shoulder led them to see a cafe. There weren't many customers in the cafe. There was a pretty handsome man sitting at a window seat. He was talking with a strange looking middle-aged man in an improved hanbok.

As she imagined what their relationship was, her friend spoke, "In regards to Elder Lord, I managed to level up due to Oppa helping me. What about you?"

"Wah... I'm envious. He changed yesterday."

"Changed?"

"That pig suddenly touched my butt... I have truly bad luck."

"What did you do? Did you report it? Why would he do that? Really?"

The women didn't see. The handsome man sitting at the window seat became stiff after hearing their words. He spoke to the man sitting across from him.

"Master."

"What?"

"Elder Lord, how do I connect to it?"

"Have you changed your mind?"

"I have."

The breeze pushed the leaf, the leaf pushed the woman and her voice pushed Jung Ian into the world of Elder Lord.

"Right."

Then where did that breeze come from?

"Hrmm?"

Lenox stood in Orcrox's training ground. He didn't stop practicing, even when he got older. He suddenly swung his axe.

*Duguen.*

"It is a strange feeling."

It was a normal slash. Through it, Lenox touched the line penetrating the world. But he didn't know what it was. It was because he hadn't reached this realm yet.

"I don't know. If you continue training, one day you will reach it."

The great warrior Lenox.

"Maybe a good recruit will appear and reach the realm that I couldn't. Either way, it doesn't matter."

Then he swung his axe again. The world was all on a line. His ordinary swing touched the line of the world. At first, it was insignificant. It was such a subtle crack that nobody knew. But the ripple grew and spread, making a small fluctuation in a far-off planet.

The line shook and there was a slight breeze. It happened by chance. However, that ripple flowed down the line and created a small wind on a distant planet. That wind. At most, it was just a weak breeze that would barely register against someone's cheeks.

That breeze caused a leaf to drop. The leaf soon landed on a woman's shoulders. Everything was connected.

Crockta asked, "Did you arrange everything?"

'He' replied.

'I didn't arrange it. I just watched.'

'He' was a voice, an idea. It was the response of the world that entered his soul.

Crockta faced him. 'He' waited for Crockta. There were many things Crockta wanted to ask. 'He' would know all the truths and laws of the world. However, Crockta realized that only one question was allowed to him.

Time lost all meaning. A few seconds, minutes, days, maybe hundreds of millions of years.

Crockta thought about it. In the midst of that radiant light, Crockta asked one last question, "What happens to the end of the universe?"

Crockta witnessed the world beyond the wall and the distant universes along the brilliant line. He couldn't believe there was such a place in the universe. As long as there was such a place, the universe would never end. The landscape of the end that the grey god saw was just a breeze.

Life was always meaningful. It didn't end with death.

The line started vibrating.

'He' laughed. The world laughed. The whole universe shook. 'He' replied.

'All the civilizations in this universe have self-destructed before their suns cooled down.'

'They hated each other and eventually killed each other.'

'Jealousy, envy and stealing.'

'Don't be afraid of the distant future, but love each other in this moment.'

'Love each other.'

'Spread love, not hatred.'

'It isn't the end.'

'Love one another.'

'Then.'

'There is light.'

The voice placed a hand on Crockta's shoulder. 'He' touched Crockta's shoulder and whispered in his ear.

'You have proved it. My son.'

That voice.

Ahh.

A forgotten god that no one remembered. He who was always watching them.

He wasn't alone. Crockta smiled. Thus, his mission was over. It was a long fight. His weary shoulders slumped. Crockta whispered with a sigh.

"It was very hard."

'He' replied, 'I know.'

Crockta completed the final quest.



Beelzebub's giant mouth swallowed Crockta and the grey god. Then there was a ray of shining light. Everything cracked. The first thing that disappeared was Beelzebub. His body split apart. The grey god standing there was also cut in half.

The last thing that sank. It crossed the white sphere floating in the sky. Crockta's greatsword, God Slayer, wiped it out. As the sphere suddenly collapsed, white light began to emerge. It filled the world.

The white light enveloped the world. It painted the entire world of Elder Lord. Before long, it was gone like it didn't exist from the beginning. Then one or two people started to get up from their seat. The mortals who lost their lives against the grey god, as well the gods with damaged divinity, rose from their spot.

The great magic. It contained the power to recreate the universe. Its true purpose was regeneration. The power, that collapsed before destroying the world, restored all the damage it created.

All the heroes and gods who stood up to save the world rose. They looked at one place. It was where Crockta was standing. In front of him was the grey god, who sat down and wept.

Everything was over. Crockta won.

“Grey God.”

The grey god, who had become desperate after seeing the end of the universe, and then drove the world to the brink of destruction, looked up at Crockta with tearful eyes.

“Never forget what you just saw.”

Crockta turned around. It was time. The final quest was over. It was time to leave.

"You have saved the world."

"We saved it together."

The war god, who fought with him until the end, wrapped an arm around Crockta's shoulder. Crockta shook hands with the goddess of magic. The god of light and goddess of mercy bowed. Tartatod raised his thumb. All the gods paid tribute to him.

He bumped fists with Hoyt. Kumarak hit his shoulder. Zankus stood shoulder to shoulder with him. Anya kissed his cheek. Tashaquil shook his hand. Wallachwi laughed. All orcs paid tribute to him.

Driden hit his shoulder. Adandator looked at him with a disheveled head. Gushantimur and Antuak smiled. The human heroes, elves, brave dwarves and clever gnomes greeted him. All species paid tribute to him.

He finally stood before Tiyo and Anor.

“Now it is time to leave.”

"Where are you going *dot*? We decided to travel the continent together!" Tiyo exclaimed.

The grey god's perception change power had disappeared. Now they dimly knew what the curse of the gods was. Those cursed by the stars were travelers from another dimension, invited by the grey god.

"The grey god called me here. I don't belong to this dimension."



Tiyo had tears in his eyes. It was the first time he looked like this. Crockta laughed and said, "Sorry I couldn't keep the promise."

"An orc who can't keep promises..."

"A man doesn't cry."

Crockta touched his shoulder. Then he looked at Anor, who was also teary-eyed, but he tried to smile.

"I'll see you off with a smile."

"Thank you."

"Thank you. Crockta saved me. I'll never forget."

"I will also never forget."

Crockta hugged both Tiyo and Anor. The gnome and dark elf were pulled into the orc's wide chest.

"Then." Crockta gritted his teeth. The shorter the farewell, the better. "Goodbye."

Crockta looked around at everyone as his body gradually turned into white particles. He saw every face looking at him. He smiled at the teary Tiyo, the forcefully smiling Anor, the colleagues he fought together with, and the allies who used to be enemies.

'Hey, Apprentice!'

They were there. They never died.

'No, now you are the great warrior Crockta.'

They smiled and extended their fists towards Crockta.

'Good work. Bul'tar!'

Within a short period of time, Crockta's field of view turned white. It was farewell. Just before returning to Earth, Tiyo's shout rang in his ears,

“I will see you again, Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!”



The Elder Lord incident was ended by Crockta. His identity was the highest ranked ‘Mystery’, but it wasn’t exactly clear who he really was.

The final quest was achieved. The people connected to Elder Lord returned.

# Chapter 227

## EPILOGUE (1)

“Hey, are you alive?”

“I am alive. Your expression doesn’t look very good!”

Two orcs in chain armor were standing like stone statues. Their blades flashed in the sun. They found Saebichwi and laughed. They were laughing but due to the tusks and heinous appearance, their faces seemed evil.

Saebichwi gulped at their overwhelming momentum. Orcrox, the cradle of warriors. Even the gatekeepers seemed strong. He was a powerful orc fighter in his home village, but his mouth couldn’t open in front of the Orcrox guards.

“Are you nervous already?”

“Don’t worry, there are several cowards like you!”

They burst out laughing. The guards extended their fist and Saebichwi bumped it.

“Anyway, you have arrived at Orcrox and I wish you good luck. Become a great warrior.”

The gate opened. The bustling city of Orcrox was revealed. Another world.

Saebichwi wandered around the city landscape and accidentally hit someone’s shoulder. Saebichwi fell over.

“Umm?”

The other person looked at Saebichwi with a fierce face. Saebichwi was recognized as having the best body in his village. He also had a man’s pride. However, his body trembled when he faced the orc in front of him. What type of place was Orcrox, where there were several of these types of orcs? The orc in front of him was a hulking monster.

"You just hit me! Grrung!"

Saebichwi almost peed as the orc pushed his face closer. No, why did he get angry when Saebichwi was the one who fell? Then somebody saved him.

"Stupid! Why are you acting so grumpy towards a child?"

"I'm not grumpy! Grrung!"

"Are you okay?"

A female orc. A beautiful orc that would cause all orcs passing by to stare. The sharp eyes, scary impression, and strong tusks! This was the figure of a city woman! Anyone would a macho heart couldn't help wanting to hug her.

"This guy is frozen." She laughed. "Well, the man I'm with had such a stupid impression at first."

"Who are you talking about, Anya?"

"Who? Of course, it isn't you. It is that sexy guy."

"Why are you talking about another man in front of your husband! Let's go to the training ground! A couple fight! Grrung!"

"What? Do you want my axe in your forehead again? Let's go quickly. Zankus is waiting."

"A couple fight..."

"Eeit!"

"Keheok!"

They passed by Saebichwi while arguing. Saebichwi gazed at their backs. Truly a man with a violent nature. He admired the warrior for having such a beautiful orc woman as a wife. Her rear view with the throwing axes moving at her waist was beautiful. If Saebichwi became a true warrior, he would have a beauty that was equal to that orc.

Saebichwi headed to his destination with a renewed determination. He came to Orcrox

to become a warrior. There was the legendary instructor, Hoyt. Saebichwi walked for a while and arrived at the training ground.



Hoyt was watching the orcs on the training ground with folded arms.

"I am alive! I am Saebichwi, a warrior who came from Sambat Village because I want to become a warrior!"

"Kulkul, a rural orc."

Hoyt gave off a surprisingly soft impression. Saebichwi was a bit disappointed because he was looking forward to someone like the rugged orc he met before. However, that disappointment soon became horror.

The gently smiling Hoyt suddenly started beating him. Saebichwi crouched as he was hit for a long time. It was an overwhelming force that he couldn't resist. He canceled his first impression of Hoyt. This was the most heinous orc he met today.

Saebichwi shouted angrily, "W-Why are you doing this? Sob!"

"Um... It is an orc tradition. Remember the helplessness of this moment."

The orcs at the training ground laughed at the scene.

"It has been a while since I stopped. Rise." Hoyt grabbed his shoulder and pulled him up. "Do you regret coming here?"

"Ah, no!"

Hoyt looked at Saebichwi with a new expression. Saebichwi was badly beaten but he didn't lose his guts. Saebichwi didn't falter in front of his gaze.

Hoyt grinned, "That look is good. I'll ask you one thing. Why do you want to be a warrior?"

Saebichwi thought about it. Why had he come here? Why had he decided to become a warrior?

"I..." He replied with determined eyes. "I want to become a true warrior and protect my precious people."

He came from Sambat village. It was a peaceful village. One day, it was attacked by ogres.

There was a fierce fight and the ogres were defeated, but there were many casualties. At the funeral, a shaman prayed for the souls of those who died. The sad ceremony was carried out and Saebichwi made a vow.

Become a true warrior and don't lose any more precious people.

"I see." Hoyt smiled and nodded. "Come along."

They entered a large stone building that was beside the training grounds.

"This is a stopping place for anyone who wants to become a warrior."

They passed through a long corridor and reached a dark space. Hoyt waved his hand. Then light showed up.

"Hat!"

The torches lit up the interior, revealing numerous giants surrounding them. Saebichwi realized that they were statues.

"The great warriors of the Hall of Fame."

It felt as if the statues were alive and breathing. That's how sophisticated they were. They stood in the Hall of Fame as if they were alive, looking down on them. The legendary warriors who left their name in history.

His heart started pounding.

"Who do you want to follow?"

Saebichwi suddenly discovered the statue of an orc. An orc with a terrible face and holding an axe. The face was covered with a steel helmet, but a light seemed to be shining from inside it.

“That is...?”

"Warrior Lenox. A great instructor and warrior who is still admired by everyone in Orcrox. It is all thanks to Lenox that Orcrox is like it is now. He is the spirit of Orcrox."

Indeed, it was only a statue but it seemed to convey his spirit. Saebichwi felt sorry that he never met Lenox. Then Saebichwi looked at the statue next to Lenox. The statue grinned at him.

".....!"

Saebichwi stepped back. It was a hallucination.

The statue had a smile on his face. What did he just see?

“He...”

"You don't know him?" Hoyt burst out laughing. “Don’t lie. There is no one who doesn’t know him.”

It was a statue of a smiling orc warrior with a giant greatsword on his shoulder. His whole body was full of scars, that it wouldn’t be strange if he collapsed right away. Nevertheless, he was smiling with a wide chest and raised chin. An indomitable warrior.

“Crockta...?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

"Crockta was from Orcrox?"

"Most people don’t know this. His story started in Orcrox. He was Lenox’s disciple and my friend."

Saebichwi’s beating heart started to run out of control. It was natural. He faced the statue of Crockta and wanted to wield his weapon until he collapsed. He wanted to fight until his body broke down. He wanted to be a warrior who left his name in history.

Saebichwi didn’t think about it any longer.

"I would like to follow Crockta!"

"Crockta... brilliant."

They left the Hall of Fame.

"When Crockta first came here, Lenox asked him why he wanted to become a warrior. Just as I asked you."

"What was his answer?"

"What do you think?"

They returned to the training ground. It was hot. There was no one who collapsed. Those who fell down got right back up. When they hurt one arm, they used the other arm. Everyone was fighting until they lost consciousness.

"Like you, he answered that he wanted to protect his precious ones."

"Ah...!"

"In the end, he managed to protect them."

Crockta. The great warrior who saved the world from the gods and ascended. The only orc that all species paid homage to.

"Take it." Hoyt handed him a greatsword that was difficult to lift. Saebichwi shook for a while.

"What are you doing?"

"Huh?"

"Go and swing it."

Hoyt gestured over at the training ground. Saebichwi held the greatsword and hurriedly moved to the training ground. He could feel the vibrations of the training ground. His body shook every time the warriors moved their feet.

Hoyt shouted, "Everybody listen up! A newbie has come!"



“Whoa!”

“Eeeeeeeh!”

“How many newbies are there?”

The warriors cheered with their weapons.

“But this newbie chose to follow Crockta!”

“Hahahahat!”

“Follow Crockta!”

“Cheeky brat!”

“How many is that now?”

The warriors laughed and Saebichwi scratched his head.

“Show the fearless newbie what a warrior is! Swing————!”

“Bul’tar!”

Bul’tar, a word symbolizing the orcs, the collective name for honor, life, and the noblest values they sought. It was Bul’tar in the ancient orc language and became the simple form of Bul’ta. Languages evolve, and it had once again taken a new form.

Bul’tar, a warrior who symbolized it. His life was Bul’tar and he achieved the salvation of the world with his mortal body. Thus, the orcs celebrated his spirit by shouting like this.

“Bul’tar, Crocktaaaa————!”

“Bul’tar, Crocktaaaa————!”

“Crocktaaaaaaaaaa!”

Saebichwi raised his greatsword, the passion of the training ground wrapping around him. The statue of Crockta that smiled at him. It might’ve be a mistake, or maybe a

great destiny awaited him.

Saebichwi wielded his greatsword and shouted,

“Bul’tar, Crocktaaaa————!”



“How is it?”

Thompson carefully picked it up and slurped it into his mouth.

"Hey, this is huge, Brother!"

Jeremy jumped up from where he had been eating the noodles with Thompson. His face was flushed.

"It's a revolution! What is this taste?"

"Huhuhu, it is a masterpiece that I spent a lot of time on."

"The demon, the demon! The taste of a demon! The delicious taste of a demon!"

"Thank you for the compliment. Huhuhut."

Thompson hurriedly drank water and thought about it. How would Jeremy react if he knew the man laughing in front of him was really a demon? Certainly, the noodles were spicy enough to call it a demonic flavor.

“Gushantimur! Where were you hiding this chef? Amazing!”

"I learned about him a while ago. Isn't it wonderful?"

The demon Abaddon's business partner, Gushantimur smiled. Many things had changed since Crockta defeated the grey god and ascended.

The various species decided to get rid of their discrimination against one another. The entire continent cooperated for the sake of peace. In the midst of this, 'Gushantimur's Mercenaries' was formed. His mercenaries consisted of ogres, goblins, kobolds, centaurs and other creatures that people usually avoided.

But those who belonged to the mercenary group were different from the ordinary creatures. They all had intelligence and immense skills.

Once Thompson hired Gushantimur's Mercenaries, the number of attacks on his convoy significantly reduced. Their skills were real. Thus, Thompson signed a contract for long-term employment with Gushantimur's Mercenaries.

A short time ago, Gushantimur came to him with a new business proposal. Thompson was one of the few people who knew his identity as a black dragon. So he hadn't expected Gushantimur to introduce something that would suit mortals. But he brought a demon.

The demon brought with him the 'Demon's Recipe', and the goal was to build a network of restaurants that sold the Demon Noodles throughout the continent.

"This taste is really..."

"If Thompson invests in me, I will hire people to pass on this taste to. The spiciness of the 'Demon Noodles' will spread through the continent. Huhuhuhu."

Restaurant franchises were currently experiencing a boom in Elder Lord. Thompson worried about it. This was a new attempt. This demonic taste clearly had many possibilities. However, entering a new market was always a risk. He started to worry over the possibilities and risks.

At that time, Abaddon whispered in Thompson's ears. Indeed, a demon was a demon.

"If Thompson refuses... should I go to the Blacksmith Company with this business proposition...? Huhuhuhu..."

".....!"

Absolutely not!

Thompson jumped up, "Okay!"

Abaddon and Gushantimur's faces brightened.

"Let's give it a try!"

Thompson extended his hand. Abaddon and Gushantimur placed their hands on top of his. Jeremy came for pleasure and had no business relationship with them, but he also included his hand.

"These demonic noodles will create a craze on the continent!"

"Ohhh! Okay Brother!"

"Thank you. Huhuhu...!"

"I'm looking forward to it."

Thus, the first step of the myth about the demon noodles began. The eve before the storm shook the continent. Once this calm was over, one thing would come to pass!

A storm of taste!

# Chapter 228

## EPILOGUE (2)

"Tashaquil! What are you doing *dot*?"

"Huhu, impatient gnome. Wait and see."

"Why are you so urgent?"

"I am hungry *dot*!"

Tiyo, Anor, and Tashaquil were standing in the middle of a clearing. A few years had passed since the grey god tried to destroy the world. Tiyo and Anor traveled the continent as they continued the search to find Hedor.

"What are you doing now *dot*?"

"I met a monster."

One more person emerged from the bushes. He wiped the blood stains off the pair of swords. Driden. He also traveled the continent with Tiyo and Anor.

"Ogres are slow."

Crockta disappeared but his legacy still remained in the world.

With the effort of the shamans, the north was fully opened. Under the cooperation of the northern chieftain Surka and Zelkain, the apostle of the world tree, the north began an exchange with the continent. Now it wasn't uncommon to see species from the continent in the north or northern orcs on the continent.

"By the way," Driden was also in a hurry. "I can't see a house like Tashaquil said. What happened, Tashaquil?"

He glared at Tashaquil. Tashaquil smiled bitterly at the dark looks from both the gnome and dark elf.

"You didn't do this when there was Crockta..."

"Crockta is gone *dot!*"

"I only respect results."

Anyway, they came to the great forest for one reason. The shaman Antuak, who reached the heights of a demigod. It was in order to meet him. Tiyo's group pursued Hedor and realized that the clue led to Antuak.

The only one able to track Antuak was Tashaquil, so they asked him to find his teacher. That's why Tashaquil joined Tiyo's party. Tashaquil's magic was saying that Antuak was here. It was clearly this place. However, neither his teacher or his home was visible.

"He is your shaman teacher, what complete nonsense *dot.*"

"An empty wagon makes the most noise. How disappointing."

"Isn't it time to retire *dot?*"

"....."

In Basque Village, the disciples would shut up in Tashaquil just coughed. Now this gnome and dark elf were treating him like this. It was sad. Tashaquil missed the warrior Crockta.

"Cough! These guys. Wait and see."

Tashaquil closed his eyes and concentrated. Antuak was here. Antuak was someone with a higher understanding in the power of space and time than the gods. It was obvious that he created his own space by overlapping dimensions. He was here but also somewhere else.

Tashaquil used magic. He began to explore the surroundings with magic power. He was the blue guardian of the sunrise, the pale blue standard bearer who guided the shamans, Tashaquil. There was nothing that he couldn't reveal.

Tashaquil was determined. His magic power started to strip away at the edges of the dimension. Any other shaman would be crying out with amazement at the sight!

Sweat covered his forehead.

"What are you doing *dot*?" Tashaquil opened his eyes at the sudden sound. "Why are you just standing there? Come quickly *dot*!"

"That..."

A house had appeared in a spot where there was nothing. Antuak opened the door and was welcoming Anor and Driden. Antuak had revealed himself.

Tiyo shook his head, "I can't believe Crockta called him a great shaman *dot*..."

"....."

He was speechless. Tashaquil couldn't say anything. Antuak welcomed his guests and student.

"It has been a while, Tashaquil."

"This is the first time since that day. Teacher."

He was referring to the day when Crockta defeated the grey god and saved the world from destruction.

"Your wife..."

"Ah, Aruna?" Antuak smiled. "She is resting in the temple of the goddess of mercy. For the time being, she needs to be immersed in the holy water there."

"Ahh, I'm glad."

It was thanks to the grey god. She fell to another dimension and used Elder Lord to return to this world. Thus, her understanding about different dimensions expanded.

She might've sinned, but she was also a divine person and an important part of this world. She received the sentence of being detained in Olympus, but Antuak, who was recognized as a demigod, met her and asked for advice about Aruna.

The grey god told him how to save Aruna and Antuak finally succeeded in rescuing his wife. The day she opened her eyes, all the flowers in the world forgot about the

seasons and bloomed.

"I would like to say hello to her."

"We will go together when it is time. She also wants to see you."

Tashaquil smiled. A beautiful bouquet was placed on the bed where she once lay.

"Then why did Crockta's friends come to see me?" Antuak asked.

At Antuak's question, Tiyo wiped his mouth and stopped eating the soup that was served.

"Antuak! Do you perhaps know Hedor?"

"Hoh... Hedor... you look a lot like him. Are you related to Hedor?"

"Hedor is my father *dot!*"

Antuak burst out laughing at Tiyo's words.

"Kulkulkul, yes, Hedor's son. Indeed." He nodded. "Indeed, the bloodline hasn't gone anywhere. Hedor is the greatest adventurer I've ever known. It isn't surprising that his son helped save the world. Kulkul."

"Do you know my father *dot?*"

"I know." Antuak looked at him with a strange expression. "If you are looking for him, you will need me."

"Where is my father *dot?*"

"In a world that only I know."

"Ohh!"

After the day where he separated from Crockta, Tiyo had been upset for a while before moving. He decided to find his father Hedor. Anor happily followed him and Driden joined. They had traveled the world, following Hedor's trail.



From Orcrox, the trail led again to the empire in the south. Then from the empire to the north. They wandered around the areas outside the maps. Hedor's trail was hard to catch. Eventually, they received a clue that led to Antuak.

"I think we finally got it. Tiyo!"

Anor shouted with a completely empty bowl in front of him. Driden nodded.

"Your father is a gnome but keeps wandering around everywhere. Really, it is tiring."

Hedor was an adventurer who explored the north before it was opened and wandered all over the world. Then where the hell was he now?

"He..."

"He?"

"Collected ancient relics and... '

"Collected?"

Tiyo, Anor and Driden focused on Antuak. Antuak smiled.

"He went beyond this dimension."

The faces of the trio became strange.

Now.

Dimensional movement. They followed him to islands not on a map and broke through nameless mountain ranges. They struggled with monsters that they saw for the first time in their lives. The group overcame many risky situations and barely reached here. But now it was dimensional movement.

"My wife Aruna failed, but he succeeded. He gathered the ancient relics, opened the wall between dimensions and entered a new world. I don't know when he will come back."

"W-W-Where... another dimension?"

"That's right."

"What dimension *dot*?"

The stunned Tiyo shouted. Antuak shrugged.

"Well... before he left, he told me... it was..."

"It was?"

"It is known as 'Earth.' I don't know it very well."

Everyone was frustrated. The scale was too big. The adventurer Hedor, what the hell was he doing?

Tiyo hit his head on the table before looking up.

"Kukukukuk..."

He was laughing crazily. Anor and Driden looked at him with fearful eyes. Tiyo's eyes were bright with madness.

"Then it can't be helped *dot*."

"D-Don't tell me...?"

"Wait. Tiyo. Slow down."

"Go *dot*!" Tiyo shouted. "We will go there, to another dimension *dot*!"

Anor and Driden tried to stop Tiyo. However, Antuak spoke again.

"I don't know it, but I heard the name again while talking to the grey god."

".....?"

"The place called Earth..." Antuak smiled. "Crockta is also there."

Crockta. Their friend was there. Anor, who was blocking Tiyo's mouth, lowered his hand. Driden let go of Tiyo's hands. At that moment, the decision was made. They

would leave for a new dimension.

"But in order to go there, you need to find ancient ruins and collect artifacts. They are in very dangerous places, with many monsters moving around. Hedor almost died many times."

"It doesn't matter *dot!*" Tiyo jumped up.

He shouted to Crockta at the moment of parting. 'I will see you again.' He wasn't like Crockta, who left without keeping his promise. Manly Tiyo. The man who upheld his promises. He would find his father and meet Crockta again. In the dimension called 'Earth!'

"Let's go *dot!* Everyone be prepared!"

"Yes!"

"It can't be helped."

They joined their hands together. It was a hot scene.

Tashaquil muttered at the sight, 'Too young.'

"What are you doing, Tashaquilllll!"

Tiyo shouted. Tashaquil jolted with surprise.

"W-What?"

"Quickly put your hand in! Let's go *dot!*"

"No, I only came to help for a bit..."

"Another dimension *dot!* You are coming too! Come on! An adventure *dot!*"

Tashquil raised his hand with a grouchy expression. Thus, the 'dimensional expedition' team was formed.

"Go *dot!*"

“Let’s go!”

"I have a debt."

“No, I, wait...”

They would leave. For a new world. To meet Hedor and Crockta!

“Kiyoooooh!”

◇ ◇ ◇

“Who?”

“What is it?”

“No, this face looks familiar. This person?”

Ian cocked his head. A short man had just passed by. He was a small man dressed nicely in foreign clothes. It was an appearance that seemed familiar, but Ian wasn’t sure from where.

"Hrmm, who is he?" Ian wondered before smiling awkwardly at the woman next to him. It was a face he always looked at, but it was unsettling so close up. His heart pounded and his face reddened.

“Oppa, do you know a lot of people?”

Ian didn’t have many close relationships. It was true. But he felt somewhat dissatisfied when she pointed it out. So he pouted and said, "I know a lot."

“Who? Yiyu?”

"There is Hayeon and..."

“.....”

Ah, he said the wrong thing. The woman, which was Yeori, stiffened. Ian placed a hand on her shoulder and laughed.

“Hahaha. It’s cold. It is already autumn. Isn’t that right?”

“...Take off your hand.”

“Understood.”

Yeorì continued to be stiff in front of his attempts at humor. In the end, Yeorì smiled once.

“You smiled, didn’t you?”

“No? Does Hayeon-ssi like these type of old-fashioned jokes?”

“She’s just a friend.”

“Then I will go and meet my friends. There is the intelligent Mincheol and Gyeonghwan has been contacting me lately...”

Ian’s face stiffened. But she was unfazed, unlike Ian. Yeorì smiled and grabbed Ian’s arm tightly.

“Oppa. Why? Are you jealous?”

He couldn’t resist it when she acted like this. Ian started laughing.

She asked, “Is Yiyu doing well?”

“She’s the same. Right now, she’s busy preparing for a job interview. Oh, she’s also going to a private school for interview tips. I guess it’s hard to get a job these days.”

“It’s tough, even my friends are also struggling. I was lucky to meet a nice boss like you.”

“Right?”

“You’re the best.”

The two looked at each other and smiled. At that moment.

[Isn’t this a good picture?]

Ian frowned. It had been a year since the Elder Lord incident. People tried to find out who Crockta was, but he didn't reveal himself. Over time, the Elder Lord situation was gradually forgotten. The fact that so many lives almost died also dulled. The world started flowing normally again. But one thing hadn't changed.

[I'm bored.]

The grey god. He still had a connection with her. How was she still able to talk to Ian? According to her words, her efforts to return to her original world had resulted in the boundaries between dimensions loosening. Anyway, the grey god was very happy about the situation. She was imprisoned in Olympus, so she was bored and had nothing to do except talk to Ian.

Ian sighed and whispered, "Don't talk to me because I am on a date."

"Huh?"

"Nothing. I'm talking to myself. What movie did you want to see?"

"It's called 'The Uncle who Returned.' The protagonist is called Lee Jungmin. Ah, I am lucky today. Lee Jungmin is really handsome."

The grey god kept talking,

[Ian. In fact, I have something to say.]

"I'll buy the tickets. Can you wait?"

"Let's go together. Why do you want to go alone?"

"I need to go to the bathroom."

"Umm. I understand. The popcorn is caramel flavor. The drink is Cola!"

"Understood."

Yeori sat down at a table in front of the cinema kiosk while Ian went to the bathroom. He entered a toilet stall and spoke to the grey god.

"What's going on?"

[Don't be angry.]

"I am angry."

[Then I won't speak.]

"There is no time so tell me quickly."

The grey god was lonely after being confined. The grey god hesitated before saying.

[I understand. I fell into your world... you know I tried a lot to get back right?]

Ian's face became serious. The grey god wouldn't repeat her story for no reason. It also hurt her. He had a bad feeling.

Ian asked, "So?"

[So... the walls between dimensions are much looser than before. It seems like someone has nudged it.]

"What does that mean?"

[There is a possibility that a third dimension will be opened. I can't say exactly what, but it might cause problems in your world. It isn't normal that we can keep talking to each other.]

Ian cocked his head. It was a serious but still unknown story.

Thus, Ian decided to forget about it for the moment.

"I understand. Don't talk to me anymore because I am watching a movie."

[Movie? Ah, I want to see it as well. When it is over, you should explain it to me.]

"That isn't going to happen."

[Who is the protagonist?]

"Lee Jungmin."

[Wow. I'm envious. He is unbelievably handsome.]

Ian ignored her. He watched the movie with Yeori. The contents of 'The Uncle who Returned' weren't much, but the main character was impressive. His visuals and presence weren't lacking. He really was a protagonist worthy of a movie.

The credits started playing. They exited onto the streets along with the other audience members.

"The movie was good. Should we eat dinner?"

"Okay. What do you want to eat?"

"Let's think about it while walking."

They walked side by side. The screens on the street that only showed Elder Lord was now playing the news.

*-It has been a year since the Elder Lord incident. However, the victims' wounds still don't seem to be healing. There are still those experiencing symptoms, such as seeing the status window.*

The reporter Park Gidae said.

The virtual reality game that wowed the world had completely ended. The officials of Elder Saga Corporation were also arrested. They were punished for using 'Albino', an AI system that they knew nothing about.

Everyone thought the situation was completely over. However, there were those who still suffered damage after time had passed. They all had the same symptoms. They saw the 'status window.'

Ian had thought it was just a mental problem caused by trauma. But he had an ominous feeling after hearing the grey god's words. Did this happen because the wall between dimensions was loosened? Were they really seeing the status window?

"Oppa?"

"Yes. I was just thinking for a second."



“You have many thoughts today. What were you thinking about?”

"I..."

“Ah! Don’t do that, really! I don’t like it.”

"Okay, okay. How about hot soup and rice for dinner?"

"There is no real atmosphere."

“You hate pasta.”

"Is there only atmosphere with pasta?"

They argued while walking down the street. At that moment. Ian stopped walking.

Yeorì pulled his arm and asked, “What is it?”

“Move back.”

“Huh?”

“Go back over there.”

Ian gritted his teeth. His ominous foreboding feeling was never wrong. Ian could see it.

It was shaking. Space and time.

“Retreat!”

People detected the abnormality and began to scream. The crowd scattered. The grey god’s urgent voice was heard.

[Ian! This is what I was saying. So...]

Ian looked at the road. The dimension was opening. A hand protruded and demolished the dimensional wall, widening the gap. Beyond that, the roar of a beast was heard.

A monster. It was a monster Ian had never seen before. It was like a demon climbing

up from hell.

“What is this?”

“Oh my god!”

“Call the police!”

People screamed. It was an unreal sight. This wasn't Elder Lord. It was Earth. But monsters appeared here.

"Are they filming a movie?"

“Does that make sense?”

“Then what does make sense? Call the police, no, the army!”

"Kyaaaak!"

The monster emerged completely. When compared to the world of Elder Lord, it was big enough to become an ogre. However, its whole body was shedding a black liquid. Two red eyes, like a giant insect.

It looked around. Then it smiled. The monster looked like it had found fun prey.

“Klilililil!”

It struck with a screech. Cars flew through the air. It was the overwhelming destructive power. The street was on fire. Ian turned around. Yeorl was trembling and couldn't move. He grabbed her shoulder and tried to run away with her.

It was at that moment,

"Motherrrrrrrr!"

The scream of a young child rang out. Ian looked back. A child was hanging from the monster's claws. The child cried and called for her mother. The woman who seemed to be her mother was screaming.

The monster's mouth opened. The child's head neared it. It would soon chew and

swallow the child.

The monster rolled its eyes and grinned. It was a mocking gaze. Ian's hair rose as he felt anger. However, he was Jung Ian. He wasn't Crockta. He didn't have the power to crush monsters. This was reality. But he didn't turn back.

"Oppa!"

He realized. He had already started running.

"Run away first!" Ian shouted.

Yeri called out from behind him, but his legs didn't stop. He was running towards the monster. He couldn't stop.

Because.

'Are you alive?'

They were watching him.

'You might die. However, it is better to die than to not live.'

They were talking to Ian. He ran at full speed. The monster saw him. It aimed at Ian with the one hand that wasn't holding the child. A strong feeling of death passed through him. However, there was no turning back.

The monster's claws descended towards him. The sense of death went down his spine. At that moment. Something filled his field of view.

[Status Window

'Northern Conqueror, Empire's Deficit, Defeater of the Gods, Great Warrior Crockta'  
Jung Ian, Warrior.

Level: MAX

Achievement Points: MAX

Assimilation: MAX

Abilities:

God's Strength (Myth)

Revival (Myth)

Sword of God (Myth)

Fighting Spirit (Myth)

God's Eyes (Myth)

Tattoo (Myth)

Roar (Myth)

Creatures Butcher (Myth)

Magic Power Induction (Myth)]

Tattoos began to appear on Ian's body. Heat filled his whole body. The world slowed. Space and time accelerated and decelerated according to his will. The realm of the Pinnacle was in his grasp, with causality reversing with his will.

A longtime comrade appeared in his hands. God Slayer. He didn't know how it happened. Someone might've arranged it, or the fate of the world might've been testing him again.

It didn't matter. The wind was blowing in his ear and he heard the whispers of the world.

'Our suffering is meaningful.'

He didn't know.

'In the end, we are worth it.'

He didn't know. There was no need to know. Just...

This world that he belonged to. He would hold onto it as tightly as he could. He would

fight now. In order to be alive!

Ian leapt forward and roared, “Bul’tarr—!”



One year after the virtual reality game Elder Lord ended its service, monsters started to appear through gaps in the dimension. They were impervious to modern firearms, and the only ones who could fight them had the same dimensional power, the old Elder Lord users.

They came to be called ‘hunters.’

“Mother, what is this?”

“Yes, sleep well my baby.”

“I see something strange. What is this? Status window?”

“What?”

Planet Earth, the era of creatures. Open!

<The End>

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Author’s Note:

Hello. This is Lee Jungmin.

I was able to continue writing this thanks to all the readers. If you haven’t read this story, it would be no different from me writing a soliloquy on a notepad. I sincerely thank all the readers.

This was my first proper novel so I was worried about how to end it. There were many lacking areas and some regrets, but thanks to your patience, I was able to complete it.

In addition, I would like to thank the editors, the team leader and the publishing company who gave me the opportunity and continued to believe in me. ㄱ ㄱ I gave

them a lot of trouble.

This was my first monetized work and I hope you stayed to see the end of the brave warrior, Crockta.

I would like to speak a little bit. [Praise the Orc!] is finished, but my life isn't over yet...  
ㄱㄱㄱ I hope that you continue to follow Lee Jungmin, the keyboard worker who is still lacking skills. ㅌㅌㄱㄱㄱ Then I will be preparing my next work. I don't know what it is, but it isn't a world that continues or shares the world of [Praise the Orc!].  
^^ I will end the story of Crockta and his friends here. I'll be back in the near future.

I would like to express my sincere gratitude to everyone who read this.

Stay alive until we meet the next time..... Bul'tar... ~~~~!

# Extra Story (1)

A few years since the Great Monster Era started. Monsters constantly came from another dimension and tormented humanity. They had one purpose. To eat. They greedily desired to eat humans.

The only ones who could block the monsters were the old Elder Lord users, who wielded the power of another dimension.

“There are too many enemies!”

[Hang in there.]

“More birdmen are coming out! We can’t endure it! We will be wiped out!”

[The support team is coming.]

“How many? If not enough people come...”

Humanity quickly built a system. The Elder Lord users became ‘hunters’ and formed teams. The government supported them. Everyone was united in order to survive.

[Don’t worry.]

And there were some exceptional people. They emerged. Those who were stars in Elder Lord became stars on Earth.

[‘Rommel’ is going.]

“Rommel!”

Colour returned to the hunters’ faces as they heard the words from the support team over the radio. Despair changed to hope. Death changed to life. Rommel was coming.

“Kieeeeeeeek!”

“Be careful!”

“Ouch!”

A birdman grabbed a hunter and flew up high. The hunter tried to resist, but the claws of the birdman crushed his shoulder bones. His screams rang out. Arrows and magic flew towards the birdman, but it avoided it with acrobatics.

“Shit.”

A hunter aimed at the sky. It was too far. He gritted his teeth. He pulled out all the strength in his body, but he couldn't aim at it. The birdman kept flying while biting at his colleague. Pained screams kept continuing.

The hunter desperately drew back his bowstring. He didn't want to add another colleague to the list of the dead. His arms trembled. He wouldn't reach. He knew it. But he couldn't give up.

The moment he was about to blindly fire the arrow. An unknown force enveloped his body. Strength filled his weary shoulders. His arms stopped trembling. His blurry eyes cleared. The birdman in the sky became clearly visible in his field of view.

He let go. The arrow pierced the birdman's head. Another colleague secured the fallen hunter.

[Team 'Rommel' has entered the operations rea. Please cooperate.]

He had come.

'Rommel', Choi Hansung. He was unrivalled in the days of Elder Lord. The 'War Maestro.' The genius of tactical command and large-scale warfare.

The moment anyone entered his domain. Fatigue was recovered. Fighting spirit and vitality emerged. Now this place was Rommel's domain. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that just receiving his command would make them several times stronger than usual. It was literally what happened. The hunter's combat power increased.

The birdmen started to fall one by one.

“From now on, I will lead.”

Choi Hansung's voice was clearly heard in everyone's ears. Team leader, there was no



one who refused. He was Rommel. The hunter who made the whole of South Korea a 1st grade safety zone. After his hunters killed dozens of 'ogre-class' monsters and wiped out the creatures attacking Mungyeong, he became known as Korea's protector.

"The goal is completely annihilation."

Complete annihilation. He didn't use equipment to forcibly close the gate. Rather, he would use firepower to destroy the monsters until no more emerged. It wasn't a generally recommended plan. But.

"Civilian damage has occurred." Choi Hansung explained. "We will make them pay for their actions."

The hunters nodded. It was an unusually rapid gate. Before the warning signs could be seen, the dimensional gate opened and monsters emerged, attacking the houses. The sight that the hunters witnessed after arriving here were the ugly birdmen eating at human bodies.

The anger that was suppressed due to the difference in power reared its head again.

"Don't let those monsters see this land again."

Research discovered that the monsters had intelligence and learning abilities. They were also screening the area. The monsters didn't stay for long in a defeated area. They continued to invade other areas.

Therefore, it was clear why South Korea was a 1st grade safety zone. A land that never let monsters step foot on it. This was a notorious danger zone for the monsters. It was the Korean peninsula.

The team led by 'Rommel', Choi Hansung, and the existing hunters took a formation.

"Slowly advance on the gate and surround it."

A black sphere was open on a destroyed house. And birdmen continued to pour from there.

They flew in the sky, so it was necessary for the hunters to take different combat formations than the normal ones. Choi Hansung placed the magicians and ranged attackers forward to prepare for a sudden strike.

It needed complex commands, but this was as natural as breathing for Choi Hansung.

“Oberon, please lend your support to the right. Julia will act on the left side. Kim Chul will change his weapon to a shield. The birdmen are descending.”

He even knew the nickname of people he had never seen before. He stood at an angle where he couldn't see the nameplates on the hunter's chest, but he was literally looking at the entire battlefield.

Soon all the birdmen dropped. It was a sea of monsters. They were ugly. They were monstrous birds with the faces of humans, and their exposed innards kept twitching.

The hunters wiped them all out. The gate didn't send out anything more.

“Wait.”

They waited around the dimensional gate. They were waiting for more enemies to come out. The residents of this house would all be dead. The nearby neighbours had evacuated, but there were still some casualties. A hunter found a tricycle on the ground and cursed.

“Shit.”

He spat and glared at the black gate. He wondered why these monsters broke through the dimension gap to eat humans.

“There doesn't seem to be any more. Block the gate...”

At that moment, the gate started to distort.

“It is closing.”

The hunters stared at the hole until the gate completely disappeared. After the gate was gone.

“The operation is over. Thanks for the good work.”

“Thanks for the hard work!”

“You have suffered.”

“Thanks for your hard work!”

The hunters sat down. This wasn't a job, but their lives. They couldn't get used to the awful tension. There were no casualties, but many people were injured. The hunters called for an ambulance. The support team was coming.

At that moment.

“Wait a minute, everybody.”

Choi Hansung jumped up. The hunters reacted and raised themselves up. He looked at an intersection where roads were crossing without any hesitation. There was an unknown energy leaking out. It was a level that couldn't be felt unless the person was a high level hunter like Choi Hansung.

“Something is coming. Be prepared. And...”

The support team on the radio.

[What is going on?]

Choi Hansung explained. “I am requesting support.”

[Huh?]

“Support. It is a request. Please call for all possible support. Except for the minimum number of defense personnel in each area, please sent all the hunters in Korea.”

[What...]

“The gate is opening. Not ogre-grade. Cyclops... no, it isn't even a comparison. I don't know. Anyway, it is dangerous.”

[Ah, Ah. I understand!]

The hunters paled. Choi Hansung's words were clear. An ogre-grade monster was an emergency. But this was beyond a cyclops-grade. It was a disaster. The hunters moved around the intersection according to Choi Hansung's command. They didn't know what the enemy was, so they maintained a safe distance with the most basic defense formation.

“Everybody, be tense.”

Choi Hansung’s voice subsided. He hoped that his instincts were wrong. However, his whole body was shouting that the gate was dangerous. He wasn’t a direct combat class, but his level and abilities were world class. After the monsters appeared, he went through countless battles and grew.

The developed battle senses were currently sounding a siren. The existence that would appear. He shouldn’t go against such a monster. But Choi Hansung didn’t take a step back. He was always the last line of defense. If he couldn’t stop it, no one in Korea could stop it.

A black gate appeared at the intersection. A crossroad was a gateway. It was the optimal conditions for a demon to appear.

Choi Hansung quietly muttered, “What type of being?”

The shape was soon revealed.

“Swaaaaaahhhhhh!”

It was familiar. But it wasn’t a monster.

“What...?”

The Great Monster Era occurred and the power of Elder Lord became available, but the enemies weren’t monsters from Elder Lord. They were monsters that were the enemies of humanity. But this monster. They recalled it from their memories.

A ‘basilisk.’

“What is going on...?”

However, now wasn’t the time to be surprised. A basilisk was equivalent to a cyclops-class.

Hunters categorized the monsters through the representative monsters of Elder Lord. The monsters classified as ‘ogre-grade’ meant they had the durability and strength of an ogre from Elder Lord.

A basilisk was the representative of Elder Lord, as well as a Death Knight. This was the arrival of a death knight level monster, which was above a cyclops.

One hunter muttered, "There is only one..."

The sudden disappearance of a crisis. The hunters wished it was the case. If it was just one monster, they would be able to hold on until the hunters on the Korean peninsula gathered. Rommel was the only one thinking differently.

"Be prepared."

Choi Hansung said. His attitude was contagious. The hunters grabbed their weapons and readied themselves.

Then.

"Sweeeee... swiik..."

The basilisk collapsed. At the same time, the gate fully opened and the massive body fell down. Then it stopped breathing. It was dead. What was happening? Then the hunters saw it.

The beings that killed the basilisk. They fell off the basilisk. They looked at the hunters. There were four unidentified figures. They were all humanoid. Humanoid monsters had never appeared before. They spoke.

"\_\_\_\_"

It was a language they couldn't understand. The hunters were confused.

"— — — — —?"

The unidentified existences muttered while holding a sword. The sword shone brilliantly. Pressure filled the area. It was difficult to breathe. One hunter stiffened and unconsciously released his bowstring.

An arrow flew towards the beings. Then the unknown being swung his sword. The arrow was instantly sliced into dozens of pieces and scattered in the air.

"Oh my god..."

It was a tremendous failure. The hunters realized that these unidentified beings were monsters they couldn't deal with.

"Everybody, wait."

Rommel walked towards the unknown existences.

"Rommel-nim! It is dangerous!"

"Don't worry."

Rommel's face was stiff, but there were no signs of fear. It almost seemed like he knew the people. The man in the middle of the group walked towards Rommel. There was a deep scar on the face of the man. There were wounds all over his body, like he had come in a hurry. He looked like an exhausted veteran. That was the impression he gave off.

He pulled something out of his pocket. It looked like a broken stone, but a strange energy was coming from it. He held it and spoke to Rommel. Then to their surprise, all the hunters could understand his words.

"Aren't you Rommel dot?"

"..."

The hunters were shocked. Rommel nodded. Then he briefly replied.

"That's right. If I remember correctly, you are Tiyo."

"You remembered dot. Indeed dot."

Then the hunters also started to remember. A famous character. That's right. Crockta's partner when he was playing Elder Lord. Magic Bullets Berserker Tiyo! How did he show up here?

"Huhuhu...!" He laughed. It was a face that had suffered a lot. His struggles were etched on his face. "Yes, I finally came. It is I, Tiyo. A man who doesn't know how to give up dot."

His persistence allowed him to finally reach Earth. Tiyo asked Rommel, "This is

Crockta's dimension. Where is he dot?"

Crockta. Rommel smiled bitterly.

"Crockta. He is..."

◇ ◇ ◇

"Achoo!"

[Are you okay?]

"I'm fine. I guess someone is talking about me." Ian replied.

He was standing alone in the middle of a desert. In front of him, a huge gate was opening.

[If you need support...]

"I'm fine. I'm good enough."

[Yes, I understand.]

Beyond the gate, the monster started to emerge. It was huge. It was literally a behemoth.

[The opponent is a 'dragon-grade' monster.]

"I know."

A monster with an ugly appearance, like it came from hell. It resembled a reptile, but its physiology was so strange and terrible that it couldn't be compared to anything on Earth. Unidentified. All they knew was the identity of this monster. It was to eat until humanity disappeared.

"You don't have to worry. This is what I've always done."

[On behalf of all of Egypt, I am thankful for your help.]

"You're welcome."

Ian laughed.

At the same time, tattoos started to emerge on his body. Magic power exploded from his body. It felt like the entire atmosphere was following his movements. His sword God Slayer was close to a natural disaster.

If 'Rommel', Choi Hansung was the protector of the Korean peninsula.

'Raven', Jung Ian.

"Then I will start with the aim of killing."

He was the guardian of Earth.



## Extra Story (2)

Ahmed Hassan, the director of the Egyptian Security Bureau, was in direct control of the hunting area.

“That is Raven...”

It was an incredible sight.

Egypt and the neighbouring countries of Libya and Sudan had been thrown into confusion as signs that a giant gate would appear in the Bahariya Desert emerged.

Dragon-grade. A dragon-grade monster was something that could wipe out the entire country. After the opening of the Great Monster Era. Every time a dragon-grade monster appeared, a catastrophe took place.

Sydney, where the first dragon-grade monster appeared, was still a land of death. At some point, the damage caused by dragon-grade monsters disappeared. It was due to one thing.

‘Raven’ Jung Ian. The only hunter who could kill dragon-grade monsters. His power wasn’t limited to just one country. He was a sword that should be used on behalf of the entire human race.

As a freelance hunter, he worked solo as he accepted requests from all over the world in accordance to their importance. Hunting dragon-grade monsters and reclaiming cities where monsters had set up lairs were his main tasks.

Once the Egyptian government asked for help at the emergence of a dragon-grade, he immediately flew over on a private jet. Then he slaughtered the dragon-grade monster. It was in an instant.

“Indeed, he is the guardian of the human race that God has sent.”

Ahmed Hassan was full of appreciation. With one swing of the greatsword ‘God Slayer,’ the hard shell of the best was sliced through like it was tofu. The fires that occurred burned the monster.

The body of the best was shredded, affecting the white desert sand beyond the monster's body. There was a large empty space in the desert. It was beyond the power of a human.

"Nobody would believe it."

A dragon-grade monster was killed. Truly overwhelming! He looked up at the sky. The helicopter carrying Jung Ian was returning to the base.

The hunters, who were preparing just in case they had to act, and the personnel of the command centre met him. Everyone applauded as he got off the helicopter. It was a tribute to the most unique hunter on Earth.

Ahmed Hassan approached Ian and asked for a handshake.

"Thank you."

"It is nothing."

"Once again, I would like to express my gratitude on behalf of all of Egypt. It was a wonderful strength."

It was through the translator devices in their ears, but the words were fully conveyed.

"And..." Ahmed Hassan took Ian's hand once again. "My son was a 'returnee.' I always wanted to meet you to thank you for that day."

Raven, Jung Ian. It was an open secret that he was the legendary 'Crockta' from Elder Lord.

"I'm glad. Is your son well?"

"He is working as a hunter."

"Great. I wish him good luck. Now I have to go to Benghazi."

The city of Benghazi, in the neighbouring country of Libya, had already been occupied by monsters. The hunters set up a blockage, but it wouldn't last. Africa didn't have many Elder Lord players, so they were lacking hunters and needed support.

Ahmed Hassan nodded.

“I understand. Please excuse me for taking up your time when you are so busy. I will contact you through your agent.”

“Thank you.”

Ian rose on the helicopter again to move to the runway where his jet was.



Ian closed his eyes as he felt the vibrations of the jet. It had been a while since he started travelling the world like this.

The first day that the gate opened, Ian awakened the power of Elder Lord and fought against the monster. He thought it was a temporary phenomenon at first, but his strength didn't disappear. Monsters constantly emerged.

They were the enemy of humanity. According to the grey god who looked at the dimension of the monsters, it was a completely different place from Earth or Elder Lord. The closest representation was 'hell.' It was such a terrible place that even she couldn't observe it for long. An ugly dimension that constantly produced hatred.

Ian couldn't live a carefree life as long as they were aiming at Earth.

“Sigh...”

Ian sighed and his secretary asked him.

“Would you like something to eat?”

“That's okay. I will go and see it first.”

His secretary nodded. He was someone the Korean government gave to Ian. A person who was also an Elder Lord user, his main focus was healing. Now he reached out to heal Ian's fatigue.

“Here, a wound.”

He suddenly pointed to Ian's side. Blood was emerging from a wound there.

“It is nothing, so just heal it here.”

“Hey...”

Dragon-grade monsters were weak to him, but they could still injure him. This was the final blow just before death. If he hadn't avoided it, his guts would've spilled all over the place. Ian was used to being injured.

“Benghazi's status?”

“The data has arrived. Ah, before that...” The secretary hesitated before continuing. “The video from last month's South Africa raid has leaked. I went to Youvids and other video sites, but it still isn't down. A hacker is responsibility... Leonardo will send a strong letter of complaint.”

“It doesn't matter.”

“But...”

“What? Everyone already roughly knows.” Ian shrugged. “It doesn't worry me.”

When the Great Monsters Era began, people's attention was focused on one thing. The user ‘Crockta’.

When the first monsters appeared, it was Ian who fought for the helpless. Then he fought with a mask on his face. However, the greatsword, tattoos and great power gradually raised suspicion that he was Crockta.

He asked the government for secrecy, but he couldn't prevent it from leaking. People were convinced that he was Crockta.

“Here, this is the current view of Benghazi.”

“Awful.”

“The lair has progressed considerably. If left alone, it will be like Sydney.”

“I can't let that happen.”

“There is the first dragon-class object. I call it ‘Parthenon.’

“Support?”

“It won’t be enough. Other countries have heard that Ian-nim is coming. Everybody wants to see Crockta fight.”

“Let them look. Everybody knows.”

“Haha...”

After witnessing the Sydney disaster, Ian had moved his stage to the world. He stopped fighting in public. He dealt with the worst monsters in the worst places.

Then the story of the ‘dragon-grade’ monsters and the unidentified hunter called Raven started to spread. The information about dragon-grade monsters was strictly controlled to maintain order, but it couldn’t be stopped forever. Those involved sold information anonymously.

Eventually, people knew about the hunter who fought the worst enemies where no one knew about it. They were convinced that the man with the greatsword was Crockta. The suspicions were mostly true. Now everyone knew but kept quiet.

Ian shrugged.

“Is there anything else?”

“Oh, Rommel contacted me. He has news to share. It is urgent.”

“Hansung?”

‘Rommel’, Choi Hansung.

He was one of the few people who actually knew Raven’s identity. Ian’s friend.

In Elder Lord, after the battle with the empire, Rommel said he wanted to become Crockta’s friend. Of course, it was rejected. Tiyo replied instead.

‘If you want to be friends with Crockta, you should show it in your behaviour dot.’

‘Behaviour...’

‘People are evaluated by their actions dot. You can never be close friends with Crockta using meaningless words. If you really have a changed your mind, you need to prove it dot.’

Ian thought this relationship was cut off there. But Rommel was persistent. After the events of Elder Lord, Rommel quickly became famous when the monsters appeared. Thanks to the War Maestro class, he led his team and crushed the monsters on the Korean peninsula. Thanks to his dedication, he got the nickname of ‘Captain Korea.’

He somehow knew who Jung Ian was despite the mask and they repelled the monsters together.

‘Am I qualified now Crockta?’

In the end, Ian was forced to agree. Thus, the hunters Jung Ian and Choi Hansung became friends, not Crockta and Rommel who were hostile towards each other.

“I will contact him after taking back Benghazi.”

“He said it is urgent...”

“That brat is always like this. He probably fought with his girlfriend and is calling for advice.”

Choi Hansung was a surprisingly poor friend. He would state it was an emergency and call him, only to introduce Ian to some women. Or after fighting with his girlfriend, he would drunkenly cry and complain.

Ordinary people only saw Rommel’s heroic appearance, so they would never think he was like this.

“Really?”

“Yes.”

The secretary also seemed like he didn’t believe it.

“I understand. By the way, we are landing soon.”

The jet started sailing down the runway in the Libyan desert. This was what he had to

do now. Recover the city of Benghazi, which was taken away by monsters.



“He is busy and I can’t seem to get in touch with him right now.”

“I see dot.”

Rommel, Choi Hansung became the guardian of four people.

He stilled looked at them with suspicion, but Rommel didn’t do anything. They would be given identities later on.

They were the ones who defeated the basilisk that first crossed over. Rommel had no power to detain them, and they were Jung Ian’s friends. There was no country on Earth that would be safe without Jung Ian.

“This thing called a car is really interesting dot!”

“What is it? Is it intelligent? Can it feel emotions?”

“People are staring.”

“Bul’tar...”

Tiyo, Anor, Driden and Tashaquil resembled humans. In addition, Tashaquil had a hood covering his face.

Usually Rommel would drive a sports car. But because of these people, he rented a support van and headed towards his house.

“Just close the window and I’ll explain. People are staring...”

“How do I close it dot? No. How did you do it?”

“Press that button.”

“It is opening even more dot?”

“The other way!”

“It is complicated dot!”

They caused a commotion. Choi Hansung looked at them in the rearview mirror.

“This is wonderful dot. Tashaquil!”

“Huhu, I have to go out because he is becoming angry.”

When Tiyo couldn't close the window, Tashaquil moved. The window was frozen by his magic. Instead of raising the window, a block of ice was made. It was a serious sight.

“ .. ”

The van sped down the road.

“This is a strange dimension. There is a great development compared to our world.”

Anor suddenly spoke.

Although he was from somewhere different, it was easy to see that this was a vastly developed civilization. The steel wagon they were riding was moving quickly down the road, causing the landscape to change quickly. There were solid buildings that soared into the sky, and the city lights were splendid.

“Hmm?”

Tashaquil suddenly turned his head. The others followed suit.

“There is a strange aura dot?”

“Ahh.”

Choi Hansung nodded.

The police were controlling the road. A gate was opening not far away. He hadn't heard about it, so it must be a high consumption or low-risk gate.

“A gate is opening.”



“Gate?”

They expression interest once Choi Hansung explained about the dimensional gates.

“Can we see it dot?”

“Do you mean a raid?”

“Indeed dot. I am curious about the monsters of another dimension.”

Choi Hansung thought about it and nodded. He didn’t know how they came over, but they could no longer return. So, they would have to stay in this dimension for a while. All four of them were Crockta’s former companions, so they would have huge power. It was best if they helped with the creatures.

“I understand. Then let’s go.”

Rommel was a well-known hunter, so it wasn’t difficult to enter the area of operations. The path opened as soon as he showed his hunter registration card.

## Extra Story (3)

The combat support group was setting up a command post and assisting with the operations away from the gate.

Rommel went up to them. The combat support troops knew Choi Hansung and welcomed him.

“Are you Rommel-nim? Why are you here...?”

“I was passing by and decided to stop.”

“I see. It is Rommel-nim.”

They thought Rommel came here because of his sense of commitment. Rommel shrugged.

“Who is here?”

‘Teams ‘Har Magic Bullet’ and ‘Goguryeo.’ Hunters Kim Hyungchul and Park Kiyoon are the main ones.”

“The rating?”

“Ogre grade...”

“How many?”

“One.”

“One ogre grade?”

“Yes, yes. The gate suddenly expanded...”

“Those people aren’t a match for it.”

“In the meantime, they have grown a lot so it is possible.”

“You should’ve contacted me or the ‘White Knight’ side.”

“It wasn’t necessary...”

He could guess why.

Monster hunting was their mission, but at the same time, it was a job that gave them monetary benefits. They were rewarded tremendously for every monster they hunted depending on the grade. In particular, the security-conscious US started recruiting random hunters. Therefore, the various governments had to promise to pay as much as the US to stop them from leaving.

A ogre-grade was one of the top ratings. They wouldn’t want to lose their rewards to Choi Hansung.

He sighed, “I will go and see.”

“Well...”

“I will only fight if it is dangerous. You can leave me name off. This is a matter of the people’s safety.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

Choi Hansung sighed. The moment he turned around. The support staff were surprised. There were people standing behind him. A government official looked at Choi Hansung.

“They are...”

It was the first time seeing them. One of them was small, one had long ears and one of them was huge and covered in a hood. They looked like unique hunters.

“Fufufu... this is a good situation I guess dot.”

Tiyo laughed.

“It is a situation where the greedy endanger the weak.”

“Hey, I’ll take care of this.”

“Umm...”

Then Tashaquil spoke.

“Looking at the energy of the enemy... I think we should go and help. They will be wiped out if we leave it.”

Tashaquil was recognized as the strongest shaman in Elder Lord. There was no doubt about his reading.

“We should hurry.”

“I understand.”

Choi Hansung replied respectfully, causing the government official’s expression to change. This must be a famous hunter team from abroad.

“We will enter in our van.”

“Ah, yes.”

In the first place, it was a van borrowed from a combat support team. It was created to safely enter battle. They headed towards the gate. It was in the centre of downtown. The road was lined with clothing stores, restaurants and bars. Unlike normal, there were no people around.

A creature covered with slime were aiming at magicians and archers.

“Uwaaaaaah!”

“Kyaaack!”

The monsters weren’t stupid. They were clever. They had something called intelligence. Choi Hansung dealt with them many times, so he clearly understood it. That’s why they were scarier.

The Gramas thought to first take care of the ranged strikers hiding in the rear. It was an excellent judgment, and a moment of crisis for the hunters. The hunters in the rear were about to be swept away.

At that moment.

“The earth is a cradle. The earth is a tomb. Both the living and the dead are under the sky!”

A magnificent voice was heard. Just before the Gramas hit the hunters, the ground rose. A tsunami of asphalt and concrete aimed at the Gramas. The Gramas couldn't run anywhere and was struck.

“Keooo... keook...!”

“That ugly moaning, I will cut it off.”

Tashaquil waved his staff and smiled. Choi Hansungs expression brightened. That's right. The Gramas was ogre-grade. It was only ogre-grade. The users in Elder Lord had trouble with gores, but Crockta's group were legendary people who fought against the gods. They would be able to fight dragon-grade monsters like Jung Ian.

Choi Hansung shouted.

“I am Choi Hansung. I will support you.”

The expressions of the hunters changed. There was a mixture of happiness and shame. Then the hunters gazed behind Choi Hansung. They wondered who he came with. They weren't the hunters normally in Rommel's team.

“I will finish this dot.”

It was Tiyo. He had been chewing on tobacco in his mouth.

“...”

A little man suddenly appeared. At first glance, he seemed shabby. Plus, he had bare hands with no weapons. Moreover, he was by himself. What could he do alone against a monster like the Gramas? The hunters' eyes filled with doubt.

Tiyo wasn't fazed.

“I have been enlightened by all the hardships I experienced coming here dot.”

Tiyo blew out tobacco smoke and pulled something out. It was a stick. It emitted light and then started to change into a new form. This was General, the weapon he was proud of! Tiyo had spend a long time exploring its ultimate form, and this paid off.

The final form of General was decided. The shape was soon revealed. In the midst of the tobacco smoke. It was two pistols. Tiyo slowly twisted his wrists. He pointed the two pistols at an angle.

“Die dot!”

Then he walked forward, firing magic bullets. It was a leisurely walk. At this moment, the hunters looking at him seemed to hear background music from far away. The solitary melody that stimulated them was overlaid over the sound of the gunshots. The hunters were sad. That person holding the guns, how much pain and separation did he experience? He was a man destined for solitude.

“Yun Fat hyung...?” *(TL: They are talking about Chow Yun Fat, famous Hong Kong action movie star)*

Someone muttered with doubts in his eyes. Tiyo’s bullets showed no mercy.

*Taang! Taang! Taang! Taang!*

“Keooooook! Keooooook!”

The Gramas wasn’t able to endure the attacks. Tiyo neared the Gramas and looked down at it with cold eyes, shooting it a few more times to confirm its death.

“.....!”

Overwhelming force! The hunters realized it. This small man was actually a hero. They didn’t know Tiyo’s true colours. Tiyo blew the smoke coming from the pistols and put them away. Then Choi Hansung handed something to Tiyo.

“What is this dot...?”

“I thought it would fit Tiyo-nim... so I unconsciously brought it.”

It was sunglasses. Choi Hansung used them when driving.

“I don’t know what it is, but I like it dot.”

Tiyo nodded and put them on. The moment the Rayban sunglasses were placed on Tiyo’s face. His coolness was complete.



Recapturing Benghazi wasn’t an easy operation. A serious lair was already in progress. A lair meant a realm of monsters. Even after the gate closed, the monsters would breed and increase their numbers by themselves.

Monsters and plants attacked the hunters from the very entrance of the city.

“Everybody come along slowly. I will open the way.”

Ian took the lead in order to reduce fatalities. He opened the way and removed the monsters. Then the hunters secured the safe area and recaptured it as a human zone. The hunters were basically just infantry occupying the land. Ian was the strategic weapon that struck the enemies.

“Be careful.”

Ogre-grade monsters poured out from the beginning.

The hunters didn’t panic. Libya was thoroughly prepared for the restoration of Benghazi, so the distribution of monsters was already known. Beyond the ogre-grade monsters, there would be cyclops-grade. Then in the centre, there was the dragon-grade ‘Parthenon.’

The ogre-grade monsters were just the beginning.

“That is Raven.”

The hunters were able to witness a wonderful sight. It was a new level of fighting that completely overturned all the aspects of fighting that they knew. Seeing it, they realized it was something they couldn’t learn.

Hit.

Kill.

That was all. It was a tedious repetition of actions. Avoid the enemy's attack and behead them. Notice the surprise attack and kill them. If they didn't come, he would go ahead and kill them. He took their lives in one stroke. It resembled the mechanical knife of a chef cutting ingredients. And that meant...

"They aren't his opponents."

The ogre-grade monsters weren't good ingredients. The hunters' task was to aim arrows at the monsters who fled, as well as finishing off the monsters who lost their composure.

"Raven is Crockta?"

"Really?"

"I thought everyone knew."

"Shut up and kill the monsters."

"Do you want to ask me later?"

The best hunters had gathered from all over the world. They worked together to eliminate the ogre-grade monsters who had lost their fighting spirit.

"From here, follow at a distance."

"Yes!"

They soon reached the location of the lair. The city had now changed to the climate of their world. Vines ran through buildings and extended their tentacles. The ground was melted. The whole land was like a swamp that held onto their feet.

It was an unstable place that they absolutely didn't want to fight in. However, humanity had to reclaim this city. It wasn't defending against a siege. They had to go into the enemy's home ground. All humans had witnessed through Australia what would happen if they left a lair alone. They had to fire a large number of atomic bombs to destroy the place that had once been Sydney.

"...Wait."



“Huh?”

The moment Ian spoke, something popped out from the ground.

“W-What?”

“A black worm. Be on the defensive. I will go.”

A black worm was a cyclops-grade monster. It was an underground creature only found in the ground of the lairs. They hid under the soil and when they sensed vibrations, they suddenly popped out and attacked the enemies. They were difficult to face. Their destructive power was rated about a cyclops-grade.

“Back off!”

However, the hunters gathered here weren't ordinary. Just before the black worm's attack hit the side of the hunter's formation, walls of lightning appeared in the air and blocked the attack. The black worm struck the wall and was electrocuted.

It was magic.

“Nice!”

It was rare to be able to cast magic so quickly. In North Africa, there was a magician who was a top ranker during Elder Lord and he seemed to have come. Ian immediately faced the black worm. The black worm was trying to hide under the earth again. Shortly before it vanished, Ian's hands grabbed its tail.

“.....!”

The black worm wriggled. Ian didn't budge. He gave strength to his hands and slowly started to lift it. An incredible strength! He had a human body. At the same time, the strength of Orc Warrior Crockta was fully preserved.

The Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength meant he didn't miss the black worm. Within a short period of time, the black worm was wriggling on the ground with its tail caught. Then Ian cut apart the black worm with his greatsword. It was a simple and ignorant fighting method that didn't suit his slender body.

“He truly is Crockta.”

“It seems true. It is the same as the videos.”

“I returned thanks to Crockta...”

“It is the same for all hunters.”

“I want his signature.”

The hunters muttered. This was Orc Warrior Crockta, who once fascinated the world. Ian made a signal while covered in the fluids of the black worm.

Go ahead.

The hunters followed him. Unseen creatures appeared. Some people died. However, there were enough personnel to replace the injured. After going through the cyclops-grade monsters, they arrived at a dark cave.

It wasn't part of the original terrain. Originally, this was Benghazi's City Hall building. Then it became contaminated and had taken this shape. They entered and found two bright lights shining in the darkness.

The dragon-grade Parthenon. It raised its body.

The sun was covered.

## Extra Story (4)

"Everybody, stand back as far as possible."

"Raven. Doing it alone..."

"You will only interfere."

They had a hunch. There was an overwhelming difference in weight class. The hunters would die in an instant if they were caught up in the aftermath of the fight. A dragon-class monster was a disaster that couldn't be resisted with the power of a human.

"There is no need to increase the damage. I will handle it."

The number of dragon-class monsters that appeared so far was 10. All of them were killed except for the first monster, Azi Dahaka', which destroyed Sydney. This meant that without Ian, they would have to use nuclear bombs whenever a dragon-class monster appeared.

"I understand."

It was only after directly encountering a dragon-class monster that they could feel how precious the existence in front of them was. The hunters retreated.

"Will it be okay?"

"I believe in him. Everybody has seen the video."

"Still, the size is too big..."

The hunters' minds were complicated. They were relieved to avoid the direct battle. At the same time, they doubted whether Raven could deal with such a monster. They felt anxiety about what would happen if he was crushed. Jung Ian walked forward with more pressure on his shoulders than any of them. He shook his shoulders to get rid of the tension.

"Sigh."

Ian looked up at Parthenon while holding his greatsword. He felt gazes fixed on his back. It was always like this. Everyone was watching him. At first, it was his little sister and later his fellow comrades. The fate of Elder Road was on his shoulders and now he had to bear the weight of humanity. He couldn't bear to see anymore looks.

'Why does Oppa have to do it alone?'

It was fine. The time to complain was over.

"Then I will go to battle."

Someone had to do it. There was only him.



Parthenon was a beast with four legs. It resembled the behemoth he hunted in the forest in the past. But it was bigger, had a peculiar black mucus and gave off a disgusting stench. It gazed down at him. The yellow eyes were aimed at Ian.

"I don't like those eyes."

Ian placed the greatsword on his shoulders. The monster's eyes alone were bigger than his body. He had never met such a big monster but it was obvious where to start attacking. He didn't need to think about it. Thus, he slashed at the eyes.

"Kuwaaaaaah!"

It was a surprise attack. Ian leapt in an instant and slashed at Parthenon's eyes. It had red blood. Ian landed and moved to the side to avoid the scattered blood. Parthenon leapt to a great height. Ian attacked in this gap. He gradually accelerated. The experience he had in Elder Road passed through his mind. The monster's blind attacks couldn't harm him. Ian occupied the enemy's blind spot. He jumped onto Parthenon's body and reached the end of its shoulders.

"Kuwoooooook!"

Parthenon opened its mouth and something poured out. It was liquid. Ian instinctively avoided it. The liquid that spilled on the ground melted the earth. It was a terrible substance. It made a deep hole. Ian climbed Parthenon's back while confirming the

strength of the fluid. Parthenon turned its head and sprayed liquid on Ian again. It was aiming to intercept him with the liquid.

Ian felt disgusted at the sight. Rather than backing away, he ran forward. The black stream of liquid narrowly passed over his head. God Slayer burned. It moved horizontally across the neck. The mucus covering the neck didn't break. Then fire emerged from Ian's sword, God Slayer. The moment it touched, the flames burned the layer of mucus. Then it sliced through Parthenon. The flesh was cut and blood poured out. Ian was covered with blood. The blood was warm. He hurriedly shook it off to secure his vision and hit Parthenon's teeth that were aiming for him.

"Kuoooooh."

Parthenon started to struggle. Ian jumped up and balanced his body. Parthenon was unable to shake off the presence of the person on its back. They rolled down together. The tunnels collapsed and the ruined city was destroyed. Parthenon's back rubbed against the ground. The horrible liquid scattered everywhere.

"Kuock!"

Ian escaped from Parthenon before he got involved in its struggle. The monster didn't realize Ian's position and kept rolling. Ian looked at its condition. Its left ankle was tattered and it was in pain every time it walked. It seemed to have hit it somewhere. The skin was also irritated, as if it had been damaged by the body fluids.

Parthenon stared down at Ian. Ian smiled and raised his body. The sun was once again covered, casting a shadow. Parthenon stomped down towards Parthenon. Ian quickly rolled to the side to evade. The speed of Parthenon gradually accelerated. Ian's body also accelerated into the world of Pinnacle.

The monster wriggled and Ian cut at its ankle. In the aftermath, mucus was scattered instead of dust. Ian shook his head to get rid of the substance blocking his eyes. Parthenon's speed was getting faster. It became difficult to shake off, even in the world of Pinnacle. Ian moved his legs and headed to Parthenon's back again.

Then Parthenon spat out a black liquid. It deliberately aimed for him. Ian gave up on climbing and jumped away. He rolled on the ground to minimize the impact.

Parthenon's liquid chased him. It scattered like a net, rather than a targeted stream. Ian moved to the side. His ankle was throbbing and he couldn't completely escape. He

avoided a fatal injury. But a part of the black liquid touched his calf. Smoke rose as the skin melted. Ian gritted his teeth and poured a potion on it. He was able to wash off the liquid but the skin was still damaged.

Ian's face distorted.

"You bastard..."

He swung his greatsword. His tattoos flashed. His body shook as a fearful aura emerged. Causality reversed and the atmosphere erupted. Ian moved forward again. Parthenon was waiting for him.

Ian laughed wildly.



The fallen Parthenon squeezed out all its power to raise its head.

An enemy stood on its belly.

A little guy that it had battled for hours with. The result was its defeat. It was difficult to believe. How could this dimension have someone so strong? Nothing could penetrate Parthenon's skin and when it stomped its feet, the enemies were crushed and died instantly. But one person. A ghastly aura spewed from this small body and hacked at Parthenon's flesh. As the fight continued, its wounds increased.

Its confidence faded as fear grew. It was afraid of its opponent. Parthenon couldn't accept this emotion. Then its body no longer moved.

"Kuwooooooh..."

Suddenly, flames aimed towards the centre of its belly. The tiny being grinned at it. It was a ridiculing smile. The first thing Parthenon felt was anger. However, that anger turned to fear again. Parthenon saw the streak of flames aiming at its belly.

The blade penetrated its belly. The pain began with a light tingling became flames that spread out all over its belly. Parthenon moved its eyes and started to scream. It caused an earthquake. Blood and black liquid spilled from its abdomen, spraying everywhere.

Parthenon's body shook like it was having a seizure but the blade of flames

penetrating its centre didn't shake. It just dug deeper. The energy of the sword bit inside it. Parthenon stopped its seizures. It looked at the small existence through blurred eyes. He watched Parthenon from beginning to end.

"It isn't enough yet?"

The moment he drew the sword to stab it again. Parthenon's head fell. Ian sighed and sat down on the monster's belly. The monster didn't move anymore.

"Parthenon has been killed."

He radioed headquarters and lay down. It was difficult to lift his heavy blade. His entire body was screaming. For the time being, he needed to rest. In particular, his left ankle was overwhelmingly swollen. In the distant sky, helicopters and fighter jets were flying. They would send ground troops into the city and would burn the remnants of another dimension.

Benghazo was recaptured. This was the land of humanity again. The hunters came running to him.

"You have gone to a lot of trouble."

"It was a great battle!"

"Crockta right? Can you give me your signature?"

"You are hurt! Everybody go away!"

"I will heal you!"

It was dizzying when everyone shouted. It was mixed in all different types of languages but the machine in his ear translated the language. Ian smiled and waved her hand. The people cheered. The combat support group thanked Ian through the radio.

At this moment, Ian shouted, "Retreat!"

The hunters flinched at the sudden shout. Something popped out to the side of the collapsed Parthenon.

"What?"

“Wahhhhh!”

The hunters stepped back. It was an unidentified creature. It spread its wings. The membranes covered with mucus spread wide open. Apart from the wings, the monster was a little bit bigger than humans. However, Ian’s nerves remained cool. Ian looked for God Slayer. It was immediately after he released his tension so he didn’t have enough strength.

The unidentified monster flapped its wings and flew in front of Ian. It stared at Ian in the air. It had a human shape with arms and legs. On the insect-like face, the distinctive mucus started oozing from the skin. Its red eyes stared at Ian. Ian was just about to stand up when it shook its head.

Now wasn’t the time.

Ian knew the monsters had a type of intelligence but this was the first time there was something close to communication. Ian’s instincts told him to get rid of it immediately. It was a strong enemy. If he didn’t kill it, the monster would become a bigger enemy later.

The unidentified monster pointed in one direction, saying nothing. Ian stared at it blankly. There was nothing in the southeast direction.

“What...?”

Then it fled without saying anything else. It flew in the southeast direction it pointed to. It was a tremendous speed. Ian sat down and sighed. He already had no power left in his body after the battle with Parthenon. It might be fortunate that the unidentified monster disappeared like this.

Ian waved his hand. The hunters looked up at him with troubled expressions.

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“I think something passed by just now.”

Something was caught in the radar of the National Guard around New South Wales. But they couldn’t confirm it properly.



"Isn't it an error?"

"Is that so?"

"Please leave the record behind."

In the past, monsters constantly emerged from the Sydney lair. They took control of the New South Wales area. In the end, a nuclear bomb had to be detonated in the area. Since then, Australia's southeast had become a dead land with no humans or monsters. Australia built a line of defense in case of emergencies. So far, there were no problems. Satellites monitored the area and confirmed the body of the dragon-class monster, Azi Dahaka that caused the disaster. There would be no more monsters here in the future.

They believed that.

"Strange."

"What?"

"This time, movement is detected on the other side."

"It isn't a migratory bird?"

"Well..."

The soldier manipulated the screen. A series of photos appeared. They were real-time photos taken with a satellite.

" ... "

" ... "

Neither of them spoke for a moment. At the end of the silence, one soldier barely opened his mouth.

"It isn't a migratory bird..."

"Contact headquarters."

A dead being. The first dragon-class monster, Azi Dahaka. It was raising its huge body.

## Extra Story (5)

Azi Dahaka. A monster named after a legendary dragon. An alias for the first dragon-class monster to appear.

“I thought it was dead but now Azi Dahaka is raising its body.”

Ian heard the news and bowed his head, touching his chin. He had a headache thinking about the humanoid monster that appeared next to Parthenon’s body and now Azi Dahaka was resurrected. The worry that he always had in the back of the mind was revived and his head was disturbed. It was one question.

‘Can humanity prevail in this war?’

It was this.

He didn’t know the power of all the monsters. He didn’t know where they came from or how many there were. Scientists came up with all sorts of ideas about these monsters. They were bio-weapons made from genetic engineering, a species from another world aiming for this planet, monsters made by the Nazis, world government conspiracy theories, a punishment from God, etc. As the debate worsened, one fact became clear.

Humans still didn’t know anything about the enemy.

There were 10 dragon-grade monsters who appeared. All but Azi Dahaka died from the hands of Ian. Humanity’s countermeasure was still only Ian. He wasn’t immortal. The hunters who awakened due to the days of Elder Road were continuing to grow, but they weren’t at the level to deal with dragon-grade monsters.

Would this war end? What kind of result waited at the end? This worry had continued to grow since his awakening.

“I see.”

After a long silence, Ian replied. He decided not to think too deeply. He couldn’t afford to feel fear now. No matter what the future held, he had to do his best in the current.

“Where is Azi Dahaka? Sydney?”

"It has left."

"Really? What about the National Guard?"

“There is no damage. The National Guard knew they couldn’t cope so they all retreated. Azi Dahaka left Sydney and went to the desert. It is currently at Ayers Rock.”

“Ayers.”

Also known as Uluru, a rock that was called the belly button of the world. A picture of a huge dragon was sent to Ian. Azi Dahaka was sitting on the largest rock known to humanity. Ian stared at Azi Dahaka in the photo.

“The support?”

"The Australian government has promised to devote all its best. But based on Sydney, they can’t do much. In fact, there is no support."

Ian always fought alone. The word ‘support’ didn’t match him. In return, he received a huge reward. But this wasn’t important to him. There was nothing he needed.

"I'll ask for support."

“Huh? Why...?”

Ian’s agent, Leonardo looked at him with a questioning expression. It was rare for Ian to ask for something first.

"Contact the US and ask them to prepare a nuclear bomb."

“Ian...”

"It is good that it is already a desert."

“Are you serious?”

"I just don’t feel good. Don’t worry. There won’t be any problems."

"I understand."

"I'll leave as soon as possible. Thank you, Leonardo."

"You're welcome. It's my pleasure."

Leonardo winked. Then he turned off the video call.

"Sigh."

Ian leaned back. He eliminated Egypt's 'Ramul' and Libya's 'Parthenon.' Now it was Azi Dahaka. It was unprecedented to deal with so many dragon-class monsters in a row like this.

"Will you be okay?"

His secretary asked. He continued to use his healing ability on Ian. Ian laughed.

"If I'm not okay?"

"You must be tired..."

"If I stop, people will die."

His secretary fell silent. The man who gave off a good impression was actually carrying the fate of the world.

"I'm okay so let's depart immediately."

"Yes. I understand."

Ian spread open his hands and relaxed. The next destination was Australia.

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"I can't reach him."

"Really dot?"

"He must be busy. Neither the secretary or agent accepted my call. Did something

happen?

"Leave it dot. Crockta has his own business dot."

Tiyo's party already paid no attention to Crockta's whereabouts. They were having a happy time at Choi Hansung's home.

"This... what is this dish? It is the first time I've tasted such delicious food!"

"It is called chicken."

"Tashaquil. Try the soy sauce one here. It isn't a joke!"

"Ohh! Today is the first time I thought it was good to join your adventure."

"Me too."

"What dot? Didn't you like it before?"

Tiyo's party wasn't able to eat proper food due to the hardships in the past. Choi Hansung ordered various delivery foods for them and gave them a big meal. They fell for the taste of this food. Chicken, pizza, Chinese cuisine, fish, meat and various midnight snacks were delivered to create a lavish feast.

"Human. What is this?"

"It is pizza."

"Pizza... I like it."

The double wielding swordsman, Driden was holding a pizza in both hands.

"What are you eating now dot?"

"Oh, it is ramen. It is delicious but it isn't good for the body."

"I'm curious. Can I taste it?"

"Yes."

Choi Hansung handed over his ramen. Tiyo looked at it carefully and gulped down the soup. Then his eyes widened.

“This...!”

Tiyo’s reaction attracted everyone’s attention. Tiyo shouted, “This isn’t the demon’s food dot!”

“Demon? Really?”

“This! It is like that fellow Abaddon dot!”

“Really?”

“Hrmm.”

The group rushed like zombies at his words. Choi Hansung had to boil a few more packets of ramen for them. Then he heard the story about the spicy food that was similar to ramen in Elder Lord. They couldn’t eat it due to wandering around here and there.

"The taste of home... I have no regrets if I die."

The taste of their home was ramen.

"I'm going to burst."

"This amount is enough to make the middle full. Kulkul."

As orcs could eat a lot of food, Tashaquil patted his belly and lay on the sofa. Anor lay his head on Tashaquil’s belly.

"By the way, Crockta is busy..."

Tiyo looked at Choi Hansung.

"We can’t go meet him dot?"

"I don’t know where he is and it is probably far away."

"Far away dot?"

Tiyo laughed at his words.

"Rommel says he is far away dot."

He looked at his party members. Everyone laughed.

"We have already crossed seas and continents. It is funny to say that he is far away."

"How far is it? We crossed dimensions. At best, isn't he on the same planet?"

"For us, this greenhouse-like planet is ridiculous dot. Kuahahahat!"

They giggled like it was absurd. Choi Hansung was upset. These guys from Elder Road dared ignore his blue planet?

This planet had beautiful four seasons and produced superstars like Lionel Messi, Cristiano Ronaldo, Michael Jordan and Tiger Woods. Pacquiao dominated the eight-class weight category and Eminem broke the record for album sales. Wasn't English the most used language in the world?

Do you know Mariana Trench? Do you know Mount Everest?

Choi Hansung roughly manipulated the remote control. Tashaquil, who was staring at a girl group with his mouth gaping open, glared at Choi Hansung.

"I was watching that."

His complexion darkened. The giant full HD screen he bought with the money of a hunter was now showing something more beautiful than a girl group. It was a lonely planet rotating in a vast universe. It was just a pale blue dot compared to the scale of the universe, but it was the sea of life.

All of us. The blue planet Earth. The majestic scenery looked down at them. All the known history and civilization was on this blue sphere. Choi Hansung was thrilled and whispered.

"That... is where we are."



Tiyo replied.

“What bullshit is this dot?”

The rest protested.

"A bead dot?"

"It is a pretty but eerie image. The background is poor."

"I'd like to look at what was on before..."

"..."

Choi Hansung tried hard to explain but it didn't reach them. The frustrated Choi Hansung was eventually forced to show them a map of the world. Now they nodded.

"Ohh, a map dot. It is unbelievably detailed."

"We are here. It is called South Korea."

Tiyo said, "Eh? It is very small dot."

"No! What are you saying? We have Park Jisung and Kim Yuna, as well as the most scientific writing system in the world..."

"Then where is Crockta dot?"

"Do you know... maybe he is here."

Choi Hansung pointed to the area labelled Egypt. They couldn't see how far it was because they didn't have a sense of Earth's size.

"It will take one day on a plane."

"Such a small planet dot?"

"No..."

Choi Hansung explain that Earth was actually a very big and cool planet. But thanks to

the cutting edge technology of an airplane, they were able to move in a short amount of time. There was a lot of suffering behind its history and could be traced back to the achievements of the Wright brothers.

However, Tiyo's party stopped listening from the middle.

"Sigh... he really speaks a lot dot..."

"Shut his mouth."

"I'm pretending to listen."

"Kulkulkul."

The attempt to tell them about the greatness of Earth's civilization failed. Choi Hansung felt desperate. At that moment, his phone rang.

"Hello?"

Choi Hansung looked towards Tiyo's party and raised an index finger to his lips.

"Really?"

Choi Hansung was also a world famous hunter. No, he was the best except for Ian. He was Rommel. Before Crockta's appearance in Elder Road, he was the leader of the supreme Heaven and Earth clan. His information network was different. Choi Hansung's face became serious. The information was shocking.

"Its body revived again?"

He asked the Korean government for information on Ian's location and they informed him of an unexpected fact. Ian had defeated Ramul in Egypt, Parthenon in Libya and recaptured the city. But then Azi Dahaka started to move again. Ian headed straight there. He would dealing with dragon-class monsters in succession. Choi Hansung frowned.

"No, that doesn't mean he will immediately... no, hah. Yes. I understand."

Choi Hansung shook his head.

They said Ian was going on his own. The bottom line was that there was no solution unless Ian went. Choi Hansung felt his own helplessness every time a dragon-class monster appeared. If it weren't for Ian, the human race would already be destroyed.

Humanity as a whole owed him a debt.

"Can't it be killed by a nuclear weapon? What is the crisis over there?"

Choi Hansung asked.

"Where is Azi Dahaka? Yes, I will go. I'm not crazy. I'm going. I will go directly. What if Ian has a problem? This is three dragon-class monsters in a row!"

Choi Hansung shouted.

"In any case, it is all over if something happens to Ian. South Korea will be fine even without me. But it is over if we don't have him. If there is a problem, contact the White Knight. That uncle is free. Me? I am originally a rude bastard. No, what is with my tone? Aren't you twisting it? Shit! It is always me! Are you going to die without me? Why is South Korea relying on me alone? How long have I been doing this? Aish, really!"

The government official shouted but Choi Hansung just hung up.

He was a man of action.

"Humans are so stifling. Tsk."

Choi Hansung shook his head. Tiyo looked at him and clapped.

"I have found out where Crockta is."

"I heard it. You are a bigger man than I thought dot! Let's go dot! Starting now!"

"Let's go quickly. I don't have a good feeling. We have to go and help. Ian will be having a hard time right now."

"Huhu, we are finally dealing with some monsters. Interesting."

"How are we going? Are we taking the car?"

"Don't worry. The airplane..."

Choi Hansung paused.

"Buy planet tickets... then..."

Come to think of it, they didn't have passports. Their identities were also unclear. How could he fly with them to Australia?

"Ah..."

Choi Hansung grabbed his head and muttered.

"That..."

He thought for a moment before sighing.

"Shi..."

Choi Hansung alternated looking between his phone and his shaking hands, before eventually opening his phone. He moved his hands and touched the call button. Before long, he started acting politely.

"Ah, I'm sorry. I had to take a minute... yes... it is because I am sometimes stressed from work... hahaha... I'm sorry. Not that different... I have a favor to ask... ah, yes... I'm sorry... I'm glad....."

## Extra Story (6)

Ian landed at Alice Springs airport, a short distance from Ayers Rock. It was located in the heart of Australia's desert.

"There are many plants in the desert."

"It is the effort of the Australian government. A national task."

Ian was greeted by Steinson, an Australian hunter and part of the Hunter's Administration. Ian and his secretary were in a car driving to the desert.

"Beautiful. I didn't know I would say this about the desert."

Ian started to praise the scenery, as if he didn't know about Azi Dahaka. He also meant it. The endless red earth was a strangely beautiful place. He could feel the scale of nature from the desert.

Steinson laughed. "It is more beautiful at night. The night sky here is wonderful."

The outline of Uluru was dimly seen on the distant horizon. He didn't feel any signs yet.

Ian said, "Today it is almost night. I'll start working as soon as day breaks tomorrow."

"Will it be okay? I heard that you dealt with two dragon-grade monsters in the past few days."

"It is what I have always done. There is nothing different."

They entered the city centre of Alice Springs. The city had more green trees than expected. The buildings that were originally houses were now being used as barracks for soldiers and hunters.

"There are many hunters eager to meet the rumoured Raven."

"I am tired today so leave it for next time. I will do it after I finish the operation."

"Of course. We're not that stupid."

Ian was guided to a house. It was a house abandoned by the residents. Ian suddenly remembered his home. He hadn't been back for a long time and his memories were dim. The cafe was doing well. It was now operated by his sister Yiyu. Once this was over, it would be nice to go back briefly.

"Rest peacefully. I have asked for understanding from the residents. They are willing to cooperate."

"Thank you."

"I will contact you again."

Ian found a family photo in the living room. It was an old couple. They were standing side by side on the front porch and smiled. Who had taken the photo? Their children, their neighbours? It could be both.

"It looks good."

The secretary came over and looked at the family photo with him.

"I hope someone will be there when I am old."

Ian laughed.

"You don't have a girlfriend."

"It is a crisis right now. I am away on a daily basis because of my work..."

He looked over at Ian while complaining. Ian was faintly smiling while looking at the photo. The secretary shrugged.

"Take a break. You must be tired."

"I will take it easy."

Ian sat in the living room and checked the materials he received.

Azi Dahaka, like the name, it was a monster that resembled a dragon. in the past, all

the hunters were gathered at the appearance of an unprecedented dragon-grade monster but they were annihilated. Sydney became a lair and kept producing monsters. The number of casualties increased.

In the end, a nuclear bomb turned it into a land of death. Modern weapons didn't have an effect on the monsters but a nuclear bomb was an exception. Due to the overwhelming firepower, the monsters were exterminated and Azi Dahaka stopped moving. This was the first time a dragon-level monster was removed.

Everyone knew this.

"The apparently dead monster is alive."

"Maybe it didn't die but was stunned from the shock?"

"The drones confirmed a suspension of life activities."

"I don't know. The monsters are strange."

It was definitely strange. The monsters had a completely different physiology than Earth's common sense.

Ian recalled the humanoid monster that appeared next to Parthenon. What was its identity? Was it a parasitic creature that controlled Parthenon? Perhaps the monsters were biological weapons controlled internally by these guys. There were too many things unknown.

"Ah, Leonardo says that Rommel keeps trying to contact you?"

"Hansung?"

"Yes. I think you should take it."

Ian thought for a moment before replying. "I will contact him after this is over."

His secretary nodded. Ian had been feeling pressured since he heard the news about Azi Dahaka. Ian wasn't a bad boss but the secretary didn't want to go against Ian when he was keeping his mood inside. He watched Ian's oppressive mood the most. It was his mission to make sure that the unique hunter who protected humanity was fully focused.

“I understand. I’ll go talk to Steinson now.”

The secretary left the house. Ian was left alone in his house. He looked over the data before closing his eyes and leaning back against the sofa. Fatigue rushed in. After a while, he opened his eyes.

“Are you there?”

There was no answer.

“Nothing...”

The grey god didn’t reply. After returning to Earth, Ian could talk with her. Then the era of monsters appeared and communication started to be cut off. According to the grey god, the energy of the other dimension covered her connection. The spontaneous conversation was completely cut off.

Since then, Ian truly felt alone in this world. In this world, there was no one who could stand side by side with him. Ian was the only one who could deal with a dragon-class monster. In Elder Road, he had fought alongside many heroes against the grey god. But here, he was all alone.

He had to shoulder all this burden. It was a bit lonely. He missed Tiyo’s liveliness and Anor’s gentle voice.

“Hah.”

Ian sighed and opened his phone. The source of comfort for him at one time. Now it was gone. Ian opened his phone messenger chat. She hadn’t changed her profile picture. She didn’t leave the title of a farewell song. Her face was as bright as always. It was the same as when she was with Ian.

Ian sighed for a long time. Then the angry face of his sister flashed through his mind. However, that was then. He once regretted it but not anymore. The world was originally a place where he couldn’t do what he wanted. Just as when he accepted his parent’s deaths and went to the battlefield, he had no choice but to endure this.

“I’m tired...”

Ian covered his face with his hands. The coldness of his palms calmed his mind. He



closed his eyes and prayed that everything would be well. Several images passed like a dream.

He imagined easily defeating Azi Dahaka and returning to South Korea with the appreciation of the Australian government. He would give a gift to Yiyu. He would drink some alcohol with Baek Hanho and Choi Hansung. The day would be clear and the air would be good. They would share jokes, laughing with no worries.

And. Walking down the street and coincidentally meeting her like fate.

He had such thoughts. Adults also sometimes dreamt that everything would turn out perfectly. He had child-like hopes. An empty dream that wasn't possible. He sat there and dreamt for a while.



"Is that Rommel?"

"Choi Hansung? I saw him in the video."

"Who are they? Hunters?"

Incheon International Airport was crowded.

South Korea's best star, Rommel 'Choi Hansung.' He was walking with an unknown group. A huge man wearing a hood with his face covered by a mask. The person wasn't just big, he was huge. Even Bautista would be smaller when disguised. The men admired his muscles. There were two other men with the enormous man. Their skins were brown and they gave off an exotic appeal. The eyes of women were fixed on them.

Finally, there was one person left. His height was small but he wore a trench coat and sunglasses. He overwhelmed everything. His walk gave people the illusion that this wasn't the airport but a dark alley in Hong Kong. It caused the illusion that this was a ruined city.

"Oh my god. Look at that guy."

A woman was thrilled by his appearance and grabbed the clothing of the person.

"No smoking in the airport..."

The airport staff passing by warned him. The unknown person wasn't even smoking. It just felt like a lot of cigarette smoke was coming from the group. They wasn't even the smell of cigarettes. There was a nice scent. The smell of a solitary male!

"Thank you."

"This won't work. We are only allowing this because of Hansung."

"Yes. Have you seen the video? These guys are real."

High-ranking people from the government came directly to see the departure of these people. It was due to Choi Hansung and the fact that he was related to Raven. But mostly, it was due to the battle video. The ogre-class monster fell because of a few guns. It was an overwhelming sight.

Choi Hansung said they came from Elder Road and were comparable to Raven, so the Korean government decided to cooperate with them. This was a time when national security was threatened by monsters. Talented hunters were the most important assets for a country.

"I can't believe they passed over from Elder Road but the images don't lie. I was surprised to see my friend Tashaquil."

"This is an era that doesn't make sense."

"If you have more information, don't hide it and let me know. Don't leave me hanging like in the movies or dramas. You can't do that."

"Why are you acting so weak? Hahaha. You were in the institute before."

"That was for a medical checkup."

The monsters appeared and hunters awakened their powers from Elder Road. The concept of common sense was abandoned. Rommel 'Choi Hansung', one of the foremost hunters in the world was ridiculous. It was easy for him to convince the government that someone had crossed over to this world.

The director of the Hunters Bureau touched his chin and asked, "By the way, is Azi Dahaka so dangerous? Do you need to go all this way?"

“Yes. Ian might be in danger.”

“Hah...”

At first, he wasn't worried but the shaman Tashaquil advised them to go to Crockta as soon as possible. He read the sky of this world while at Choi Hansung's house. The future was dark. A darkness from another dimension was about to swallow this world. Crockta needed them.

"Anyway, I hope he is safe. I'm serious. In the end, Ian-ssi has to come back. After all, he is a South Korean.

“Yes. Don't worry. I'll come back with him.”

“Then I will send you off.”

They finished their procedures and headed for the gate. Their destination was decided. It was located in the north of Australia. Since Alice Springs was closed, they would have to go to Alice Springs with the help of Australian officials. The party was steadily approaching Crockta.

“I finally get to see him dot...”

Tiyo muttered while sitting in the airplane seat. Crockta, who was called Jung Ian here. What would he look like? The identity of this guy was a human, not an orc. He looked different in the photos but Tiyo had faith that the insiders were still Crockta.

Anor lost interest in touching the seats and asked.

“What about finding Tiyo's father?”

"He is in this dimension so I will see him someday. There is no need to hurry dot!"

Tiyo had a vague hunch. At the end of this journey to meet Crockta and deal with another dimension's monster, his father seemed to be waiting. Hedor was such a person. Once his trail was caught, it would lead Tiyo to a new adventure.

"Crockta saved our world."

The great warrior Crockta who defeated the grey god. Everyone in his dimension was

saved by Crockta.

“Now we will help him save his world dot.”

They owed him this debt. Tiyo owed the world to Crockta so he would return Crockta’s world to him.

## Extra Story (7)

“Azi Dahaka isn’t moving. It is just sitting there.”

[Be careful. We are also checking with the drones.]

Ian moved with God Slayer on his shoulder. He returned to a human body but once he entered battle, he was Orc Warrior Crockta.

"I'll proceed quickly."

[Your voice is bright.]

"I liked the bed."

He was in a good condition. His body felt light as soon as he opened his eyes.

“Great.”

[Azi Dahaka or Uluru?]

“Both.”

Indeed, Uluru was the world’s largest rock. He gauged the size of Azi Dahaka sitting on Uluru.

"In addition..."

Azi Dahaka saw Ian and raised its head. Their eyes met.

"It is less threatening than I thought."

The ominous feeling that he felt was great compared to Azi Dahaka’s energy. It seemed weaker than Parthenon, who had just been killed, and Ramul in Egypt. Like Ian’s secretary had guessed, it had barely woken up from its stunned state.

“I will start the operation soon.”

Ian's voice rose. The start was good. It seemed that the story of handling it easily and returning to South Korea that he imagined yesterday was likely to happy. Following his mood, the energy around him glowed vigorously. It was the haze created around God Slayer when he crossed into the heroic field of the Pinnacle.

[Azi Dahaka?]

"There is no reaction."

Azi Dahaka was looking down at Ian with blurry eyes.

[Are you going to start?]

"Yes."

Ian went forward. Azi Dahaka still didn't move. Ian would take the initiative first. But this didn't mean he was attacking an innocent opponent. He didn't forget that this monster, currently in a helpless position, was the demon who had completely destroyed Sydney and devoured many lives a few years ago.

"I'm going."

The large distance between Azi Dahaka and Ian. He was on flat ground while it was on high land. The moment that Ian jumped, the gap decreased to zero. He jumped almost vertically towards the rock. The air changed with every step. Ian flew towards Azi Dahaka's nose, making a mark on Uluru.

Azi Dahaka sensed the abnormality and trembled.

*Kurwarwarwarwa!*

It let out a loud roar and its wings flapped. A sticky goo covered Ian's vision. Ian cut it without hesitation. The goo was split apart and the wings cut. In the meantime, he saw Azi Dahaka's angry eyes. Ian laughed.

"Is it toxic?"

[No.]

Unlike Parthenon, Azi Dahaka's body fluids weren't acidic or poisonous. It had a classic

dragon form that destroyed the opponents with physical force and flames. Ian used the inertia to move past the cut wings. He moved towards Azi Dahaka's huge eyes and aimed God Slayer. The greatsword stabbed in.

It raised its head and was struck in the cheek. Azi Dahaka screamed. Ian momentarily lost his hearing from the enormous sound. Ian ignored it and kept swinging God Slayer. Flames started to burn around the blade and started to dent Azi Dahaka's face. Azi Dahaka shook its wings and body.

The resistance was weak. The monster didn't have the energy to get rid of Ian. God Slayer didn't let Azi Dahaka go. Ian just had to hold the handle tightly and maintain a firm footing. The blade split apart the flesh and entered. Azi Dahaka's resistance started to fall.

*Kurwarwarwarwa...*

Shortly before its life fell under the sword. Ian suddenly looked up at the sky. High and blue. In the midst of the red desert that stretched out endlessly, he felt at home. His eyesight looked as far as possible. It was a blue sky that covered the vast earth. Ian gave a sigh of admiration as he looked at the expanse of blue sky and clouds.

"Ahh..."

It was a beautiful scenery. His shoulders bore the strength. The voice grew bigger.

"Ahhh..."

The desert landscape comforted him. He heard Hoyt's words. The enemy's weakness was his strength. It looked like Azi Dahaka was going to collapse. He would soon slaughter the enemy who killed humans.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Ian roared and shoved God Slayer. His aura exploded. Flames burst around the sword. The flames destroyed the inside of Azi Dahaka and harmed the liver. The sword energy kept descending, piercing through the monster's body and damaging Uluru.

The wind blew. The thick dust subsided.

Ian stood on top of Uluru. He touched the body of the fallen Azi Dahaka. The monster

didn't move anymore. It was an easier fight than Ian thought.

"It has ended."

Ian spoke brightly through the radio. Soon a helicopter would come to pick up him.

"..."

But there was no answer.

"Headquarters?"

Ian tried to call headquarters for a while before realizing. A translucent curtain surrounded the Uluru area. The scenery beyond it became hazy. Ian brandished his sword at Azi Dahaka. There was no reaction as body fluids poured out. Once Uluru was completely hidden and the desert and sky was no longer visible, the opponent showed up.

"You."

Ian sighed. It was the enemy he saw yesterday. The unidentified humanoid monster that revealed itself after killing Parthenon. It emerged from the liquids flowing and landed in front of Ian. Their eye levels were similar. The insect-like eyes stared at Ian. The mouth kept opening, like it wanted to say something. It soon created human language.

"Hu... man."

"Yes, Monster."

Ian replied with God Slayer on his shoulders. The human language imitated by the vocal organs of a monster wasn't good to hear. Still, it was polite enough to use Korean.

"A very strong human."

"Put away the praise."

Ian didn't want to drag on the conversation for a long time. He prepared to swing his sword right away. However, his next words greatly outweighed Ian's expectations.



"We should help each other."

Ian was speechless. A monster that constantly destroyed humanity now wanted to work together?

"You bastard..."

Ian swung the sword instantly.

"..."

The claws at the end of its arms blocked the blade. The monster blocked the attack without changing its posture or moving its legs. Strong.

"Calm down. Human. I'm not an enemy."

"Shut up."

Ian ran forward and wielded his blade again. The monster retreated. The greatsword hit a transparent wall.

"Human. I understand your anger."

"You understand?"

"Numerous humans have died. I also share your grief."

"..."

Ian took a deep breath. He tried to calm down his agitated self. Stress and fatigue had accumulated for too long. Inside he was seething. Ian took a deep breath and tried to settle down.

"What is with the curtain?"

"If I didn't do this, 'he' would notice. It is for us."

Ian rubbed his temple.

"Yes. Tell me. I will listen once."

"Human. Bagamadra who has invaded your world?"

"Bagamadra?"

"I also lost everything to him. He is my enemy. He wasn't satisfied with what he did to us and wants to obtain your world.

"Who are you?"

"I am Garuda." He waved his claws. It seemed to be a respectful greeting from somewhere. "I am the only descendant remaining of the Basarayuda royal family. In the past, a prince. Now I am a warrior resisting Bagamadra."

Warrior. It was a word he hadn't heard for a while. It felt strange when the word emerged from the monster's mouth.

"Warrior?"

"That's right. Human. A warrior. Just like you." Garuda stared at Ian with eyes that were hard to read. "Your world is different from before. But Bagamadra will destroy everything. He creates only pain and hatred. He wants to have this world but can't because of humans."

"..."

"Originally, most of this world should've been conquered. But there was you, a strong human. You are strong. You killed most of his subordinates."

Ian nodded. Without Ian, the dragon-class monsters would've occupied areas, causing monsters to pour out from the lairs. Most of Earth would've fallen. Or the nuclear bombs would've turned most continents into lands of death.

"But if this situation continues... This world will be like other dimensions. It will be taken by Bagamadra. Just like mine."

Ian observed Garuda. He had the skill to see through the truth, Mind's Eye. Mind's Eye gradually adapted to Garuda's existence and read his mind. Garuda wasn't telling a lie. He was sincere. Deep grief that couldn't be faked shone on the insect-like face. The sadness of losing his own world and people, the helplessness towards the enemy and the hopeless dreams. It was what Ian would end up like.

"We should help each other."

Ian put God Slayer down and asked.

"How?"

Garuda bowed his head instead of answering. The antenna on his head stretched out towards Ian. Ian hesitated but allowed his movements. Garuda's antenna reached Ian's head. Something started to enter Ian's mind. Images poured into Ian's head.

Then there was an illusion.

"Ah..."

Hell. Endless pain and hatred, those dying and those who were having seizures in the abyss. A demonic landscape where ugly creatures made ugly things, transplanting them into a more horrifying existence. The giant monster that caused all of this, Bagamadra. The illusion of hell seemed to contaminate just mind just by looking at it. Numerous things he didn't want to know were injected into his head. Ian's breathing was rough.

Ian shook off Garuda's antenna. He bent his waist and vomited.

"Do you understand? Human."

Ian grabbed his head. As he bowed his head, he started laughing.

"Hahaha..." His luck was too good today. "Shit."

The ordinary blue sky and the distant landscape came into view. Somehow, he felt something pleasant. Ian gritted his teeth.

"Shit..."

## Extra Story (8)

In that short moment, Ian saw a lot. A lot of information flowed into his head. It was a dimension that Bagamadra was deeply rooted in. Bagamadra didn't suffer any damage. He just stared when curious eyes as he wondered when the toy that was called Earth fell into his hands. Bagamadra was making his last weapon to get rid of the resistance. No one could stop the weapon when it was launched. No matter what, Earth would be turned into a smoldering pile of ashes.

The worst existence of destruction. There was no way to avoid it. That's why Garuda, the presence in front of Ian had come. The warrior Garuda who didn't yield even in the face of despair. The images he conveyed pointed to a path.

"Shall we go together?"

Garuda nodded. The only way given to them. Go directly to Bagamadra's dwelling and kill him.

"I came here to risk everything."

Garuda blinked once.

It was a big gamble. Garuda, who continued the hopeless fight, leaned about terrible warrior who was killing Bagamadra's weapons one by one. He tried to descend directly to the dimension where Bagamadra was making the weapon. Garuda entered Parthenon to find a warrior on Earth. It was a beautiful world. His world was like this before Bagamadra showed up.

"This world is weak. You are strong. You can't win alone. We must join forces.

It was Garuda who raised Azi Dahaka, which had been in a suspended state. It was to return to his own dimension.

"The gate will soon open."

The world of Earth was weak. This human was strong. He was stronger than everybody else. Garuda saw hope. He appealed to Ian's emotions.

"You and I. Save our worlds. Human. There is no time."

Ian closed his eyes. It was a sudden situation. He didn't have time to think about it. However, he understood that Garuda's proposal was the only possibility. Garuda's information destroyed all his predictions. The power of Bagamadra was becoming stronger.

Go before it was too late. But why in this way? This morning, he had believed that he would soon return to South Korea. He would get rid of Azi Dahaka and return to South Korea, meeting friends, drinking coffee together, enjoying his free time...

He thought he would be laughing. It was a pipe dream. He was a saviour. Ian whispered toward God.

'You are too harsh.'

There was no answer. The universe that he showed to the grey god and the warriors whose fists he bumped. They seemed to collapse somehow.

"Human."

"Let's go."

Ian made his decision.

"Let's go."

The gate was opening. Ian tried not to think anymore. This was the only way. There was no time. Even if no one knew or the hell he was going to, it had to be done. It was just a bit lonely. The forgotten god. Was she watching him? Ian missed Elder Road, where gods and magic were alive and warriors lined up with him.

"Human. Thank you."

Garuda spoke. Ian nodded. They moved together. The darkness beyond the gate welcomed them.

"Go."

The moment they were about to enter another dimension. There was an extraordinary

event. Garuda looked back. Ian raised his greatsword. The curtain was torn.

"What is going on?"

"Impossible."

Garuda revealed emotions for the first time.

"It shouldn't be opened. It is dangerous. Is it Bagamadra? How did you know?"

The translucent curtain sealing off Uluru opened. It started to fall to pieces. Demonic energy was coming from the gate behind them. A new situation was created. The enemy appeared. And. Ian doubted his eyes.

There.

"Kiyoooooh~!"

The curtain surrounding the whole area was shattered and a off-road car appeared in the whirl of sand. There they were.

"We have comeeeee-!"

The man shouting in the passenger seat was someone Ian would never forget.

"No way."

Ian was shocked.

"Tiyo?"

Ridiculous things happened in succession. The car driving along the ground floated in the air and flew to the top of Uluru. The source of the power was the hooded man sitting in the back seat. Every time he waved his hand, a terrifying force stirred the atmosphere. He could know the identity just by the big size and silhouette, without needing to see the face.

"Tashaquil?"

As soon as the car stopped, two swords flashed. Garuda stepped forward and wielded

its claws. It bounced off two swords.

"Why swing your swords?"

"Isn't it an enemy?"

"They are standing together!"

"That's right. It didn't die."

A harsh voice. The other shouting voice was gentle.

"Driden and Anor?"

The car collapsed.

"Whooooooooa!"

Finally, the man holding the steering wheel.

"Hansung?"

*Kwaaang! Kwang!*

The car collapsed due to the impact of the crash. Dirt rose up.

"Whoa! It was pretty good this time Tashaquil!"

"I will say it again. I am the shaman teacher Tashquil..."

"Quickly apologize to that friend."

"I don't want to."

"Uhweeeh..."

The dust cleared and they walked out. Garuda spoke in a confused manner.

"Strong. They are strong. They aren't humans. Do you know each other? Companions?"

Ian didn't answer. Tiyo was approaching. Ian's appearance had changed but Tiyo knew. Tiyo stood in front of Ian.

"Hey. Crockta."

The two people looked at each other. They thought they wouldn't be able to see each other again. It was years later.

"This face is better than before. Kahahat."

Tiyo laughed. At the time, Ian had been an orc and was now a human. But nothing was changed. The soul was intact.

"Your appearance has changed but your spirit is still as splendid as ever. You are alive. Kulkul."

Tashaquil took off his hood and laughed.

"Wah. This is Crockta? You look handsome. No way!"

"What is this? You look weak. How disappointing."

Anor and Driden, the two dark elves reacted differently. Ian still couldn't believe the sight in front of him. They had come. At this moment, when he needed them most. They came to him.

"Everybody..."

He didn't know how it happened. There wasn't a lot of time to talk. It was too short to say anything. A landscape unfolded in Ian's head. Numerous scenes crossed his mind.

Ian smiled at them.

A road stretching out and a wide open car. The background was Europe, the Middle East, Africa. It was Asia and then the United States again. The images of the various cities passed by. Earth would be safe. Bagamadra would fall by their hands. It wasn't an easy path. The fight was more dangerous than ever. He would get the job done, just like when he defeated the grey god.

Bagamadra was nothing. Save Garuda's world. Remove the threat to Earth and then



come back. Then he could travel the Earth with no worries. He imagined it. Everything was right. He smiled happily as he thought of the future.

Ian blinked. He didn't stop smiling. He barely managed to open his mouth to ask a question. They were short words.

"Would you like to come with me?"

The gate was wide open. The darkness beyond was calling them. The demonic energy was growing. They didn't know what the situation was. They didn't know what was happening or what enemies were waiting for them. Ian couldn't explain anything in this short moment. He just asked them to join him on the perilous road to hell.

Then they answered.

"How interesting." Tiyo nodded.

"It is a great honor to be with a great warrior. Bul'tar."

"I am willing to go because it is Crockta's request."

"I welcome a new fight."

Ian's lips curved. He wanted to laugh but laughter didn't emerge. Now he wasn't alone.

Ian said to Garuda, "Garuda. These are my friends."

"Friends."

Garuda waved its antenna.

"Understood."

Ian seemed to be smiling.

"Your friend. Small human. There is a resemblance."

"Resemblance to who?"

"After Bagamadra began the invasion. A small human from Earth. He came to my

dimension. He helped us. He told me about you..."

"Who is he?"

"That little human. Hedor."

Tiyo was running towards his goal. The rest sighed and shook their heads. Ian finally laughed out loud. He thought he had fallen into the worst situation. All his hopes for the future had scattered to pieces in front of him. But at this moment, the pieces started to fit back together.

"Human. There is no time left. The door is closing."

"Wait a minute."

Ian raised his head.

"Tashaquil. Could you stop it from closing?"

"It won't last long."

"I only need a short moment."

The orc shaman teacher, the strongest shaman in Elder Road, Tashaquil. He used his strength. The gate, which seemed to be slowly disappearing, stopped. Magic power gripped the gate. Ian went up to Choi Hansung.

"Hansung."

"Hey, what's going on?"

"There's no time to explain. Can you lend me your phone?"

Choi Hansung handed over his phone. Ian took a deep breath and entered a number. It was Yeori's number. The world wouldn't return to what it was. He understood this from the beginning. He didn't cry when he heard of his parent's death. He was an adult.

Adults also sometimes dreamt that everything would turn out perfectly. He had child-like hopes. His dream had come back again. His friends, who he thought he would never see again, came to find him. He wasn't afraid of Bagamadra. They will save the

world with Garuda. Finally, Ian would meet her. Yes, he would return to Earth with a smile. He would fulfil the promise he hadn't kept. He would introduce the beautiful nature of Earth to his friends, travel the world together and then...

Once again, the scenery in his heart. A place where Yeori was.

"Yeorì."

"Oppa?" As always, she replied in a loud voice.

The conversation wasn't long. There was no conclusion. But this was enough. Ian returned the phone to Choi Hansung.

"Do you have to go?"

"Yes."

"I don't know what it is... but I am always sorry and thankful to you. Be sure to come back."

Ian laughed. The new fight was decided. Ian stood in front of the gate with his friends and Garuda.

Ian reflected on the past.

His life was an arduous journey. The things he wished for always slipped out of his hands. The things he thought he had obtained eventually left his grip. But it couldn't be helped. It was up to a child to complain. On the battlefield, in Elder Road and on Earth where the monsters had appeared, he carried all the burden.

However, this time was different. Somehow, a vague foresight told him.

Just before entering the gate. Ian looked back. It was a world where he had unfinished business. He wanted to say something.

Ian opened his mouth. It was with a grin and was casual.

"I will be back. See you then."

He went forward. The answer was that it wasn't his share to bear alone.

~END~



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